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For The Year 1843–4.

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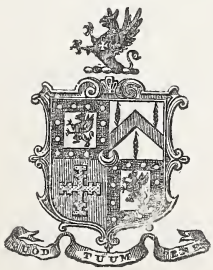

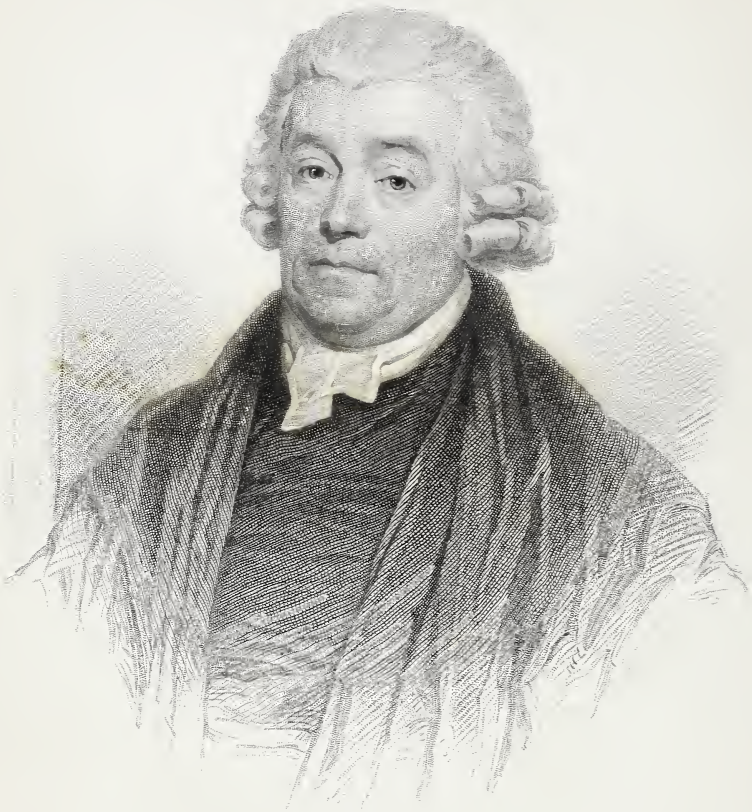

Thos. Wilson

MISCELLANIES:

BEING

A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THE REV. THOMAS WILSON, B.D.,

RECTOR OF CLAUGHTON, INCUMBENT OF CLITHEROE AND DOWNHAM,
AND MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF CLITHEROE.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE.

BY THE

REV. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A.,

HON. CANON OF MANCHESTER, AND
INCUMBENT OF MILNROW.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LVII.

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MEMOIRS OF REV. THOMAS WILSON.

Mr. Wilson, the author of the following Miscellanies, and of whose life some account is about to be given, had not formed a favourable opinion of Biography, or, more probably, of Biographers. He has said that "Biography in general is either a detail of uninteresting events, or a journal of human weaknesses or human woes; therefore these must be, on one supposition, beneath the notice of a wise man, and, on the other, distasteful to a man of feeling. To desire to hear of what does not relate to us is impertinent; to long to know the failings of our fellow mortals implies failings in ourselves; and to wish to learn the miseries of others is a confession that we have miseries of our own. But this is moralizing," he added, "and consequently dull, paradoxical and consequently startling; but questionable as it may appear, I could make out every proposition to a demonstration."

These observations, on a subject which had at least two sides, but of which he only presented one, were probably nothing more than ingenious expedients against writing the Life of an old friend,[1] which undertaking, after repeated solicitations, he thus evasively declined.

[1] Mr William Cockin.

His "startling paradoxes," without qualification, have not been generally adopted by mankind, and therefore a brief notice of a few passages in his own life, toilsome and monotonous as it was, may not be deemed uninteresting.

Thomas, son of William and Isabella Wilson, was born at Priest Hutton, in the parish of Warton, a beautiful and picturesque village near Lancaster, on the 3rd December 1747, O.S., and was baptised at the Parish Church on the 30th of the same month.

His father was a respectable yeoman, living on his own estate at Hutton,[1] adjoining the premises belonging to the house in which the Rev. Dr. Tatham, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, was born. Of his family, however, no particulars have been related. He received the rudiments of his education in Archbishop Hutton's Grammar School in his native village, and possessing a good memory and close application to study, was afterwards placed at Sedbergh School with the Rev. Wynne Bateman D.D., at that time a celebrated teacher. At this school he laid the foundation of his accurate Classical knowledge, and it is recorded that from early boyhood Terence was his favourite author, and that he long continued to imitate the style of that lively writer.

Here he formed an acquaintance with several men of learning and piety, which ripening into esteem and friend-

[1] This property was sold by Mr. Wilson in 1794 to Dr. Tatham, who had the option of purchasing an adjacent farm of Mr. Wilson's, called Overdale, of which he does not seem to have availed himself.

ship, continued through life. Of these may be named Mr. John Dawson and Mr. William Hutton the Mathematicians, as well as Mr. William Cockin, an amiable Metaphysician, who in their earlier correspondence with him occasionally allude to his wit and humour whilst a youth at Sedbergh.[1]

At that time the elements of science were excluded from the ordinary routine of education at Sedbergh; but, following a natural taste, Mr. Wilson acquired by private study with Mr. Dawson, an apothecary in the village, no inconsiderable knowledge of Arithmetic, Algebra, and Mechanical Mathematics. He was also indebted to Dawson for the correction of some of the crude and injurious metaphysical speculations, which in early life influenced his mind.

After his education was completed, he remained in the school as an assistant to Dr. Bateman from 1768 to 1771,[2] and intending to take Holy Orders, was allowed, with other candidates, to employ his talents in the humble but useful

[1] "Let me next commemorate," says the learned Dr. Whitaker, "either the living or the recently departed ornaments of this seminary" (Sedbergh): and amongst other distinguished names occurs — "the witty and elegant Thomas Wilson B.D."— *Hist. Richmonds.* vol. ii. p. 359.

[2] It is deserving of notice that after Mr. Wilson left the school its high reputation, for several years, was diminished. Mr. Dawson writes — "Dr. Bateman at present has the gout, which has kept him from the school for some time; but indeed he cannot be much wanted there, the whole of the school amounting now only to twenty-four or twenty-five scholars. Mr. Bateman sets off for Cambridge to-morrow. People here have made very free with him. He has been twice pulled by the nose, besides being very rudely treated in other respects; but this is all of his own acquiring." . . . . . *Letter to Mr. Wilson, Oct.* 21, 1772.

office of a Reader, in the rustic neighbouring chapels of Howgill, Firbank and Middleton, which at that time, and even later, were supplied by the Ushers and Assistants of Sedbergh School. Of this probationary description were his first pulpit exercises, and in the tranquil seclusion of Sedbergh, and not "inter sylvas academi," he found leisure for the study of Divinity, having read and digested many of the best English writers on the Polity, Articles and Liturgy of the Church, and having also made copious and useful extracts from them, still remaining in his various Common Place Books.

On the 13th January 1771 he was ordained Deacon in Park Street Chapel, Grosvenor Square, Westminster, by Dr. Yonge, Bishop of Norwich, having obtained Letters Dimissory from Bishop Markham of Chester, and was licensed, apparently without stipend, to the Curacy of Cockerham, on the nomination of the Rev. John Winder the Vicar, an infirm man. He appears at this place to have cultivated letters with great assiduity,[1] and to have been inactive as a parish priest; but his residence was of short duration. On the 2nd August 1772 Bishop Markham ordained him Priest at Chester, and on the 19th June in the following year he was licensed by Archbishop Drummond as Head Master of the Grammar School of Slaidburn. Amongst the Governors of the School he found a friend in Mr. Lister of Gisburn Park, afterwards Lord Ribblesdale, and received £50 a year as his salary as Master, together

[1] See p. 105.

with £30 a year for an Usher, both of whom were required by the Founder to be in Holy Orders.

"I am glad," said Mr. Dawson (August 27th 1773), "to hear that you have begun to read the works of the Fathers, and likewise that you find them on our side of the question (on the Trinity), as their opinions have always been allowed of the greatest weight by both parties. Let me know what you still think of them, as I must never have the pleasure of reading them in the originals myself." Whilst at Slaidburn he entered into a long and not uninteresting correspondence with the same excellent individual on some doctrinal points of vital importance, and the opinions of the *Monthly Reviewers*, and other popular latitudinarian writers on these subjects, were combated with much ability by Mr. Wilson. His clear reasoning powers and close arguments were so well sustained that Dawson, whose mind had been unsettled, became "a humble convert" to his young friend's views,[1] and admitted with the frankness of a great mind, that he "could see no medium betwixt Orthodoxy and Deism." (*Letter to Mr. Wilson, November 27th* 1773.)

Mr. Wilson also corresponded with Mr. Dawson about this time on other abstruse metaphysical questions, which appear to have been favourite, but probably not very profitable, subjects of discussion.[2] He seems to have been well acquainted with the writings of Hartley, Tucker, Priestley, and the minor English philosophers of that period, and some of his letters —

[1] See p. 109. [2] See p. 109.

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute"—

are profound dissertations, which, if printed, would expand into pamphlets; but as the writer felt that his opinions were not exactly in accordance with Dawson's,[1] some of these letters, after having been elaborately written, were apparently not submitted to the keen critical observation of his pious friend, and it may be sufficient to name that the writer produced nothing new or satisfactory, but left the various perplexed subjects just where he first discovered them,

"And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

At Slaidburn he was an early riser, and still a hard student, reading much and retaining what he read. After having been there three years as Curate and Schoolmaster, he became a candidate for the Mastership of Clitheroe Grammar School, and notwithstanding his want of an University education, stated in his application to the Governors, that "to dwell upon his own qualifications would no less wound his own sensibility than that of others;" and yet, he ventured to add, that "in point of learning he declined no test, but referred himself without anxiety to the scrutiny of the examiners."

Mr. Wilson had not arrogantly miscalculated his own attainments, nor were they unappreciated by others. He was elected after a stringent and protracted examination,

[1] Mr. Dawson published *The Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity briefly invalidated.* 8vo.

one of his sixteen competitors being the Rev. William Sheepshanks, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College Cambridge, afterwards Prebendary of Carlisle, and memorable as having been the Tutor of the first Lord Ellenborough, of Bishop Tomline, and of Dr. Whitaker the Historian.[1]

The election was decided by Mr. Charles Lawson of Manchester School, a man of exact and extensive scholarship, and the appointment being made by the Governors, was confirmed by the Bishop of Chester, the Visitor,[2] although his Lordship's own recommendation of a rival candidate, educated by himself at Westminster, had been, not unfairly, superseded. The Bishop afterwards wrote to one of the Governors (Mr. Assheton): "I am told that your new Schoolmaster is descended from the giant race of scholars, and that he is invulnerable in the *forehead;*" an observation which could not fail to be regarded as a high attestation of his literary attainments. "Some praise," said Dr. Johnson,

[1] *Hist. Whalley*, p. 156.

[2] The following graceful letter expresses Bishop Markham's concurrence in the election:

Bloomsbury Square, May 8, 1775.

Sir: I have received the favour of your letter by which you inform me of your proceedings in the choice of a master for Clitheroe School. I am perfectly satisfied with the reasons which induced you to give the preference to Mr. Wilson. I know the Trustees and the rectitude of their intentions, and I might have safely rested on them, but the opinion which I have of Mr. Lawson would of itself have decided me. I beg the favour of you to make my respectful compliments to the gentlemen concerned, and to assure them that nothing on my part shall be wanting to effectuate their laudable endeavours. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. Chester.

"must be allowed to him who does *best* what such multitudes are contending to do well."

On the 30th June 1775 he was licensed by the Bishop to the School, and at the same time to the Church of the Parochial Chapelry of Clitheroe, on the nomination of Assheton Curzon Esq. (afterwards Viscount Curzon) of Hagley in the county of Stafford.[1]

Notwithstanding his severe studies he occasionally at this time "slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme," and has in this way enabled us to catch a glimpse of his private habits:

"I live with the dead[2] and adhere to their rules,
And look on the world as a region of fools;
Sage Plato instructs me to govern my mind,
To attend to myself and — a fig for mankind;
Smart Horace and Virgil and Ovid's soft strain
When stupid with thought can revive me again;
I collect from the lines of antiquity's page
That a hero's a madman and courage is rage;
From the horrors of wars most renown'd in old story
I learn the true value of fame and of glory;
When history informs me what fools have been great,
I am pleas'd with my station and sick of all state."

[1] In Whitaker's *Hist. of Whalley*, p. 287, Mr. Wilson appears as the immediate successor of Dr. King, whose incumbency dates from 1743; but the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick held the church as well as the school, and was Wilson's immediate predecessor.

[2] His friend Dawson, writing to him from Sedbergh April 5th 1771, observes: — "I was much pleased with the humourous account you give of yourself and situation, although I am half afraid you will keep those same "dead men" too much company, even until you be numbered amongst them.

He had, however, in view other objects and pursuits in wooing the Muse, and having discovered that "verse sweetens toil however rude the sound," candidly confesses in his poetical epistle —

"When tir'd of reflection and tir'd of the dead
I seek in my heart a relief for my head,
And chat with a fair one of sense so refin'd,
That she rivals our sex in the gifts of the mind;
To her I retire from the world's busy strife,
And find her the balm and the solace of life,
Convinc'd, like myself, that our cares are but vain,
And that sighing for trifles is purchasing pain."

Immediately upon obtaining his Clitheroe preferment he married Susannah, daughter of Mr. Tetlow of Skirden and relict of the Rev. Henry Nowell, Rector of Bolton by Bowland. This lady had been educated in her youth a Quaker,[1]

I would have you frequently call to mind that you are a compound being, and that you ought to pay a proper respect to each part of the compound. Both parts require moderate exercise, but if it be carried to excess it occasions debility instead of strength, and if entirely neglected, both parts must necessarily languish." He approves of the young Curate's intention to study husbandry, as it would necessarily call him out into the fields, and suggests that the study of botany would accomplish this purpose more effectually. Dawson was one of those genial friends who always "mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

[1] I do not know his meaning when he says, that "on his troth he did not follow the *sage* and, doubtless, *practical* counsel of *Friend* Hilkiah Bedford;" but it is clear there was something facetious in the reference, and that his Lancaster friend Cockin understood it, who informs him that "had the Muses smiled he would have represented Hymen as producing a striking

but having overcome the scruples of her sect she married at Bolton Church on the 8th May 1755, the Rector of the parish, who left her at his death, on the 6th June 1773, with three children. It is not undeserving of notice that at the time of her second marriage (29th April 1775) she had not only arrived at what Sir Walter Scott calls "the reflecting age of eight and twenty," but had attained the mature age of forty-four years, whilst her husband was little more than twenty-seven, and her daughter in her eighteenth year.

In 1775 Mr. Wilson was engaged in a critical investigation of some of Dr. Priestley's metaphysical speculations, and especially those which more immediately affected Reid's system, and the result of his labours probably appeared in some of the serials of the day. At the same time he wrote some Hymns, which were printed, set to music, and sung with much approbation at the anniversary meeting of the Charity Schools in Lancaster, and in several subsequent years his Lancaster Hymns seem to have been a source of great attraction.

When Mr. Wilson first settled at Clitheroe, he found a population consisting of about eight hundred souls,[1] chiefly following agricultural pursuits, and little employed in commerce or manufactures. The town presented few remark-

example of connubial happiness in the individual who, with great poignancy of wit, *always used to inveigh against him* at Sedbergh."—*Letter May* 16, 1775.

[1] This did not include the outlying districts of Chatburn, Worstorn, and Mearley, which with Clitheroe had increased in 1807 to 2480 souls, and now may be estimated at little short of 10,000.

able features except the old Castle and the Moot Hall; the former a picturesque grim-looking fortress, built upon the summit of an almost perpendicular rock, and the latter a dusky prison-looking structure, standing in the principal street. The small Church of St. Mary Magdalene, and the quaint wood and plaster Grammar School adjoining, would hardly attract the notice of a stranger; but in the immediate neighbourhood towered the stupendous heights of Pendle, and nearer still the Salthill and Coplow,[1] Wilson's favourite walks, whilst within the compass of an easy stroll the broad Ribble wended its way through shady vallies, and amongst green hills and woody glens.

As the Grammar School had been founded by Queen Mary in 1554, the elective franchise to return members to Parliament was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1558; and although the election was vested in the free burgesses, the influence of the Curzons and Listers had become paramount and the elections nominal.[2] In 1775 an individual member of each family "well represented" the little borough.[3] The municipal government was vested in the Corporation, and as an instance either of civic frugality or respectability, Mr. Wilson mentions, on one occasion, that the mayor lived with his son-in-law, who thankfully received Grammar School-boys, as boarders, in his *villula*, and attended to their morals as well as inspired them with due reverence for authority, corporate or sole.[4] Mr. Wilson

[1] See p. 85. [2] Baines, vol. iii. p. 213.
[3] See p. 1. [4] Letter to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

has described the town, its governors and inhabitants, with a curt and lively, but, it is said, not with an imaginative pen.[1] "The modern vortex," so much the horror of the historian of Whalley, has, however, "swallowed up" nearly all these primitive features and distinguishing characteristics of this old Lancashire borough, and Mr. Wilson would now find himself a stranger in it. In his early days at Clitheroe he regretted to find that the credulity of his inferior parishioners had not receded before the advances of useful knowledge and the progress of civilization; and it is amusing, if not startling, to find a grave clergyman publishing special articles, and supplying approved antidotes, both in prose[2] and verse, against the popular traditions and delusions on Judicial Astrology, Witchcraft, and Natural Magic. The belief in these ancient myths and mysteries still prevailed amongst the people, whose "rude forefathers," no less than themselves, had failed to profit by the learned labours of Wilson's distinguished predecessor and Clitheroe's Doctor mirabilis, Mr. Webster, or, as he delighted to style himself, "Johannes Hyphantes."[3] It must be admitted that both these Incumbents and Schoolmasters of Clitheroe were well skilled in the Diabolical nomenclature, and that both

[1] See pp. 1, 45.

[2] *Arch. Dict.* voce Witchcraft, where fifteen arguments are adduced against the existence of witches and witchcraft; and several Poems exist in MS. on the same subject.

[3] See *Hist. of Whalley*, p. 284, and for some highly valuable notices of this accomplished scholar, Mr. Crossley's excellent Introduction to *Potts's Discoverie of Witches*, p. xxviii. et seq.

of them, with mathematical precision, described and denounced talismanic figures and nativities, and reasoned with incredulous discourtesy, like the brasen man of Albertus Magnus, against the magical evocations of old Mrs. Demdike, the Pendle Witches and their black cat.[1]

In disposing of the Incumbency of Clitheroe, provision was secured for the spiritual wants of the flock, but the temporal necessities of the pastor had been almost forgotten; and had it not been for the moderate endowment of the school, and the abilities of its master, an income, from the Living, of £60 a year, would have afforded little for the poor of the parish, less for hospitality, and still less for the general promotion of the cause of Christ.

Shortly after Mr. Wilson's settlement at Clitheroe, an incident occurred which the restless zeal of party did not fail to notice, and afterwards to pervert to the temporary injury of his character. On the 3rd of April, 1778, three of his parishioners were indicted and tried at Lancaster before Sir Henry Gould, Knt., Justice of the Common Pleas, for the wilful murder of George Battersby at Clitheroe, on the night of the 25th of March 1773, five years before the trial took place. Mr. Wilson was examined, as a witness, by Mr. Lee of counsel for the prosecution, on behalf of Wilkinson, one of the accused persons. This man was an innkeeper of questionable character, but a strong political partizan of Mr. Curzon, Wilson's patron

[1] See *Potts's Discoverie of Witches in the County of Lancaster*, Chetham Society, vol. vi.

and friend. Wilson stated that he had known the man about three years, that he bore a good character, had the reputation of being a humane man and a good neighbour, and that the whole tenor of his life was totally inconsistent with the charge of murder. Mr. Wallace, the Attorney-General for the County Palatine of Lancaster, also for the prosecution, in his cross-examination, exclaimed, with great harshness of manner, "Mr. Wilson, you astonish me! to hear you say that the whole tenor of his life is totally inconsistent with the charge, when you say you have only known him for three years!" Mr. Wilson qualified his somewhat too broad statement, by adding that he had lived at the neighbouring village of Slaidburn before he went to Clitheroe, that he had enquired into the prisoner's general character, and that he had formed his opinion as well from personal knowledge as from credible evidence. This did not quite satisfy the learned and captious counsel, who, clearly agreeing with the Mrs. Quickleys of Clitheroe, that the Bardolph of the Swan was an "arrant Malmsey-nose knave," and forgetting the sacred calling of the young and inexperienced witness, and wishing to overthrow his credibility on the principle of *noscitur à sociis*, insinuated a doubt as to the respectability of his associates. "I should think," said he, "a man who keeps a public house is not a fit companion for a clergyman;" and doubtless Mr. Wilson thought so too. It was observed in Clitheroe by respectable persons many years after this trial, that Mr. Wallace and other lawyers did not soon forget

the energetic and dignified reply of Mr. Wilson, which ended his cross-examination; and he had the satisfaction, if such it was, to find that after a trial which lasted from eight in the morning until past midnight, the prisoners were acquitted of the heinous charge of murder, apparently on the ground that owing to the lapse of time the body of the murdered man could not be identified, and therefore there was a want of legal evidence that he was really dead.[1]

Mr. Wilson's principal object in settling at Clitheroe appears to have been to elevate the character and extend the usefulness of the Grammar School, which had declined under the presidency of the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick, an accurate scholar but not devoted to school work. The number of pupils at the commencement of his labours is not recorded, but about ten years afterwards he had the charge of one hundred boys, many of them the sons of gentlemen in various parts of the county, who had been induced to send them to Clitheroe owing to the ripe experience, untiring zeal, and high ability of the master. All his energies were employed in promoting the credit of the school. His large and liberal mind was engrossed by that one object, and

[1] Mr. Justice Gould laid it down as an axiom that the law could not be relaxed upon probabilities however strong, nor upon circumstantial evidence, even although it amounted, as in this case, *almost* to positive proof. The men had the benefit of the doubt. One at least of them long survived the trial, and lived at Clitheroe in great seclusion; but such was the feeling with which he was popularly regarded, that he could hardly say with Lord Coke: "The law doth delight in certainty, because it is the mother of *quiet and repose*." — 1 *Inst.* 34 b.

neither personal comfort nor recreation were suffered to come in competition with it. Even exercise and the most moderate relaxation were sparingly allowed, lest they should interfere with the advancement of his pupils. On the annual day, the 24th of June, he supplied from his own versatile resources all sorts of compositions in Latin, Greek, and English, verse and prose, for the recitation of his scholars. Being a singularly humane man, he immediately suppressed the ancient diversion of cockfighting, which he deemed barbarous and demoralising. He wrote an excellent essay on the subject for recitation on the anniversary day, which sets forth the hard fact that none but unmitigated blockheads, or those who are training themselves for penal settlements, ever wantonly inflict pain, or show their bravery by injuring the weak and defenceless. Instead of the old Shrovetide recreation he introduced theatrical representations,[1] recitations, and athletic exercises, and endeavoured in various ways to promote literary tastes, refined

[1] One of the printed play bills and a ticket of admission (No. 90) to witness the tragedy of "Cato," have been preserved; the former may be assigned to about 1789 or 1790, but the year is omitted: —

"CLITHEROE.

On Saturday the 17th of April will be presented
A Tragedy [by Dr. Young] called the
BROTHERS,
By the Gentlemen of the Academy.

Philip King of Macedon	Mr. Shuttleworth.
Perseus his elder son	Mr. Clarke.
Demetrius his younger son	Mr. Hardy.
Pericles a friend of Perseus	Mr. Peters.
Antigonus a minister of state	Mr. Watson.

habits, and intellectual pursuits amongst his pupils. He had a keen dislike of what was considered to be the fashionable education of his day, and has lashed the prevailing and pernicious folly with an unsparing but not with an unjust hand. "The Fine Gentleman,"[1] without intelligence and

Dymas the King's favourite		Mr. Callender.
Posthumius and Curtius	Roman ambassadors.	Mr. Carr. / Mr. Haldren.
Erixine the Thracian Princess		Miss Weekes.*
Delia her attendant		By a young Lady.

Interlude by Mr. Shuttleworth and Mr. Hardy.

To which will be added a Farce [by Mr. Foote] called the

APPRENTICE.

Dick	Mr. Callender.
Wingate	Mr. Clarke.
Gargle	Mr. Peters.
Simon	Mr. Hardy.
Charlotte	Miss Weekes.

The Doors to be opened at Six o'Clock and the Performance to begin at Seven."

[1] See p. 2. It is evident that Wilson had read Lord Chesterfield's paper in *The World*, No. 29, "On the little Benefit accruing to Englishmen from their Travels;" as well as the "Letters to his Son," published in 1774, after his Lordship's death. He had probably not seen Scott's Prize Essay (1771), "On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel," which was better known after the distinguished author became Lord Chancellor Eldon.

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* Of *Miss* Weekes I know nothing. In 1788 Mr. Staniforth placed with Mr. Wilson Mr. Weekes, a young West Indian, who had been sent to England to be educated; and seven years afterwards, in sketching his qualifications, apparently for the study of physic, his old tutor said: "The conduct of Mr. Weekes is irreproachable—his manner is that of a gentleman, his spirit manly, his person graceful and handsome, his external accomplishments such as will qualify him for elegant society, and hitherto he has happily escaped those vices which are prompted by the impetuous passions of youth while reason is too weak to have full control."

without principle, was not really admired even by the "graceless old Lord," whose advocacy of dissimulation Wilson seconded Johnson in roundly denouncing, and the hybrid would certainly meet with a mortifying but merited reception if he ever appeared at Clitheroe School.

In teaching the Classics Mr. Wilson endeavoured to make them *interesting* to his pupils, whom he wished to acquire erudition and a habit of study, and nothing merely superficial. After the lesson had been gone through by the boys he invariably recapitulated it himself, and connected it with the context, translating it into beautiful English, and interspersing his translation with such apposite remarks as enabled them to enter very much into the real spirit of the author. If the lesson contained any thing humourous, as was often the case in Terence, Horace, and Juvenal, he seldom failed to give the passage an additional zest. In Terence, especially, with his senior boys, he was brilliant, and rendered with singular felicity many a knavish passage, perhaps with rather less regard to purity of diction and refinement of expression than was quite necessary to arrive at the exact meaning, but with an accuracy and nicety which he probably thought requisite to give his pupils an idea of the vigorous forms of thinking, and of the gross as well as of the graceful colloquial idiom, of the Romans. His habit of punning, and dwelling on sounds and syllables, and thus

"Torturing one poor word a thousand ways,"

it can scarcely be doubted, sometimes led him to branch off

into puerilities which scarcely tended to edification; but his foible was well known, and if few had the wish, and fewer the ability to follow his example, they were fewer still who felt disposed to censure him amidst the inexhaustible laughter which was sure to ensue.

In teaching the Classics also, it was remarked that he never forgot the wise observation of the solid Johnson, that "no boy can be taught faster than he can learn, and that the speed of the best horseman must be limited by the power of his horse." He dwelt much, in his familiar conversations with his pupils, on the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge, but more on the formation of habits, so that it was not unfrequent to find a slow lad of regular habits and diligent application, a greater favourite with the master than another with fewer virtues and more shining talents. Notwithstanding his facetious manner he was a good disciplinarian, and nothing like insubordination was known in the school; so general was the conviction of his strict impartiality and high sense of justice, which has been styled the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race, that his distribution of prizes, and other rewards of industry and merit, was seldom questioned.

His fixed salary from the Governors of the School was at first £80[1] per annum, afterwards increased to £150, and

[1] In a memorial addressed by himself and his usher to the Governors, dated June 24th 1789, for an increase of salary, he states that the revenues of the school amounted to £202 11s. 8d. per annum, and that the annual receipts of the master and usher did not exceed £140; and he urged a

finally to £200 per annum, being independent of the emolument arising from the instruction of boarders whom he received into his own house, and of the "cockpenny," an annual present from the scholars at Shrovetide. He also received 10s. for a commemoration sermon of the royal founder of the School,[1] which he preached himself every year until his death.

At the time of his appointment, the Governors were in the habit of giving exhibitions from the revenues placed at their disposal to poor scholars sent from Clitheroe to the Universities; but this discretionary power appears to have been abandoned or suspended.

In 1782 a new school-house was built[2] on the original site in the south-west part of the church-yard near the tower of the church, where it remained until 1828, when it was removed to a more eligible situation near Well Hall, a commodious house erected for the master's residence since Mr. Wilson's time.

diligent discharge of the duties of the office as a fair ground for expecting the full emoluments, adding that the "labourers were worthy of their hire," and that to increase the salaries of *future* masters out of the monies then accumulating would be to reward others at the expense of existing masters. The appeal was partly successful; and in the following year, Mr. Parker, Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Shuttleworth, the only governors present, voted to Mr. Wilson £21 and to Mr. Heaton £10 10s. *as gratuities.* In 1784 he received with his boarders £35 per annum, and £1 1s. as an entrance fee.

[1] The foundation of Clitheroe School was one of the bright acts in the dark reign of Queen Mary, which might be safely held forth for popular admiration, although it has escaped the notice of the eulogistic pens of Miss Strickland and Dr. Lingard.

[2] See pp. 22, 28, 29.

Fortunately for himself, the master of our school was not a keen politician, and yet he sympathised with the Americans in their Declaration of Independence,[1] and has left on record several proofs of his high opinion of Washington's honesty and his admiration of the consummate skill with which the General conducted the civil war. He condemned what he considered to be Lord North's injustice and short-sighted policy, and did not much regret the reverses which befel Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton; but it must be recorded in honour of his patriotism, that he did not justify France and Spain in their alliance against England.[2] As a matter of course he entered into Lord Shelburne's views and gladly recognized the independence of the colonies (1783).

In no borough in the kingdom, under the old system, did politics and patriotism run higher than in Clitheroe, between the partisans of Curzon and Lister, both families being for a series of years brave and resolute tories, and both inheriting the patrician blood and local influence of the old Asshetons. The corporation was certainly not exempt from the application of the keen sarcasm of Chancellor Thurlow, that corporations had neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be punished, and consequently practised

[1] See p. 8. This "Fragment" was printed from a copy before I discovered the original poem in Mr. Wilson's handwriting, in which the six verses on p. 9, beginning "Our conquests thus," &c., follow the last verse on p. 11, and conclude the poem, "With reason," which he has substituted for the words "To prison"!

[2] See p. 76, verse 5.

all sorts of iniquity. Mr. Wilson was a quiet and intelligent observer of passing events, and being indebted to the Curzons for his preferment and to the Listers for their friendship, wisely avoided the whirl and strife of party; yet now and then he was unwittingly caught in its meshes, and it must be confessed that his leanings were towards the Curzons.

Through the influence of the Lister family Mr. John Parker, of Browsholme, was returned along with his brother-in-law, Major Lister, as burgess for Clitheroe in 1780, after a struggle unprecedented in its fierceness and intolerance, which dislocated many old ties of friendship and good neighbourhood, and exhibited a hideous spectacle of political hostility. The return of Mr. Parker was the subject of parliamentary enquiry in the following year, on the ground that the borough of Clitheroe was not a borough by prescription, for it had its origin in the memory of man.[1] The chairman of this committee of the

[1] It appears from a printed broadside, purporting to be "A Short State of Circumstances relative to the contested Election at Clitheroe in Lancashire, on Wednesday and Thursday the 13th and 14th of September 1780," and which seems to have been Mr. Curzon's *Case* for the House of Commons' Committee, that the Listers and Curzons had united their parliamentary interests in 1722, and had continued conjointly from time to time to purchase burgage houses in the town until they had obtained command of the borough. Upon some misinformation, Mr. Lister imagined that, during his minority, his cousin Mr. Assheton Curzon, had endeavoured to undermine his interests in the borough, and with this impression he purchased several burgage houses without Mr. Curzon's knowledge and in violation of the family agreement, which had given him so great an advantage over Mr.

House of Commons was Elwes the miser, and Mr. John Scott was counsel for Mr. Curzon (afterwards Lord Curzon), the opponent of the Lister interest, whilst the Attorney-General Douglas, afterwards Lord Glenbervie, was retained by Mr. Parker. Mr. Curzon instructed Mr. Atherton of Lincoln's Inn, his law agent, to secure the services of the most able counsel; but at that time the lawyers of the highest reputation were employed on the various assize circuits, and could not attend to the case. At this juncture Mr. Atherton ventured to recommend a young man, little known, but of whose legal acumen he had formed a high opinion, and who, after having had the case in his hands thirty hours, appeared before the committee, encountered the Attorney-General's arguments in the most able manner, and after fifteen days was beaten in the committee by one

Curzon that he determined to oppose that gentleman, and for this purpose brought forward Mr. Parker. To insure his success, however, the usual and accustomed mode of election by the bailiffs, burgesses and freemen, which had prevailed for a century, was summarily ignored, and the *Journals of the House of Commons* in 1660 and 1661, confirmed by 2nd George II. cap. 24, were produced in justification, by which the right of voting was taken away from the freemen or tenants, and restricted to the freeholders. The bailiffs, being Lister's friends, admitted the argument, and all the freemen were disfranchised. Several legal technicalities were advanced and supported by counsel on both sides for some time, but as Mr. Curzon had a majority both of the freemen and freeholders of the borough, he at length preferred his petition to the House of Commons, when the statute above referred to was declared to be final and conclusive. Mr. Parker voluntarily resigned his seat before April 1782. John Lee Esq. was elected in his place, and the Curzons aud Listers again became friends.

vote. This young lawyer was afterwards the virtuous and learned Lord Chancellor Eldon, and this was one of the first opportunities he had of laying the foundation of his imperishable fame. — (*Inf. of T. L. Parker Esq.*) Lord Campbell states that in his old age Lord Eldon would sometimes ascribe all his success to the accident of being employed as counsel before the Clitheroe election committee in 1781. — *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. vii. p. 58, 1847.

At this time, amongst lesser *gravamina*, the authorship of a witty election ballad, aimed at the Lister party, was mistakenly attributed to Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Parker felt aggrieved that his clerical friend had not zealously supported the cause of his son, which led to "the bann of Browsholme" going forth against him, and, as he said, a sacrifice being necessary to grace young Mr. Parker's triumph, he found himself to be the destined victim. In a letter addressed to Edward Parker Esq., April 21st, 1781, Mr. Wilson disposes of several of the distorted and untrue charges brought against him, and proceeds in a fine spirit of independence to state his political creed: —

"To speak in the terms of my profession, I always in party matters have thought the neuter to be the most worthy gender, and have endeavoured to make this the rule of my conduct. *Medio tutissimus ibis* has always been esteemed a prudent maxim, and I have adhered to it so closely that both sides have claimed me. Electioneering has always been my aversion, and I look upon two competitors for a seat in the senate to be worse than Samson's foxes with fire-brands tied betwixt their tails, and they certainly

spread more destructive flames throughout a neighbourhood. The spirit of party is the most pernicious demon that can possess the human breast, and if I were skilful in exorcism it should be the first devil I would attempt to cast out. I have not so much tinder in my constitution as to catch fire from such silly collisions. Besides, my situation during the whole business, was more delicate and critical than that of any other man. I feel and acknowledge the ties of gratitude on every side. One of my votes, had I been called upon as a freeholder, was due to Mr. Curzon of course, — and you know the rest. Circumstanced, therefore, as I am, my conduct is entitled to every liberal indulgence, and to the most candid interpretation. But suppose I had really been *warmly* attached to the cause of Mr. Curzon, have I not a right of private judgment, and shall my real sentiments be sacrificed to the partiality of friendship, the feelings of gratitude, or the ties of obligation? Nothing ought to hinder a man from distinguishing right from wrong, or truth from falsehood. Friendship is sacred, and gratitude is laudable; but they never require the sacrifice of sincerity, or the concealment of our real sentiments. The mind should always be independent — *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.* To condemn all opinions but our own is assuming the infallibility of the Pope. To differ in sentiment cannot be a crime. . . . . And the man who can sacrifice his friendships to the sulky caprice of another, deserves not the name of friend, — he is only fit to be the slave of tyrants." . . . . . .

The general strain of the letter is that of an aggrieved individual, who had, as the writer hoped, "spirit enough to defend himself, and charity enough to forgive his enemies." The letter was delivered to the angry 'squire, and indignantly returned to the writer, with the observation, "Had you come to Browsholme I must have been under the

necessity of telling you I was engaged, owing to your behaviour to my son." After some time had elapsed, and Mr. Serjeant Aspinall, a mutual friend, had endeavoured to produce a reconciliation, which in a great measure proved abortive, as Mr. Parker's rankling wound, like the injury done to Cassius' reputation, was "past all surgery," Mr. Wilson ultimately authorized his friend to admit that "the letter which had given so much offence was written in an evil hour, and that its contents, so far as they were personal and offensive to Mr. Parker, were retracted;" but Mr. Wilson desired that his friend would not take a single step in the matter which could not be taken *salvâ amicitiâ*. If Mr. Wilson had really committed an error, which may admit of doubt, he had the honesty and courage to confess it, and afterwards the electioneering breach was closed.

After the election, he expressed himself in a letter to an unknown correspondent as follows: —

"The grand drama of the Clitheroe election being perfectly concluded, we had yesterday the farce. Mr. Lister and Mr. Parker, the patentees of our theatre, made their appearance in a very ludicrous manner, and performed their parts ridiculously enough. As it is Michaelmas, the freemen and burgesses assembled as usual, to choose each party a goose, one for the borough and another for the outskirts; but as the town is partly divided into factions in consequence of a game at cards lately played in it, where the dispute was whether a man could have the preference of the game by *honours* or *odd tricks*, some opposition was talked of in the choice of these geese, and as it could not be determined which was the fattest, two were pitched upon on one side and two

on the other, and Mr. Lister being a man of consequence upon the occasion pitched upon a great number of persons who farm some of his crofts, cottages, and backsides, but live at a distance, to weigh the geese in question. The 'honour' faction seeing they were overpowered by numbers gave it up to the party of 'odd tricks;' but we have no great reason to complain, for two thumping geese are singled out for the season. The person who used to score the game thought proper, in consequence of the late game already alluded to, immediately to resign his employment; one scene of the goose farce, therefore, was to elect a new one to record the score, and a fellow with a Scotch name was proposed by the 'odd trick' gentlemen and the point was carried without opposition: the Scotch are remarkably fond of 'odd tricks,' and seldom show great attachment to 'honours.' The geese, when regularly chosen according to form, were carried to *the swan*[1] to be roasted; they escaped this operation, however, though they were severely nicked in the head.

"All this allegory you will see has an allusion to the ceremony of choosing bailiffs, a ceremony which might in my opinion be much better conducted upon the principles of that of Hardenburg, or if that was not adopted, I think they could not object to a plan which may boast of some similarity to the election of Persian kings, which was determined by the neighing of a horse; I would, however, have it performed here by the braying of an ass. It is certainly a business that requires no great solemnity, since the chief of their business is to carry a silver-headed staff, to scour the mace, to mark cattle for the common, and to walk half a dozen miles on pancake Tuesday."

In his early days the municipal body, notwithstanding their intestine feuds and party triumphs and disappointments, often assembled in the Moot Hall thirsting for civic

[1] The principal inn.

and civil power, and not unfrequently afflicted with another thirst which occasionally resulted, according to the popular fashion, in something little better than Bacchanalian orgies. At these symposia Mr. Wilson was sometimes present, and it is still remembered that he regularly indulged in what Mr. Croker calls "the sober, sedentary pipe," nor was the well known snuff-box[1] ever absent. The social evils resulting from these meetings are strikingly de-

[1] A large oval silver snuff-box, now in the possession of Mrs. Carr of Whalley Abbey, bears the following inscription:

"The Gift of the Corporation of Clitheroe
to the Rev. Thomas Wilson,
Master of the Grammar School in that town,
as a mark of the esteem which they have
for his Literary Talents, his Social Virtues,
and his Worth as a Man.
Samuel Cable, } Bailiffs.
Henry Hayhurst, }
1791."

At the school gathering every year a pound of snuff was presented to the Master in great form as an offering from his friend Mrs. Staniforth of Liverpool, and the large box was immediately replenished in the midst of felicitous compliments to the ladies. More than one of his surviving pupils has selected as a characteristic remembrance of him his attitude with this identical snuff-box in his hand about to utter a *bon mot*. His puns were generally anticipated by his friends when, with an arch, twinkling expression of the eye and a remarkable play of features, he tapped the lid of his snuff-box to call public attention, as Major Clarke of Waddow said, to the gathering explosion — for the tapping implied that he was primed and loaded with explosive matter. The Major, like the President of the Chetham Society, abhorred puns, and seems to have thought with Dennis, that the man who made puns would not scruple to pick pockets, and with Steele, that punning "was an abuse of human society."— *Tatler*, No. 32.

picted in his skilfully penned lines, "The Clitheroe Burgesses,"[1] which would doubtless be read in the flowing music of verse by some of the individuals concerned, and impart a suggestive lesson on sobriety and discord, which might have been listened to with chafing impatience from the pulpit of St. Mary's. He did not hesitate, however, publicly to express his views on these evils, in racy prose, as appears by the following address or speech to the Burgesses: —

"I am authorized to inform you that Mr. Curzon recommends to your choice Mr. Addison of Preston as 'out-bailiff.' He is so well known to you all that it is needless to take up your time in saying any thing on his behalf. He will, I doubt not, if elected, discharge the office with integrity and honour. After having experienced so long the discord of faction and many of the evils which attend it, I hope we are none of us averse to the return of peace and unanimity. The frequent squabbles of this insignificant borough, in fact, make the worshipful magistrates of the place a by-word, and their very name is enough to excite the sneer of derision. Of so little consequence are we, that our intestine struggles are regarded by the public as the battles of the cranes and pygmies, or the wars of the frogs and mice. To be more respectable, then, let us be more amicable. Let us from this moment bury our animosities, aud let us pursue the line chalked out to us for peaceable elections. It is well known to us all that Mr. Lister and Mr. Curzon agreed, a few years ago, to nominate the bailiffs in turns. They are both honourable men, and as such cannot but wish to see harmony restored. I hope, for the sake of promoting and preserving the peace of the town, a due deference will be paid

[1] Page 21.

to the nomination of both the gentlemen. The reason alleged last year for departing from the usual mode of election, I presume, is done away by the termination of the suit which was then in contemplation. I should hope, therefore, that as the cause has ceased the effect will cease also. An objection, I know, was some time since made against choosing the agents of either of the gentlemen; but this objection does not lie against Mr. Addison. He no longer stands in that situation. Let me therefore, on his behalf, request the favour of your support, and your concurrence with the nomination of the day. And be assured that to conquer the vindictive spirit of party, will be more honourable than the fullest success in your paltry competitions, and a more noble triumph than to be invested with the worm eaten fur which adorns the faded gowns of the Clitheroe bailiffs."

In 1783 he published his "Archæological Dictionary, or, Classical Antiquities of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, alphabetically arranged, containing an account of their Manners, Customs, Diversions, Religious Rites, Festivals, Oracles, Laws, Arts, Engines of War, Weights, Measures, Money, Medals, Computation and Division of Time," &c. 8vo.

This learned work was dedicated to Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and the individual through whose agency the Doctor's patronage was obtained was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Patten, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and for many years the Rector of Childrey, near Wantage. Dr. Patten's nephew, who afterwards ably represented his native county in parliament, was at that time Mr. Wilson's pupil, although Lawson of Manchester School

had himself been one of the Doctor's pupils at Oxford. Writing to Dr. Patten, Mr. Wilson observed that he earnestly wished the MS. to be submitted to Dr. Johnson and his opinion of its merits elicited, as his approbation would have great influence with the booksellers, and further the sale, and he concluded that "a few hours" only would enable the Dr. to form an opinion of the plan, and also of its execution.

Dr. Patten's application to Johnson was not unsuccessful, although Wilson had been far from sanguine on the subject. In 1781 the MS. was sent to Dodsley, but his verdict was probably unfavourable, as no terms were made, and in the following year the copyright was sold to the Binns' of Leeds and Preston for £70;[1] so that the work brought honour rather than emolument to the author. Had he expected no better reward, he would never have undertaken such severe labour.

There seems to have been extraordinary care and deliberation exercised in sketching the Dedication, and the genius of Dr. Patten as well as the skill of Wilson was called into

[1] Writing to Mr. Wilson from Leeds on the 9th July 1783, Mr. John Binns enclosed "four bills value £70 13s. 6d., being 13s. 6d. overplus," which the disciple of Caxton requested might be sent the first convenient opportunity. He observed, "The book keeps selling, but not so rapidly as at first; but I hope it will do better when the *Monthly Reviewers* have noticed it, which I wonder they have not done ere now. I trust they will give a good account of it." He added a *postscript*, intimating that he had just received the *Monthly Review*, "which in a short manner speaks favourably."

requisition to propitiate the favour of the great philosopher, who had the ear of the nation more than the whole bench of Bishops, more than Pitt, North, or Fox himself;[1] nor is it by any means clear that of the several attempts of these divines in this delicate species of composition the following was the best: —

"Sir,

Though flattery is the common language of dedication, it is a kind of incense which you are by no means disposed to receive, nor I to offer. My intention is to inscribe to you the following work, which has engaged such portions of my time as could be spared from a laborious employment. I could think of no name so proper to be prefixed to it as that of Dr. Johnson, to whom the world is so much indebted for a variety of instruction. Indeed the success of your philological labours gives you a right of patronage to whatever has a tendency to smooth the paths of science or remove the impediments which obstruct the road to classical erudition. My utmost ambition is to be considered as an useful pioneer in that service wherein you have deservedly risen to the highest rank. These sheets, I flatter myself, will meet with a more favourable reception under the sanction of a name which is passing to posterity with the merited approbation of the present age.

"I cannot conclude without expressing my acknowledgments for the many hours of elegant entertainment and useful instruction which I have enjoyed from your works; in which we have a striking example of the great effects of refinement of taste, solidity of judgment, purity of precept, and energy of diction, when happily united.

"That the eve of your life may be attended with comforts equal

[1] Thackeray's *Lect. on George III.*

to your moral worth and productive of new honours to the literature of these kingdoms is the warm prayer of

Sir,
Your most obedient
and very humble servant,
Clitheroe, Thos. Wilson."
Sept. 30th, 1782.

Dr. Johnson thus acknowledged the compliment: —

"Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London,
Dec. 31, 1782.

"Rev. Sir,

That I have so long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your dedication, I entreat you, with great earnestness, not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures, and obstructed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received, is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with the final neglect.

"I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider as giving to my name not only more bulk but more weight; not only as extending its superficies but as encreasing its value.

"Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the schools; to which, however, I do not mean to confine it; for no man has so much skill in antient rites and practices as not to want it.

"As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgments, which I hope, sir, you will transmit.

"There will soon appear a new edition of my Poetical Biogra-

phy. If you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind,[1] be pleased to let me know how it may be conveniently conveyed to you. The present is small, but it is given with good will by,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,

Sam. Johnson."

"To the Reverend Mr. Wilson,
Clitheroe, Lancashire."

Wilson's account of that "purgatory" in which Pope and Southey so much delighted, but which Churchill said was "like cutting away one's own flesh," is highly characteristic, and his grateful acknowledgment of Dr. Patten's kind suggestions, which, without any injury to his literary reputation, were not, in any respect, adopted, is somewhat amusing:

"Dear Sir,

Your last favour deserved the earliest acknowledgment; but my answer was delayed from the vain hope that I should be enabled to give you an almost immediate account of a final agreement for my MS., but booksellers I find are very cautious negotiators. I had no satisfactory proposals from Lon-

[1] It seems doubtful whether Dr. Johnson's liberal intention was ever fulfilled. Mr. N. Binns, addressing Mr. Wilson, says: — "I made the enquiry respecting Johnson's Biography. This morning I received a letter from my correspondent, in which I find Dr. Johnson has not given the publisher orders to deliver a copy of that work for you. This cannot be attributed to anything but forgetfulness in the Doctor. I will therefore (with your permission) desire my correspondent to remind the Dr. of it, who will doubtless be much better pleased than that his promise should be forfeited through a want of memory which in all probability is the consequence of his long illness."

don. I therefore tried my fortune in the country, and at last have entered into an agreement with Mr. Binns of Leeds for £70, with a reserve of twenty copies for my friends, half a dozen of which are to be upon royal paper, and one of these will endeavour to find its way to Childrey. Cadell of London, with some other booksellers of reputation, have a share in the purchase, whose names will give a sanction on the foot of the titlepage. I have corrected about half a dozen sheets, and am heartily tired of the drudgery already. The inaccuracy of printers is provoking to a degree, and the torment they create to poor authors I fancy has given rise to the cant expression of their employing devils in their service. Correction is a kind of purgatory, not only of books but their makers also; and my own house is *literally* at present a *house of correction*. I am in a worse predicament than those weak brothers and sisters who fall into the hands of the ecclesiastical court; for I am obliged to do penance weekly in a *sheet*, not for my own but for the errors of other people, and I verily believe if all sheets were equally disagreeable with those, I should either bid adieu to Somnus altogether or take a nap in my chair. But I am afraid you will catch me punning: I will therefore quit the sheets, rub my eyes, and return to the book. It will make a pretty large octavo, close printed, and I hope at last accurately executed, with two columns on each page, and worked upon good paper. The price will be moderate in proportion to the quantity, and I can safely promise it will be a very honest book.

"I am much obliged by your sketch of a dedication. I have made a little alteration in the form I sent you, from your suggestions. It gives me much pleasure to hear that Dr. Johnson is well and intends to make many additions to his *Lives of the Poets* and to finish his *Rasselas*. . . . . .

"To the Rev. Dr. Patten,
Childrey."

The Rev. Dr. Vicesimus Knox of Tunbridge examined the manuscript and expressed his favourable opinion of the design and approved of the execution of the work. Mr. Wilson rightly considered that the approbation of so distinguished a scholar might give the author very flattering hopes that his time had not been uselessly employed. This statement, made in the preface, led Dr. Knox to address the following not very courteous letter to Mr. Wilson:

"Sir,

I received your Dictionary yesterday, and beg leave to return you my best acknowledgments for it.

"You have paid me a compliment in your preface which is quite unexpected. Some persons would have been a little offended at their names being publicly used, WITHOUT THEIR LEAVE, as a *recommendation*. For my part I am not captious, and if I were I hope I should consider that the compliment ought to excuse the liberty.

"I think you have printed it in the right form and size for circulation. I am sure it is a very useful book. I shall order several for my school, and I hope it will meet with such a reception from the public as it deserves.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
"Tunbridge School, V. KNOX."
Dec. 10, 1782."

Mr. Wilson's "soft answer" was creditable to him, and the Tunbridge schoolmaster must have felt that his brother of Clitheroe was somewhat more imbued with the spirit of their common Master than himself. It may be remem-

bered that Mr. Wilson had sold the copyright, and had no beneficial interest in the sale of the work:

"Rev. Sir,

I this day received your obliging letter mentioning the receipt of the Dictionary. I was not aware at the time I drew up the preface that any construction of impropriety could be put upon the mention of your name. From our correspondence on the subject I thought myself authorised to express myself as I have done, and my meaning was honestly to obtain some credit with the public. But I was immediately struck with a sense of my own imprudence on seeing the advertisements, in which the bookseller had availed himself of the paragraph and made use of your name as a puff. It was far from my intention to have dragged you forth unwillingly, or to serve a mercenary purpose; but I see my error, stand corrected, and ask your pardon. No compliment which I have paid can excuse the liberty, because the liberty was taken as a compliment to myself; for the esteem I have for your character as a man and your merit as a writer was very feebly expressed, and did not do justice either to myself or to you."

This Dictionary has been pronounced "a very useful performance, notwithstanding some slight defects,"[1] and displays both research and study. It was a well-timed and able contribution to the classical student, and has only been superseded by more elaborate works of the same class.

[1] Nichols's *Lit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 788. The principal defect was in the article referred to in Dr. Patten's letter (p. 127). Coleridge in his notes on Luther's "Table Talk," proposes three questions on this awfully mysterious subject, and exclaims — "Oh! to have had these three questions put by Melancthon to Luther, and to have heard his reply!" — *Remains*, vol. iv. p. 26.

Mr. Wilson, addressing his friend Mr. Cranke,[1] observed:

"At Cambridge you cannot but be very competent judges of literary offspring, as you are in no other way allowed to labour for posterity. I therefore received with double pleasure your congratulation on the birth of my son *Dic.* Since he has been put out to nurse, every person peeps at him, turns him up, and gives his opinion, and I scarcely find two opinions alike. One quarrels with the name as being too long and partly outlandish, none of the Dictionary family, they say, was called Archæological. Another says he has a Roman nose, another that he is too much of a Grecian, and a third enquires if he is not circumcised, because he has a strong look of the Jew. Some say he is too tall, others that he is too short, and others that he is big enough, but badly put together. One says he is like nobody, another that he is like everybody, and a third that he is like the Author. Some predict long life, and others sudden death, but still he grows apace. Thus it was with the old man and his ass; and with the old man's ass I shall leave them."

In the year following the impression was exhausted, and yet nothing was done towards a new and recensed edition until 1794. Mr. Wilson liberally presented a "royal paper copy" to N. Binns his honest publisher, whose estimate of the binding of books, as might have been expected, was quite as low as the value which he placed on a royal paper copy.[2]

[1] See p. 125.

[2] "I am and ever was an avowed enemy to large margins, as I think nothing disfigures a volume so much as a multiplicity of blank space. Indeed I look upon it as a reflection upon the understanding of the author as well as upon the conduct of the publisher — the former because he appears

Although he had a certain local celebrity as a poet, he published nothing himself, and few of his poems ever found their way to the press.[1] They are met with in manuscript in all parts of the county; and although many of them are what Mr. Gifford styles "tuneful trifles" and display no high imaginative genius or enthusiasm, they possess merit, and deserve a place amongst the productions of the Palatine muse. They will neither be found uninteresting nor prolix, nor do they ever evince poverty of thought, although it may be mentioned that "a grave, sweet melody"

ambitious to take up more room than he has ability to fill — the latter because he makes the public pay for a page of print when perhaps not more than one half of it is letter-press. This I call unfair dealing, and the iniquity of the custom appears (to me at least) in so flagrant a point of view that I have it in contemplation to attempt a general reform in the regions of paper and print, and may perhaps in process of time become a real typical Quixote." — *Letter to Rev. Thomas Wilson*, dated September 11th 1784.

[1] The poem of "The Birch," p. 78, is an exception. It appeared in *The Chester Courant* July 25th 1786, having been purloined from Clitheroe School and claimed as his own composition by "a youth of thirteen," and sent to the press by his astonished father. Mr. Wilson vindicated his own claim to the authorship, and stated that doubtless the application of *the birch* was required in this instance to "teach fundamentally" truthfulness and honesty to the wonderful "youth of thirteen." Mr. Allen, the Vicar of Stradbroke, a learned successor of Mr. Wilson in the living and school of Clitheroe, has defended Wilson's undoubted claim in *Notes and Queries*, vol. x. p. 432. I find amongst Mr. Wilson's MSS. his own original outline of the verses in 1784, and his subsequent additions and verbal corrections are now printed for the first time, and differ from the copy of Balliolensis in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 159. I have also in my possession the manuscript poems, &c., of the Rev. Thomas Bancroft M.A., to whom the lines have been attributed, but they are not in the collection.

will not often attract the reader's notice. Mr. Wilson had his hours of soberness, and was no stranger either to the ills of life or to the works of Herbert or Young; but he must be classed amongst the few lively and facetious writers of the latter half of the last century, and he deals little in mournful strains, moralities, or melancholies. His poetry seems to have been hastily written, seldom polished or corrected, and he was not always a careful versifier. This does not however seriously affect the technical harmony, but is an irregularity in the metre, or perhaps a poetic license which a more exact writer would have avoided, and which Mr. Wilson himself might have corrected had he revised the poems for publication; but he was not ambitious of literary distinction, nor did he write for posterity. It is however possible that he might be of Professor Smythe's opinion, not merely that a bad rhyme might pass, but that, occasionally, a bad rhyme was better than a good one. — Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 85. Being a man of quick observation and quaint humour, he had at the same time a lightness and gracefulness of expression, which, in his day, was as rare as it is effective. The pieces now printed were written either for the recitation of his pupils, or had reference to passing events. His translation into English verse of Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice extends to 450 lines, and could scarcely fail to be admired for its vivacity and beauty and for the spirit of pungent satire which pervades it; but the shorter and more local poems have been selected as characteristic of the author and as more

generally interesting. In his hymns and a few sacred poems which are not included in this selection, he was not in advance of his age; he imitated classical rather than Christian writers, and had not caught the devotional tone of some of the earlier hymnologists. There is a deficiency of pathos and tenderness in these difficult productions of his muse, nor are they finely finished in metrical harmony. His monody on Mr. Roundell's death appears to have been brought under the notice of the Sewards of Lichfield, but their opinion of its merits has not been recorded, nor is it quite clear that they knew who the author was.[1]

There are certain profane expletives introduced into some of the poems written for the use of schoolboys and publicly recited before their parents, which might seem to indicate a forgetfulness of religious principle, or at least an absence of reverential moral feeling. It may be observed, in extenuation, that this was an evil feature of the times, and that the poet merely delineated the habits of his associates, which, in his early days, he does not appear to have either censured or discouraged, but which in later years he rebuked with homely plainness.[2] There are also passages in his earlier

[1] See p. 5. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Thomas Seward, dated December 21st 1775, his Curate at Eyam, the Rev. Peter Cunningham, says, "You will observe, perhaps, the Elegy on Mr. Roundell's death, which ought to have had the 17 or 18 verses of the third of *Habakkuk* prefixed to them, [it] *are* [is] *not in my hand*," — Nichols's *Liter. Hist.* vol. vi. p. 56. Mr. Cunningham had been curate to the Rev. Robert Smith the Incumbent of Waddington. See p. 179, *Note* 3.

[2] See an admirable *Note* in his Assize Sermon 1804.

poems in the style of Prior and Swift, which would find no place now in the gayest and most trivial productions of the muse. These "strokes of profaneness,"[1] as Warton justly styles them, "cannot pass unblamed," as they are sometimes painful and always offensive.

There is one poetical effusion known and admired in every part of the county, and invariably attributed to his pen. It is the inscription on the monument of Mrs. Whalley in Whalley Church. That it originated with him is unquestionable, but that it afterwards passed through another alembic and was refined by the process is now equally clear. Mr. Whalley (afterwards Sir James Whalley Gardiner Bart.) addressing his uncle the Rev. Dr. Master, the Rector of Croston, observes: —

"Enclosed I transcribe for your perusal and opinion an epitaph, written by a friend of mine, to the memory of one who (let the future events of my life be what they may) will ever be endeared to me by every the most sacred tie in nature. Epitaphs with characters I in general highly disapprove, knowing they are a purchasable commodity by the most worthless, as well as a just tribute to the most deserving. But it may perhaps be expected, under the circumstances of the case, that something more should be added than merely the time of her birth and death, and the enclosed has as little of the fulsomeness of adulation (too common on such occasions) as any I have met with. It certainly has considerable merit, but is rather too long. You will be kind enough to give me your free unreserved opinion, and if you think any alterations necessary, make them or suggest them to me."—*Letter, dated January 9th*, 1786.

[1] Essay on the Genius of Pope, vol. ii. p. 380.

There are thirty-four lines of very unequal merit, commencing: —

"Here sleeps Eliza — but how hard her fate!
How short the period of her nuptial state!
With drooping myrtles cypress blends its gloom,
And Hymen's torch just lighted to the tomb;
For life imparted destin'd to the grave,
Her death's the purchase of the life she gave;
But o'er her urn still Love in anguish weeps,
And Hymen mourns where dear Eliza sleeps.
Affection mark'd her whole related life
As daughter, sister, neighbour, friend, and wife;
Soft pity glistened in her melting eye,
And others' woes could prompt the tender sigh;
Her soul disdain'd the specious gloss of art
And taught her tongue the language of the heart,
Cheer'd by Religion's mild and steady ray,
She closed, in humble Hope, life's little day:" &c.

Mr. Whalley again writing to Dr. Master says: —

"Clerk Hill, March 18, 1786.

"The enclosed I received by yesterday's post. . . . . Cooper's observations in general are, I think, sensible, candid and pertinent, and the distinction he makes in Wilson's composition between a copy of verses and [an] epitaph, perfectly just. How far he has guided himself by his own directions, I shall not pretend to say. Suffice it for me to observe, that my judgment, if such it may be called, instead of inclination, leads me to prefer the second epitaph of Cooper, in which he has not so closely followed Wilson; and, whichever may be adopted (if either), I think the four last lines in each should be omitted. The compliments paid to Wilson's verses,

though no more than he deserves, are handsome, especially considering the delicacy of Cooper's situation in criticising and altering a brother poet's composition! And besides, there is, as Cooper justly says, great difficulty and nicety requisite in abridging, expunging, reserving and amending a composition not one's own, when the plan has already been so well projected, and is so well connected as that of Wilson's. But how must I manage the matter with Wilson? For I cannot with any sort of delicacy erect a marble with Wilson's ideas dressed in another poet's language, without first mentioning it to him. Something must be done with Wilson before any monument is erected. Tell me, therefore, what you think would be the most delicate way of settling this matter with him." . . . . . .

Mr. Wilson afterwards corrected his own verses, and added, after the opening couplet: —

> "The bridal torch just lighted to the tomb,
> And festive joys expir'd in funeral gloom!
> In darkness clos'd that brightest hour of life
> Which hail'd her parent and endear'd her wife;"

although Cooper's emendations were finally adopted.[1]

[1] In the Choir of Whalley Church is a monument "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of James Whalley Esq. of Clerk Hill, who died September 8th 1785, in the 24th year of her age. She was second daughter of the Rev. Richard Assheton D.D. Warden of the Collegiate Church of Manchester and Rector of Middleton, by Mary his wife, one of the daughters and coheirs of William Hulls Esq. of Popes in the county of Hereford.

> Here sleeps Eliza! let the marble tell
> How young, how sudden, and how dear she fell;
> How blest and blessing in the nuptial tie,
> How form'd for every gentle sympathy!

Mr. Wilson published two occasional sermons, preached at considerable intervals in his capacity of Chaplain to William Bamford of Bamford Esq. and to Thomas Lister Parker of Browsholme Esq. respectively High Sheriffs of the county.

Her life by heaven approv'd, by earth admir'd,
Amidst the brightest happiness expir'd;
And left an husband fix'd in grief to mourn,
Widow'd of all her virtues, o'er her urn;
Yet while he feels and bends beneath the rod,
Meek Resignation lifts his eye to God,
And shews within the blest eternal sphere
The partner of his bosom sainted there;
He bows, and breathes, so Faith has train'd her son,
Great Sovereign of the World, thy Will be done!"

The epitaph appears to have been written on the model of Mason's lines, polished by Gray, on the death of Miss Drummond, daughter of the Archbishop of York, who died in 1775, beginning:

"Here sleeps — what once was beauty, once was grace;"

although superior in every respect to that frigid inscription. It is however far inferior in tenderness and simplicity to the exquisite Latin lines of Dr. Jortin on a wife snatched by death from her husband, written, to deceive antiquaries, in the character of an old classical inscription, commencing:

"Quæ te sub tenera rapuerunt, Pæta, juventa
O! utinam me crudelia fata vocent," &c.

and which has been translated with great beauty by the Rev. W. L. Bowles:

"O! would the fates which snatch'd thee in thy bloom,
Had called me with thee, Pæta! to the tomb,
That I might leave the earth, this world of pain,
The sun, the light, to rest with thee again!
Thee I shall follow to that dark abode;
Love, with his torch, shall light the dreary road,
The night dispersing as he flies before;
Then, only — let a husband's voice implore —

The first was styled "A Sermon preached at the Assizes at Lancaster, August 19, 1787, before Lord Loughborough and Mr. Justice Willes," 4to.

The other, "Religion the Nurse of Loyalty; a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Lancaster, on Sunday the 12th August 1804, before the Hon. Mr. Justice Chambre and the Hon. Baron Graham. Published at the request of the High Sheriff and Grand Jury," Edward Lord Stanley M.P. being the foreman. Text, 1 Pet. ii. 17. 4to Liverpool. I have only seen the latter sermon, and concur with Bishop Majendie in thinking that "the sentiments were most seasonable and excellent, the arrangement perspicuous, and the style chaste and nervous." (*Letter dated Chester November* 15*th* 1804.) The Assize Sermon he preached in 1783 at Lancaster as Chaplain to James Whalley Esq. was not published.

We find him in 1791, probably apart from politics, for it has been seen that he was not a propagandist, entering into the views of ministers respecting the insecurity of property, and bewailing the dangerous prevalence of French revolutionary opinions in England, as disastrous to Europe and to

Taste not of Lethe's stream, rememb'ring me,
So soon to come — ah! soon I pray — to thee!"
Parochial Hist. of Bremhill, co. Wilts, p. 233.

The Rev. John Cooper M.A. was born in 1741 at Heskin in the parish of Eccleston in the county of Lancaster, where his father was the schoolmaster. Mr. Cooper succeeded his father at Heskin School, and in 1785 became Rector of Bix in the county of Oxon, and Domestic Chaplain to George fourth Earl of Macclesfield. He died 5th December 1801.

mankind. He was circulating Paley's *Reasons for Contentment* and Watson's *Apology*, and temperately exposing the fallacies and delusions of clever though misguided men, who were laying unhallowed hands on the civil and religious rights of the people, openly advocating a community of goods, and spreading alarm if not desolation throughout the country. He wrote:

"All the elements of nature seem in commotion; and if we are to judge of what is to come by what is already past, we shall not be surprised with hail, rain, snow, thunder, lightning, hurricanes, or earthquakes, and the weather of Great Britain is not less violent than the politics of France, although I think it will be sooner reduced to a state of tranquillity."— *Letter to Mr. S. Staniforth, January 2nd* 1791.

The secret springs of the evils then inundating England were to be found in the bad soil of France.

Afterwards he expressed his loyal sentiments, and indirectly alluded to the popular belief that government spies were or had been abroad:

"We kept the King's birthday in great style, being all loyal men. No king's messengers have found their way into *this* borough, and should they arrive, we shall send them soon about their business by convincing them that we are the best subjects in his majesty's dominions. Mrs. Wilson, myself and Miss Nowell had the honour of an invitation on the 4th June to Lord Southwell's, to drink tea, sup, and partake of their evening amusement, which consisted of fireworks, well intended but execrably executed." — *Letter to Mr. Staniforth, June 6th* 1794.

The democratic scenes and augæan disorders which for-

merly afflicted and disgraced "Proud Preston" at the election of Members of Parliament, he regarded as the very quintessence of all bad political therapeutics:

"After spending two very pleasant days at Dr. Master's, I took up my abode for the remainder of the week at Dr. St. Clare's, and found the town of Proud Preston in great political commotion. 'The King and John Horrocks' was 'sung and said' and vociferated in every street; and the different parties were too sore to bear the slightest touch. *Green* wounds with prudent management are soon healed; but Preston is afflicted with an *ulcer*, which, though palliatives may be occasionally applied, will admit of no cure." — *Letter to Thomas Staniforth Esq. Aug.* 19*th* 1796.

It is not honourable to the warm glow of Mr. Wilson's ordinary humanity, nor creditable to his religious principles, that he should have entertained views hostile to the adoption of gradual and judicious measures for the abolition of the slave trade. He had thought much on the subject, and his mind was long in a state of oscillation, so that he wrote both against the traffic and in its favour; but his deliberate opinions, expressed to his Liverpool friend Mr. Staniforth, as well as in an elaborate pamphlet in which he endeavoured to work out the difficult problem of emancipation, leave no doubt that he deemed Mr. Wilberforce and the other leading abolitionists as dangerous philanthropists, hazarding the interests of a large class of British merchants, without producing any decided benefit to the slave. Fortunately for the oppressed, the mistaken views of the timid and cautious, as well as the projects of injustice and avarice, were overcome by the predominating spirit of Christianity:

"I have been deceived in my expectation of the result of Wilberforce's motion. I wish no other consequences may flow from the abolition but such as his philanthropic dreams suggest. It is, I think, a bold experiment. Amidst the frenzy of freedom and the paroxysm of patriotism we seem to set prudence and policy at defiance, and overlook the *wrongs* from an intemperate zeal for the *rights of men*; while we are hurried away by an enthusiastic fervour of *liberty*, we seem to forget that there is such a thing as violation of *property*, and I am afraid that our kindness to slaves may be counterbalanced by the sufferings of freemen. The longings for liberty now excited in the breasts of the Island Negroes will not only fill their minds with discontent, but prepare them for some violent exertions to anticipate the moment of emancipation. Happy before in unfeeling tranquillity and thoughtless indifference, they now begin to show a keen sensibility to their degraded situation, which can have no other consequence but to increase their sorrows and qualify them for more exquisite misery." — *Letter to Thomas Staniforth Esq. April 25th* 1792. See also pp. 142 and 144.

His theological views were of the old orthodox school, upon the whole catholic and evangelical; and if his teachings were not remarkable for their strong advocacy of the claims of the Reformation, they were at least simple and earnest, and appear to have given no umbrage to the laity. He came up to the clerical standard of the day, but it was not high either for devotedness or consistency.[1]

[1] He said: "I have the charity to believe that almost all denominations of Christians, if we rightly understood their tenets, agree in the *essentials* of religion, and generally inculcate the necessity of a good life as the *genuine fruit* by which the efficacy of our faith is to be ascertained."—p. 17, *Note to Sermon*, 1804.

His social intimacy with several influential Roman Catholic families and his own naturally amiable disposition may have led him to embrace a little more of the element of expediency than the inflexible dogmatism of truth and principle would seem to warrant, and yet he was uncompromising when the occasion required firmness.[1] It may be noticed that a well known aspiration of the Church of Rome on sepulchral memorials, involving a doctrine silently ignored by the Church of England, was on several occasions introduced by Mr. Wilson, but his mature views on the point in question have not been ascertained.[2]

His generally negative theology was probably the result of constant attention to the business of his school, which tended to secularise his religious views, and rendered some of them at least ambiguous if not positively hurtful.

The venerable Mr. Harris observes that Mr. Wilson was very tolerant of other men's opinions, but strictly adhered in his own preaching to the doctrines of the Church, generally giving appropriate sermons on the Fasts and Festivals, and not unfrequently availing himself of the pious labours of his great namesake, the Apostolic Bishop of Sodor and Man. Mr. Addison also, an equally competent authority, vindicates the orthodoxy of his old master, which may have been, I am glad to believe, unjustly impugned, and referring to the manner in which those subjects were at that time understood or misunderstood, well observes that the change of pulpit sentiment has been so great that we detect incon-

[1] See p. 155. [2] See pp. 191, 210.

sistent statements which escaped the less keen perception of our fathers, and can hardly comprehend that they believed at all what they did not exactly believe in our way.

It may be recorded that his manner in the pulpit was not remarkable either for dignity or effect, and that, like Crabbe's Rector, he was "careless of hood and band." His voice was neither powerful nor melodious, and yet he was admired in his day as a preacher, although he had a peculiarity of utterance which induced him to hurry over parts of a sentence as though he suffered from a natural impediment. In the Litany he substituted the word "omissions" for "negligences," and this was attributed not to conceit or presumption, but to some physical inability to pronounce the latter word.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the Christian Knowledge Society, and circulated its publications.

On the 19th February 1792, he wrote a long and able letter against the abrogation of the Test and Corporation Acts, the sum and substance of which was that nothing new could be said upon the subject, and that every thing which could be urged was but *dictum dicere et actum agere.*

In 1794 he visited Cambridge for the purpose of taking the degree of Bachelor of Divinity (under a statute recently abolished), having so far back as the spring of 1779 entered himself of Trinity College. Bishop Hinchliffe was at that time the Master, and his lordship's connection with Wilson's neighbours the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe might induce him to fix upon Trinity rather than St. John's, the favourite

Sedbergh College, as well as the circumstance of his school-fellow, early friend, and confidential correspondent Mr. Cranke being then a Fellow and Tutor of the College. This gentleman frequently urged Mr. Wilson to complete his degree, and frequently the request was negatived. At length his concession was reluctantly obtained, and he had the honour of becoming the guest of Dr. Kipling, the head of Trinity. He spent five weeks in those classic regions with great satisfaction; but, as Mr. Pepys said when he first "set up" his new coach, "most expenseful to his purse on a thing of honour," Wilson having, as he jocosely told Dr. Tatham, "parted with his inheritance in order to obtain a degree."[1] His Latin and English Sermons preached at St. Mary's were carefully written, but were not published.

On returning from Cambridge he visited his patron, Assheton Lord Curzon, at Hagley, and had the honour of being appointed Domestic Chaplain to his lordship, whose son the Hon. George A. W. Curzon, in 1802, gave him, on his own solicitation, the small Incumbency of Downham. These appear to have been the only advantages and distinctions resulting from his academical career, and they might probably have been obtained without it.

About the latter part of the last century, Mr. Wilson formed an intimate acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Whitaker,[2] who had come to reside at his paternal seat, the

[1] He sold his farm to the Dr. in 1794. See p. iv. *Note* 1, ante.

[2] In the first edition of the *History of Whalley*, (p. 23, 4to, 1800,) a hope is expressed that Mr. C. Towneley would one day gratify the public with an

Holme, and whose deeply religious views, clerical activity and high intellectual attainments were much respected in the neighbourhood. With a view of bringing the clergy together for social and religious intercourse, Dr. Whitaker instituted a sort of literary club, consisting of half a dozen members, whose tastes were congenial, and who dined together at each other's houses once a month for several years. Mr. Starkie[1] the Vicar of Blackburn, Mr. Barton[2]

account of the fine Roman helmet found at Ribchester. This was actually done, as I am kindly reminded by T. B. Addison of Preston Esq., before the History appeared, in a paper sent by Mr. Towneley to the Society of Antiquaries, although Dr. Whitaker repeats the hope in the last edition of his *Whalley* without any allusion to Mr. Towneley's article, (p. 28.) This appeared in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iv. plates 1, 2, 3, 4, and contains a notice that Dr. Whitaker and Mr. Wilson of Clitheroe had seen in company the sphinx once attached to this helmet as a crest, showing that their common interest in antiquarian studies goes back to the date of the discovery in 1796.

[1] See p. 195, *Note* 1.

[2] The Rev. William Barton was the son of a surgeon in Preston. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and Vienna, and graduated in that faculty at the former place; the delicacy of his constitution, however, and his ardent desire to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness inducing him to change the course of his studies, he became of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1795, and afterwards entered into Holy Orders. He was successively Incumbent of Samlesbury, Langho and Great Harwood, in Lancashire, and was for many years a physician both to the souls and bodies of his poor parishioners. Owing to feeble health he resigned his Church preferment and retired to Lytham. Thoroughly versed in the ancient he was master also of several of the modern languages. An accurate naturalist and a most ingenious preacher, his acquaintance with the animal and vegetable kingdoms frequently enabled him to draw his illustrations from them with great felicity and effect. The pen of partial friend-

the Incumbent of Harwood, Mr. Smith[1] the Incumbent of Waddington, and Mr. Wilson of Clitheroe were amongst the regular members. Dr. Coulthurst[2] the Vicar of Halifax, Mr. Rowland Ingram[3] the Vicar of Giggleswick, Mr.

ship might eulogise the sterling virtues which illuminated his character, their enduring tablet is in the hearts of those who knew his private worth and could estimate the richness of his mental endowments. (*Leeds Intelligencer, April* 2, 1829.) He died at Lytham March 19th 1829 in his sixty-sixth year, having no issue by his wife Ann, daughter of Dr. Chew of Billington, near Whalley. A volume of his early manuscript poems and translations is in my possession, but the language is neither rich nor pictorial, and is deficient in that classical and mellifluous diction which distinguished many of the productions of his old tutor and sincere friend Mr. Wilson. The general style partakes too largely of that formality which one of the Wartons, speaking of Mason, described by the expressive epithet of *buckram*. There is, however, in the poems the impress of a genial and loving nature, full of good sentiments, kind feeling, purity and simplicity, all obviously springing from a heart warmed by the great Christian law of love. His knowledge of botany was extensive and systematic, and, adopting Gilbert White's advice, he studied plants philosophically, investigated the laws of vegetation, and ascertained, for the best of purposes, the virtues of efficacious herbs. He was a man greatly beloved by all the members of the club here named, and had a good place in society.

[1] See p. 179, *Note* 3.

[2] See p. 190, *Note* 2.

[3] The Rev. Rowland Ingram was the second and only younger son of the Rev. Robert Ingram M.A., Vicar of Wormingford and Boxted in Essex. He was born at the former place 19th of May 1765, and educated at the Grammar School of Dedham. He was of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and graduated seventh Wrangler and B.A. 1786 (his elder brother, the Rev. Robert Acklom Ingram, having been senior Wrangler two years previously), elected Fellow of Sidney and retained his Fellowship until his marriage in 1798 with his cousin Mary, second daughter of Sir Cuthbert Shafto of Bavington in the county of Northumberland, Knt. The following

Dawson[1] of Sedbergh, and Mr. Cockin[2] of Milnthorpe were occasionally welcome guests in this literary atmosphere. At

inscription on his monument in Giggleswick Church preserves the memory of this good and learned man:

Hic Requiescunt in Christo
Rolandus Ingram, B. D.
Natus Vorminford In Com. Essex.
Olim Syd. Suss. Coll. Apud Cant. Socius,
Scholæ Regis Edvardi VI^ti De Giggleswick
Per Annos XLV Magister,
Vir Eruditionis, Comitatis, Pietatis,
Charitatis Eximiæ:
Obiit Non. Feb. A. D. Mdcccxlviii Æt. LXXXIII:
Necnon
Maria, Uxor Ejus
Filia Natu Secunda Cuthberti Shafto De Bavington
In Com. Northumbr. Equitis,
Fœmina Tali Viro Digna:
Obiit VI^to Id. Mart. A. D. Mdcccxxxviii Æt. LXVIII.
"*Domine Tu Nôsti Quod Amem Te.*" Joh. XXI, 15.

On the 1st of January 1828 his pupils presented Mr. Ingram with a gift of plate after a public dinner at Settle. In 1844 he retired from the school, and in January of the following year "the Ingram Testimonial fund" was commenced, and out of the fund so raised £125 was paid for a portrait of Mr. Ingram by Bowness, and for the engraving of it. The residue of the subscription was expended upon a memorial window for the school library and also in the purchase of books for the library. In a letter dated February 6th 1846 and addressed to William Robinson of Settle Esq., treasurer of the fund, Mr. Ingram observed: "When the discharge of duties is accompanied with the sincere desire to have them faithfully fulfilled, so long as human nature remains as it is there must always be in the retrospect more or less a sense of deficiency; this has ever been by me most strongly felt. Under the consciousness of imperfection there cannot be afforded within the compass of this life a more valued solace and gratification, especially applicable to its last days and in retirement, than the assured approbation of kind

these meetings there was much sympathy of moral and religious feeling, elegant hospitality, pleasurable conversation

and esteemed friends. Submitting it therefore to themselves to judge how highly I must estimate a testimonial, altogether so unexpected, of the approval of those, whom I have greatest cause to respect and esteem, I beg that you will be so good as to accept for yourself and convey to all who have in any way supported or contributed to what they are pleased to call the "Ingram Testimonial" the assurance of my warmest thanks on my account, and of my heart's desire and sincerest prayers for the future prosperity of King Edward the Sixth's Free Grammar School at Giggleswick, to the increased advantage of the country, and the mutual satisfaction of all who co-operate in its direction and government." Shortly after his death the following entry was made by the Governors of the school in their *Minute Book:* "13 March, 1848. The Governors have to record the death of the retired Head Master, the Rev. Rowland Ingram B.D., which took place on the 5 Feb. last in the 83d year of his age. He was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, and his remains were attended to the grave by all the Governors, the neighbouring Clergy, the Masters and Scholars, and by many friends and neighbours, who came uninvited to testify their admiration of his truly Christian character and their respect for his memory." "The Ingram Prize" has been founded anonymously, and is given each alternate year for the best English essay written by any of the scholars on the Fifth Commandment or on the Love of God. It has hitherto been an elegantly bound Family Bible, embellished with the Ingram arms.

[1] [p. lvii.] See p. 105, *Note* 1.

[2] [p. lvii.] William Cockin was born at or near Milnthorpe, and was an early friend and correspondent of Mr. Wilson. He was for many years the writing master and accomptant of Lancaster Grammar School, and published (1) "A Rational and Practical Treatise of Arithmetic. To which is added, in the manner of Notes, The Reason and Demonstration of every Rule and Operation, as they occur, on principles purely Arithmetical, or such as will easily be comprehended by a Beginner." Lond. 1766, 8vo, 6s. (2) "The Art of Delivering Written Language; or an Essay on Reading." Lond. 1775, 12mo. (3) "An Account of an Extraordinary Appearance in a Mist near Lancaster, January 13th 1768; by Mr. W. Cockin; communi-

and quiet enjoyment. The subjects discussed — previously announced — were of a general and miscellaneous descrip-

cated to the Royal Society by Joseph Banks Esq. the President." *Philos. Trans.* vol. lxx. part i. 1780. Dr. Priestley considered the additional rows of colours discovered by Mr. Cockin as one of the *desiderata* of optics. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. l. p. 521. Mr. Wilson, writing to Mr. James of Arthuret in the county of Cumberland in 1782, in Mr. Cockin's behalf, observes: "You are neither a stranger to his situation nor unacquainted with the modesty and excessive delicacy of his disposition. The way of life into which fortune has thrown him is much below his real merits, and to see a man of genius grovelling towards the evening of life in a profession inferior to many of the mechanical arts, and more laborious than most of them, is not a very pleasing sight." Mr. James had discovered that Cockin, with all his great abilities, "was not one of the sons of fortune; every body allows his merits, every body pities him, even the great man shakes his head, laments that so much worth should meet with such neglect, and then bestows the rewards which he ought to have had on — a scoundrel!" *Letter to Mr. Wilson, April* 25, 1783. Cockin's "Essay on Reading" was known to Mr. Melmoth, the author of "Fitzosborne's Letters," who in June 1776 was delivering public lectures on elocution and literary subjects at Lancaster, being the guest of the Rev. J. Collinson, who, writing to Mr. Wilson, said: "The excellent lecturer was well acquainted with our friend Cockin's book, of which he spoke as an ingenious performance, although he did not approve of every part of it. He also mentioned Lord Kames as having read it, and spoken of it as a capital production." (*Letter, June* 7, 1776.) Mr. Cockin also wrote some poems, which are amongst Wilson's manuscripts, but they were probably not published, and they certainly exhibit none of the piquancy of Mr. Wilson's style. Mr. Cockin died in 1801 unmarried, and his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Clough of Burton-in-Lonsdale, and other friends, importuned Mr. Wilson to write his Life, and to edit his "Poems, without the Notes." In November 1803 the request had not been granted. Mr. Cockin's two nephews, Mr. John Pearson and his brother, both Sedbergh scholars, died unmarried, and Mr. Canon Mackreth, Rector of Halton, the executor of the survivor, has informed me that he sold their library a few years ago, which contained some curious and scarce books, formerly their uncle Cockin's.

tion, embracing matters affecting the Church, literature and politics, and rendered especially attractive by the playful humour of Wilson, the mechanical listlessness of Starkie, the meditative tenderness of Barton, and the masculine freshness and warmth of Whitaker. As a proof of Whitaker's estimate of his friend's literary ability and an acknowledgment of his scholarship, he not unfrequently consulted him on classical subjects, and, notwithstanding his own superiority, did not hesitate sometimes to rely upon Wilson's judgment and taste whilst he distrusted his own. Doctor Whitaker dedicated one of the plates (x.) in his *History of Whalley* to Mr. Wilson in the following graceful terms: — "Viro Reverendo Thomæ Wilson S.T.B. Ecclesiæ de Clitheroe Ministro — Sodali jucundissimo, *αρχαιολογω* insigni, felici juvenum institutori,[1] hanc tabulam vovet T. D. Whitaker."

Nor ought it to be forgotten that it was the latest wish of Mr. Wilson that his accomplished and excellent friend should write his epitaph, a request easily granted and not inadequately performed.[2]

On Sunday, the 30th September 1804, he sustained a

[1] This (Clitheroe School) is one of the few foundations which, in the present rage of commercial innovation, has been able in any degree to preserve its original character as a classical seminary. — Whitaker's *History of Whalley*, p. 287, 4to, 1800.

[2] Letter of Thomas Carr Esq. to Dr. Whitaker, dated Blackburn 13th March 1813; and yet Dr. Whitaker speaks of the inscription (*Whalley*, p. 285) as having been written by him at the request of Mr. Wilson's pupils. Both statements are correct.

heavy shock in the death of his wife, who was perfectly well in the morning of that day, having walked with him to church, but during the confession was seized with paralysis. She was conveyed home in a chair, evinced great restlessness, sank into a state of drowsiness, and then into sleep from which she never awoke. He was probably not a person of intense sensibility, but he said he felt as one who had lost one of the greatest comforts of his life, and he endeavoured to bear the privation with the submission of a Christian. (*Letter, October 4th* 1804.) He observed afterwards it was like the loss of an useful limb, but that the place of amputation ought to be suffered to heal, and the privation be regarded as one of the many casualties to which in the rough journey of life we are continually exposed. The High Sheriff and his mother[1] — the latter through life an attached friend of Mrs. Wilson — were unceasing in their attentions, and his many friends sympathised with him in his sorrow, the tide of which long continued silently to flow. Domestic cares, to which he had been a stranger, now crowded upon him, and every return to his house furnished him with a painful recollection of his irreparable loss.[2]

In 1807 he had the unexpected honour of having the Rectory of Claughton, near Lancaster, offered to him by

[1] Mrs. Parker of Browsholme.

[2] Mrs. Wilson, by her first husband, had three children: (1) Charles Nowell, died in 1783, (see p. 136.) (2) William Nowell, died suddenly, a clerk in the Admiralty, in 1790. (3) Miss Nowell, died at Blackburn in 1824.

his old pupil, Thomas Fenwick of Borough Hall in the county of Westmoreland Esq., "as a testimony of respect for the attention and care received whilst under Mr. Wilson's tuition;" and as a mark of Bishop Majendie's high regard for Mr. Wilson's character and attainments, he was allowed to hold it along with his other small livings, notwithstanding the Bishop's general rule to abridge pluralities as far as possible. Although the Bishop, in the first instance, considerately granted this permission, his Lordship afterwards felt that three parishes and a grammar school required rather more superintendence than they were likely to receive, and the new Rector seems to have been on the point of losing one of his miserable benefices. He wrote to the Bishop in his usual sportive style:

"If I resign Clitheroe, I might say in sacred language, *εκερδησα ζημιαν* — 'I have *gained* a loss;' and if I resign Claughton, it will be said of me, 'the last state of that man is worse than the first!' The offer of the living will have proved a trap, baited by friendship, and the bait rendered more captivating by your Lordship's indulgence. The trap has struck, and I am caught. It is consequently my business *ut me quam queam minimo redimam.*"

The Bishop granted a licence of non-residence, and Mr. Wilson was inducted, on the 30th May 1807, to a Rectory of less than £100 a year, out of which he had to support a Curate, in a parish containing ninety-two inhabitants.[1]

[1] Mr. Wilson sent the Bishop a copy of his *Arch. Dic.*, and in acknowledging its receipt his Lordship observed: "If I had needed any proof of your zeal and ability for the promotion and extension of learning, such a work must afford the most ample testimony."— *Chester, Oct.* 2, 1807.

Mr. Wilson seems to have been at no time a very robust man, his infirmities being probably superinduced by his studious habits and want of regular exercise, and at the age of fifty, when the lymphatic often gets the better of the sanguine element in the constitution, his health became a subject of serious consideration. What he first considered to be chronic rheumatism proved to be gout, attended with jaundice, sciatica and ultimately with organic disease of the heart. He looked upon the gout as his sheet anchor against other disorders of the system, and "Madeira, flannel and patience" were the "ammunition with which he fortified himself" against its periodical assaults. His enchanting natural vivacity and playfulness of manner never failed him,[1] and in one of his bulletins of health, as he happily observed, these frequent attacks "suggest caution without deadening enjoyment." (*Letter to S. Staniforth Esq., December* 11, 1803.) After his wife's death his letters contain constant allusions to the unsatisfactory state of his health, and he appears to have been a great sufferer to the end of his life, although he scarcely seems to have thought, with Norris of Bemerton, that the danger to a Christian consists, not in being ill, but in being well.

In February 1808 he experienced so agonizing a pa-

[1] One of his boys had been skating, and the ice having given way he had been in the water. On returning home the lad was summarily dismissed supperless to bed. Nothing daunted by the command, the young urchin pleaded for his supper. The snuff box was soon out, and, tapping the lid as usual, Mr. Wilson exclaimed, "Supper, sir! supper! when you already have had a *skate* and a *couple of ducks!*"

roxysm of his malady, and had so bad an opinion of his case, that he supposed his end to be approaching, and was induced to make his will, which nevertheless, after the crisis, was the subject of much humorous but unbecoming observation to his kind-hearted friend Mr. Staniforth. Mercutio jesting, although aware that he was mortally wounded, and the dying Falstaff cracking his jokes on Bardolph's nose, have not been generally considered favourable specimens of a Christian's death-bed, although, like Mr. Wilson's jocose trifling, indicative of "the ruling passion." For more than a fortnight he converted his dining-room into his school-room, and "served up at the table provisions for the mind as well as for the body," as the weary work of teaching could not be stayed. In his affliction, his old and singular friend "the bold Rector,"[1] leaving his fellow Nimrods and ramrods, visited and sympathised with him, and, not marvellous to relate, they "spent a very comfortable day together." — *Ibid*, *March* 31, 1808.

At midsummer he was enabled to visit his little flock at Claughton, and revived at Lancaster the almost expiring acquaintance which he had formed in the days of his youth. The pleasure which he received from this visit was com-

[1] The Rev. Henry Wiglesworth of Townhead was of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, B.A. 1781 as ninth senior optime, M.A. 1784. He was instituted on his own petition in 1782 to the Rectory of Slaidburn, where he died April 14, 1838, aged 80, having been fifty-six years the Rector. His relict, (Mary, daughter of Thomas Browne of Grassington in Craven, Esq.) a lady of great benevolence, has lately presented a peal of bells and also a clock to the church of Slaidburn. — See p. 174, *Note* 1.

pared by him to the satisfaction which is derived from restoring animation when the vital spark has been nearly extinguished. He had not forgotten the serious illness of the spring, and, dwelling upon it, observed that "no man, previous to experience, could conceive the horrible effects of jaundice both upon the mind and body: the body bowed down by extreme debility, languor and lassitude, and the mind sunk by it into a state of weakness bordering upon melancholy and idiotcy. The most whimsical and hideous dreams infest and disturb the sleep, and the hands become so tremulous that they are unable to bear a glass to the mouth, nor could a pen be used without great difficulty and painful attention — but," he feelingly added, "a pen was an useless instrument in my hand, because I had no ideas in my head." (*Letter to Mr. Staniforth, December* 1808.) And at the end of the year some salutary impressions, it may be hoped, still remained and admonished him that if his days were evil they would be few, as we find him declining to attend "the masqued ball at Mr. Joe Greaves's,[1] as masqued balls did not suit him at that time." He solaced himself, however, by reflecting that, as the whole world was a masquerade, in which the same individual assumed different

[1] He was Major in Colonel Bolton's regiment of "Invincibles," raised in Liverpool June 2nd 1803, and disbanded August 25th 1806. He lived in Mount Pleasant, and was a partner with Mr. Anthony Molyneux. He "kept a glorious house, and welcomed every body and was welcome every where. A fine fellow was the Major, as ever we set eyes upon, and the father of as fine a family as ever sprung up, like olive branches, round any man's table." — *Liverpool a Few Years Since*, 12mo, 1852.

characters, a masquerade presented no novelty; but he still resolved to visit Liverpool and his old friend, not in his mask but, in his genuine character, as *Sam. Staniforth.* — *Letter to Mr. Staniforth, December* 20, 1808.

After many premonitory symptoms he was seized with a paralytic affection as he returned home on horseback from Mr. Starkie's of Blackburn on the evening of the 13th of April 1810, and was deprived of the free use of his right leg, and on the 23rd of May he was still unable to walk without assistance. He patiently waited God's leisure, and not being deprived of hope found, with Johnson, that hope itself was happiness! He described the limb as feeling cold and benumbed, with a creeping sensation as though the flesh was disposed to divorce itself from its union with the bones, his *right* side having become his *wrong* side, and his *left* side his *right.* — *Letter to Mr. Staniforth, May* 23, 1810.

From the effects of this seizure it seems probable that he never recovered, although in the same year, in order to benefit the neighbourhood, and, as he hoped, to enlarge his own sphere of usefulness, he consented to act as a magistrate, and it is said that in discharging the duties of this office he was singularly patient in the investigation of evidence, lenient in enforcing the law, and scrupulous in maintaining the independence of the bench. His views on the subject of clergymen being placed in the commission of the peace were expressed as follows in 1782, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Patten. It need scarcely be named

that the first and principal part of the second qualification on which he based his argument is no longer applicable, at least to Lancashire clergymen; but in his day ministerial work was little known and less practised:

"I give joy to the neighbourhood on your commencing Justice of Peace. A person in every respect so well qualified is a valuable acquisition to the bench in the country. There is no concealing the fact that the bench has been gradually sinking into contempt through the want of men of enlarged views and liberal sentiments. Poor Owen [Rector of Warrington?] expressed to me his apprehensions and horrors on the death of Mr. Lyon, and confessed himself qualified only to act a subordinate part, and therefore proceeded with his colleague on the principle of implicit faith. Like the Pope, his coadjutor was to him a man of infallibility! I am aware that some narrow-minded men have made a foolish attempt to prove the impropriety of clergymen acting in this capacity, but I cannot conceive that any order of men are better calculated for the charge. They have learning and a liberal education as their first qualification — they have leisure, a taste for reading, and ability for reasoning as a second — and the nature of their profession will necessarily incline them to a love of justice tempered with humanity as a third and the most essential qualification."

He has drawn an accurate and vivid picture of the miseries which sometimes befal a manufacturing district from over speculation, from the improvidence of the labouring classes, and from an abuse of the poor laws. The last evil has been wisely checked by judicious legislation, but no legislation can check the former. Since Mr. Wilson's time, the rapid advance of the nation in wealth, the in-

crease of its population, the well ventilated subjects of pauperism, emigration, manufactures, machinery, agriculture and mining, have all combined to influence and, to a certain extent, change our social relations; and an improved and general system of education is quietly elevating the character and promoting the happiness of the people.[1] He appears to have exerted himself with unusual activity in the winter of 1812 on behalf of his old pupil, Colonel Patten, whose loss of his parliamentary seat in that year for the county town was erroneously supposed to have been the result of a political compromise or coalition with Mr. Cawthorne; but the correspondence on the subject, having lost much of its interest, has not been printed. The Colonel selected Mr. Wilson as one of his friends to explain his position, vindicate his character, and publicly to state his unaltered views to the magistrates and freeholders of his locality. Mr. Wilson's opinion of electioneering tactics and the sort of guerilla warfare ordinarily practised at such periods of excitement may not inappropriately find a place here. Many a fierce and noisy squib, flying about and doing vigorous, and sometimes heroic, execution at more than one borough election, proceeded from his ready and racy pen.

"I received your packet franked upon his Majesty's service, and am glad to find such a number of pamphlets, hand-bills, literary squibs and crackers are in circulation. Many of them are in a low style, but they will not be without their effects, as it

[1] See pp. 204-5.

is necessary to hit the humours and conform to the different capacities of the people. A joke will sometimes be more successful than a logical argument, and a pithy pun than a ponderous paragraph. John Bull must be treated as John Bull, and may be roused to higher indignation by the teazings of a monkey than by the barkings of a mastiff."

His hands as well as his head about this time continued to be, as he observed, "full of ecclesiastical, civil and pastoral engagements;" and nephritic twinges, a vitiated system, and an inactive body must, in addition to these duties, have rendered school work a peculiarly dreary employment. But still he responded to the familiar call of the early bell, for, according to ancient custom, the boys were assembled in the school every morning, summer and winter, at seven o'clock, and his labours were uninterruptedly pursued. To the festive seasons of midsummer and Christmas he had long looked forward with all the ardour of a school-boy, for he then escaped, as a toil-worn labourer, from the routine of duty, and visited distant friends, who appear to have been rich in those personal qualities which form the best charm of society. Amongst these may be named Mr. Cross[1] of Redscar, Mr. Shuttleworth[2] and Mr. Addison[3] of Preston,

[1] See p. 148, *Note* 1. [2] See p. 41, *Note* 1.

[3] John Addison Esq. was born at Preston in 1754, Barrister at law, and connected with Clitheroe as professional agent for the Curzon family in their severe contest for that borough, and subsequently during their undisturbed interest in it. Mr. Wilson's oration (p. xxxi. ante) when he proposed Mr. Addison as Out Bailiff, would be delivered in October (the week after the feast of St. Denys) in one of the following years, 1796,

but, above all, Mr. Staniforth[1] of Liverpool. With the family of the last named gentleman he had been on terms

1799, 1801, 1811, unless he had been proposed and not elected at an earlier period. The corporation was governed by two important civic functionaries called "the In" and "the Out" Bailiffs, one being chosen from the resident and the other from the non-resident burgesses. It was customary to give the Out Bailiff precedence. Mr. Addison highly appreciated the charms of Mr. Wilson's society, and he always found himself a welcome guest at Preston, but, like Porson, had generally to be reminded when it was time to retire for the night — or more probably for the morning. Mr. Addison was a Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Lancaster, and died in 1837 in his eighty-third year, leaving two sons, Thomas Batty Addison Esq. Recorder of Preston (see p. 36), and John Addison Esq. Judge of the County Court of Clitheroe, &c.

[1] See p. 131, *Note* 1. The only person who ever thought harshly of Mr. Samuel Staniforth is the clever author of *Liverpool a Few Years Since*, 12mo, 1852. All who knew Mr. Staniforth feel indignant at the wanton injustice done to his memory by the Rector of Althorpe. There is a pedigree of the Staniforths in Hunter's *History of Hallamshire*, p. 252. It may be added that Samuel Staniforth of Darnall and Liverpool Esq. (his house at the bottom of Ranelagh Street is now the Waterloo Hotel), was born February 6th 1769, educated at Clitheroe by Mr. Wilson, married April 28th 1800 Mary, daughter of Henry Littledale Esq. and sister of Sir Joseph Littledale the Judge, and died April 5th 1851, leaving issue two children: I. *Sarah Staniforth*, born June 1805, married May 1828, Frederick Greenwood Esq. of Ryshworth Hall near Ripon, (the founder of Birstwith Church,) and has issue two children: (1) John Greenwood, born in 1829, of Swarcliffe Hall near Otley Esq. M.P. for Ripon, married in 1852, Louisa, daughter of Nathaniel Barnardiston of the Ryes in the county of Suffolk Esq., and has a son and other issue; (2) Mary Littledale Greenwood, born 1831, married 1853, R. Hawkins Esq. II. *The Rev. Thomas Staniforth M.A.*, born 11th February 1807 and married September 26th 1837, Harriet, daughter of Charles Hampden Turner of Rook's Nest, near Godstone, in Surrey, Esq. He was instituted to the Rectory of Bolton by Bowland 21st November 1831.

of far more than ordinary friendship. His annual visits and correspondence — the latter full of playfulness, but unfortunately devoid of all seriousness of thinking, and I hope not like Shenstone's letters, the history of his mind — extended over more than thirty years. Mr. Parker of Browsholme, Lady Gardiner of Clerk Hill, Mr. Tempest of Broughton, as well as the Vicars of Whalley and Blackburn, equally appreciated his personal excellencies, enjoyed his great conversational powers, and welcomed him as their periodical guest. In their genial society he both found and communicated entertainment, and he sadly felt that the school vacations too quickly glided away.

In January 1813 he returned from Redscar, where he had met "a few of the usual party and had enjoyed temperate and cheerful conviviality," and the day was fixed for his visit to Mr. Staniforth, who was at that time the Mayor of Liverpool and dispensing munificent hospitalities. "I am anticipating the day of meeting," said he, "with great pleasure, for, to use the words of the most gentlemanly poet that ever wrote —

'Nil ego contulerim jucundis sanus amicis.'"

The friends, however, met no more, for to one of them the night closed in suddenly, and he may be said to have died almost whilst publicly discharging his religious duties.

Addressing the Governors of the school on the 5th of March 1813, William Carr Esq. observed:

"It is a painful duty to me to inform you of the death of the

Rev. Thomas Wilson, which took place on Wednesday morning the 3rd of March. He discharged the duties of his Church on Sunday with his usual energy, but during Monday night had two or three more paralytic fits, and as he did not speak nor appear sensible afterwards his sufferings were not great."[1]

The frail tabernacle had long been shattered, but the light which illumined it neither gradually died out nor flickered in the socket, trembling with the breath of departing life, and scarcely visible in the darkness it once irradiated. It was suddenly quenched. He passed quietly away from his friends. His church and school were vacant, for his work was finished, and the "merry heart," which had often "done good like a medicine," was stilled in death. In a few days his remains, according to his request, reposed peacefully in the chancel of the old gray church of the Pudsays at Bolton-juxta-Bowland. Through life he had been generous and large hearted, careless of money but not improvident, and he died a poor man; his effects were valued at less than £1,500, as appears by his will dated the 18th of February 1808 and proved at Chester the 11th of March 1814. He desired to be interred "near the remains of his late dear wife," and after giving small legacies to his step-daughter, Miss Nowell (who was in good circum-

[1] Letter in the School Chest. The Governors at this time were Thomas Parker of Alkincoats Esq. (1782), Thomas Clayton of Carr Hall Esq. (1790), William Assheton of Downham Hall Esq. (1796), Josias Robinson of Chatburn Esq. (1797), Thomas Lister Parker of Browsholme Hall Esq. (1802), and John Aspinall of Standen Hall Esq. (1807). — *Grammar School Book.*

stances), to his old servant George Slater, and to his executor William Carr of Blackburn Esq. Attorney-at-Law, he bequeathed the residue amongst his four sisters, Jane the wife of Edmund Bradley, Agnes the wife of John Proctor, Isabella the wife of James Nicholson, and Elizabeth the wife of John Dawson.

Shortly after his death a sketch of his character, "written by a very old friend" (supposed to be the Rev. William Barton), appeared in the *Blackburn Mail*.[1]

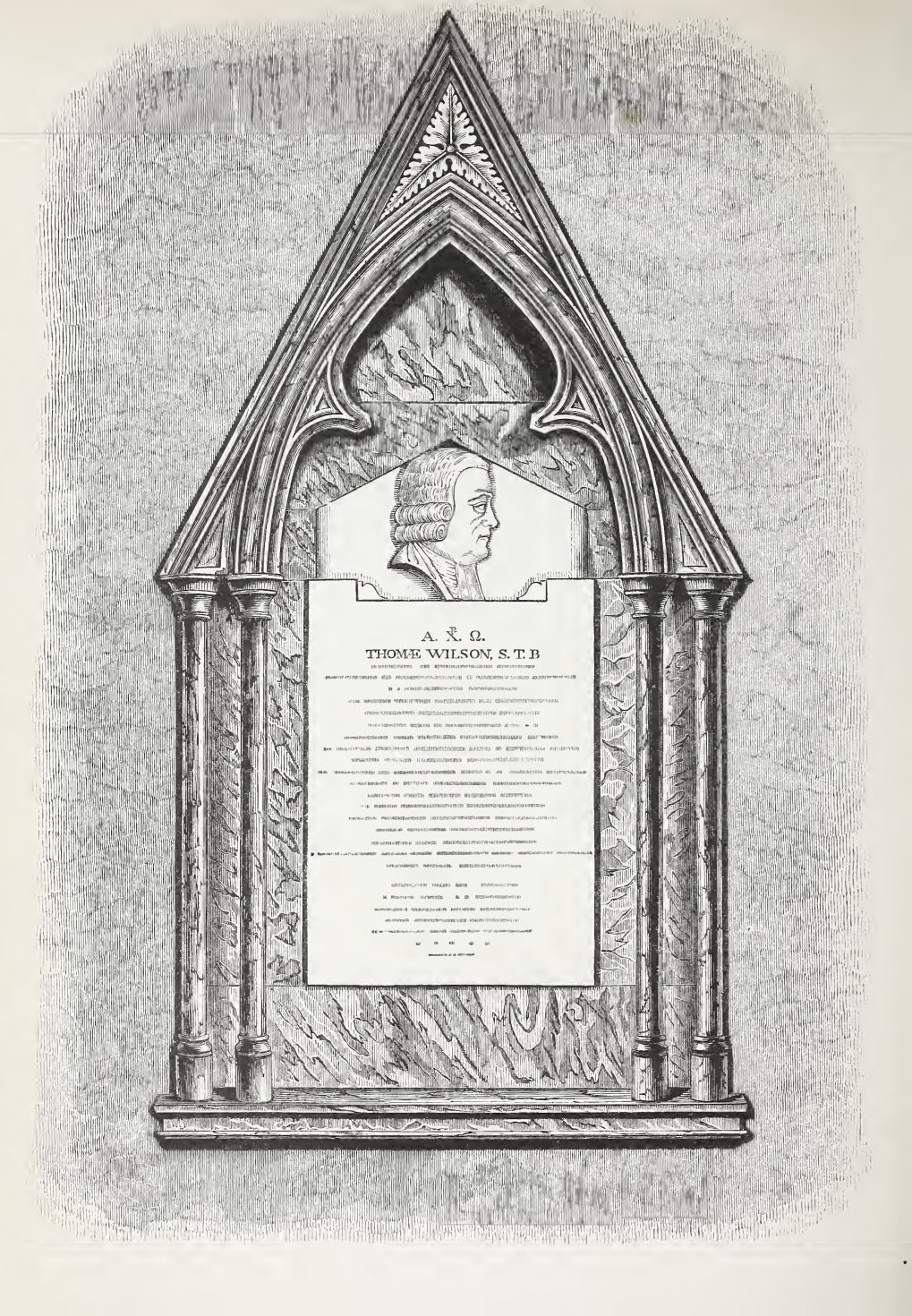
Mr. Locke observes that "memorable is the piety of Marcus Aurelius, who obtained permission from the Senate

[1] "On Wednesday last, at Clitheroe, aged 67, universally respected, the Rev. Thomas Wilson, B.D. Rector of Claughton, Incumbent of the Parochial Churches of Clitheroe and Downham, Head Master of the Free Grammar School of Clitheroe, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace of this county. As a Minister of the Gospel his discourses were plain, instructive, and energetic. His upright, ingenuous, and unoffending conduct, together with an ancient simplicity of manners, endeared him to his parishioners; whilst his liberality and tolerance of sentiment gained him the esteem of those of different persuasions. The number of distinguished characters, that have emanated from this gentleman's excellent seminary, well attest the talents and industry therein displayed: and at the same time the devotion and ardent attachment (an attachment only terminated by death) of the pupil to the preceptor, and of the preceptor to the pupil, reflect the highest honour upon both. His *Archæological Dictionary* will be a lasting monument of his erudition; as will also (amongst his friends) several unpublished poetical and other sprightly productions, of no ordinary merit. Thus adorned with very eminent classical and literary attainments, as well as with the most brilliant wit, which in him possessed that very rare and admirable quality, that, though it delighted everybody, it hurt nobody, together with a benevolence of disposition, and the most engaging sociability of manners, his friendship was courted and cultivated by all the respectability of the county."

publicly to erect a statue after his death to the memory of his preceptor." The pupils of Mr. Wilson cherished a similar feeling of piety towards him as their revered preceptor, and as a record of the virtues of the dead and of the gratitude of the living, on the 30th June 1813, at a meeting held at Preston of gentlemen educated by him at Clitheroe,[1] the Rev. Thomas Moss M.A. Vicar of Walton-on-the-Hill in the chair, it was resolved that a monument should be erected by his pupils to his memory in Clitheroe Church and also a marble tablet in the Parish Church of Bolton, within which he was buried, "as permanent marks of the high estimation in which his public character and

[1] The following gentlemen were at the meeting, and each subscribed £5 5s.:

Rev. Thomas Moss.
Rev. Henry Wiglesworth.
Rev. William Barton.
Rev. Robert Harris.
Rev. J. Whalley Master.
Rev. Edward Master.
Rev. Thomas Jackson.
Peter Patten Esq. M.P.
Sir J. W. S. Gardiner Bart.
T. Lister Parker Esq.
Le Gendre Starkie Esq.
Samuel Staniforth Esq.
William Feilden Esq.
Edward Gorst Esq.
William Cross Esq.
T. S. Shuttleworth Esq.
William Whalley Esq.
John Gorst Esq.
Septimus Gorst Esq.
Edward Pedder Esq., Riding's Farm.
Townley Rigby Shaw Esq.
Dr. William St. Clare.
Mr. Blanchard.
Mr. Chew.
Mr. Parr.
Mr. James Hargreaves.
Mr. Edmund Mollineux.
Mr. James Mollineux.
Mr. James Pedder.
Mr. Thomas Carr.
Mr. Henry Vernon.
Mr. Forshaw.
Mr. John Hargreaves.
Mr. Alexander St. Clare.
Mr. Carr.


A. R. Ω.
THOMÆ WILSON, S. T. B

private virtues were held by them, in grateful remembrance of the benefits which they received from him as a teacher, and in testimony of their deep regret for the loss of one who, by the charms of his conversation, the simplicity of his manners and the warmth of his friendship, bound to himself, by the closest ties of affection, every one to whom he had previously imparted the blessings of education."

The subscription, limited to five guineas, was confined to gentlemen who had been Mr. Wilson's pupils. It seems, however, that at least one old personal friend had pressed forward, and with sympathetic feelings had urged his claim to the privilege of being a contributor, and that the claim was allowed. This was Mr. Wiglesworth, the Rector of Slaidburn. The Rev. Dr. Whitaker, "the intimate and highly valued friend of Mr. Wilson," was requested to write a Latin inscription for the monument, and the thanks of the meeting were given to Thomas Lister Parker Esq. for having most obligingly procured two designs for a monument from Mr. Westmacott.

In 1814 a marble monument, executed by Westmacott, was erected in Clitheroe Church with a graceful medallion of Mr. Wilson, and on a tablet the annexed inscription:

A · ☧ · Ω

THOMÆ WILSON, S. T. B.
Ecclesiæ de Claughton Rectori
Sacellorum de Clitheroe de Downham Ministro,
Et in vicino Gymnasio
Per annos ferme duo de quadraginta

Literarum humaniorum Magistro
Absque fuco aut fastu erudito
Juventuti sine plagis regendæ nato
Et inter docendum male dicere aut sævire nescio
(Voce, vultu, indole placidissimis)
Qui, plurimis in Ecclesiam inque R. P. discipulis emissis
Neminem non sibi sodalem allexerat,
Nemine non usus est amico,
Ab iisdem undequaque congregatis
Grato quotannis exceptus convivio
(Heu! nunquam redituro)
Convictor ipse jucundissimus,
Sermone compto, faceto, verborum lusibus seu scintillulis nitenti,
Innocuo tamen, comi, pio.
Annos nato LXV. denato
V non. Mart. A.D. MDCCCXIII.
Sepulto Boltonæ juxta Bowland,
Prope conjugem præreptam.
Cenotaphium ubi vivus floruerat,
L.L.M.P.P.
Discipuli.[1]

Dr. Whitaker, writing from the Holme on the 21st of November 1814 to William Carr of Blackburn Esq. (the treasurer of the subscription fund), observes:

[1] The marble monument in the chancel of Bolton Church was executed by Webster of Kendal; the inscription, with a few necessary verbal alterations, being the same in both. It was not erected until 1831, at a cost of about £55, being the balance (with the accretions of interest) after defraying the cost of the monument in Clitheroe Church. Mr. Carr, whose uninterrupted regard for his old friend was so deeply impressed upon his heart that it was only effaced by death, had the mournful satisfaction of superintending the erection of the tablet. Mr. Wilson's age is given incorrectly on both these sepulchral memorials. He was in his 67th year.

"I am sorry that it will not be in my power to attend the erection of Mr. Wilson's monument to-morrow; perhaps it may not be inconvenient to Mr. Barton, who was with me when the site was agreed upon. The situation was on the south side of the communion table, directly opposite to the monument of Mr. Serjeant Aspinall, and, as far as I recollect, the bottom of the marble was intended to be about six feet from the ground. I have no fear of inaccuracies, as I very lately corrected a *fac-simile* of the inscription."

It is somewhat remarkable, notwithstanding these precise statements, that Dr. Whitaker in 1818 refers to the monument as "about to be erected."[1] He probably had in view the Bolton tablet.

Such was Mr. Wilson — a man of more than respectable scholarship, of many high qualities and estimable faculties, who obtained celebrity if not fame, and who left behind him a blameless and unsullied character. He was not a strong party man either in religion or politics, and his neutrality occasionally involved him both in deserved and undeserved censure. His personal popularity throughout life was unimpaired, and it was not unmerited. His genial manners, his copious fund of anecdote and talent for lively conversation, his social habits, his cheerful disposition and happy temper, all procured him friends and retained them. He possessed the pleasant and rare faculty of attaching not only his pupils to him but also young persons generally. I have been told by a lady who met him once in early life at Mr. Tempest's of Broughton, that she has never forgotten

[1] See *History of Whalley*, p. 285.

his pleasing and gentle manner towards her — she a timid and reserved girl, and he "the observed of all observers." Experience had taught him to discriminate the varieties of character, and he probably discerned in the shy and retiring girl, at that time the head of a literary family in Craven, the germs of those various intellectual talents and elegant accomplishments which have since distinguished her. He was always ready to amuse and willing to be amused; and whilst there was great distinctness and original force in his own character, he loved wit and a playful imagination in others. His friends admit that his great infirmity was verbal punning, word catching, and a ludicrous dwelling on syllables, which often set the table on a roar. This spirit ruled him like a tyrant, gave a tone to his thoughts, hampered his eloquence, and it may be lowered his decorous gravity as a clergyman, but, I believe never, except in one instance, severed his friendships.

In his character of "the good schoolmaster," Dr. Fuller observes that many scholars have transmitted the memory of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had been forgotten; a statement continually verified, although not in the case of Mr. Wilson, whose fair literary labours ought to rescue his name from oblivion, and whose success as a teacher is abundantly proved not only by the number of his pupils[1] but also by their advancement in after life.

[1] To the distinguished names of his pupils scattered throughout this volume, and who will always be regarded as ornaments of Clitheroe School,

"Who," asks Fuller, "had ever heard of R. Bond in Lancashire but for the breeding of learned Ascham his scholar, or of Hargreaves in Burnley school, in the same county, but because he was the first [who] did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker?" Bond and Hargreaves have obtained a niche in the temple of fame on account of each having made one distinguished scholar, and in every other respect their names have irretrievably perished; but Wilson's name as a scholar, a poet, a wit, and an eminent schoolmaster will long continue verdant in Lancashire; "for God," to adopt the quaint language of the same incomparable old writer, "did mould him for a schoolmaster's life, he undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success."

A portrait of Mr. Wilson, of which the annexed engraving has been made at the expense of some of his surviving pupils, through the friendly and ready assistance of Dixon Robinson of Clitheroe Castle, Esq., himself one of the number, was painted by J. Allen R.A. for Samuel Staniforth Esq. and was presented to Mr. Robinson by the Rev.

a long roll might be added. It would, however, be unjust to Mr. Wilson's memory not to inscribe on this roll the names of Admiral Master; Robert Baynes Armstrong Esq. M.P., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Recorder of Manchester; Oliver Hargreave Esq. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, of Abbots Langley, Herts; William Robinson Esq., Banker of Settle; James Clarke Esq., Recorder of Liverpool; Joseph Seaton Aspden Esq., Seal-keeper of the County Palatine; Samuel Yate Benyon Esq., Vice-chancellor of the County Palatine; and the Right Rev. William Higgin D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.

Thomas Staniforth. The artist has been successful in obtaining a good likeness in repose, although the animated expression of countenance which often characterised Mr. Wilson's conversational vagaries has not been secured; and the rubicund, comely looking presence is probably better depicted and more clearly developed on canvass than by the graver's art. During the latter part of his life a portrait of Mr. Wilson, wearing spectacles, from a painting by Allen was engraved by W. Ward, engraver extraordinary to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and to the Duke of York. It varies in some minute and unimportant particulars from the picture here given. He is represented in full canonicals, wearing his ordinary week-day wig; and yet he always solemnized the Sunday by one of more dignified form, "bushy, with frizzled hair implicit," not collected into clubs or cylindrical curls, just as a judge's head-gear now differs from a common bar wig.

There is also a lithographed portrait of Mr. Wilson, of little merit, probably from a painting by Monsell.

A caricature of him by his friend Francis Hawkesworth of Farnley Esq. in pen and ink (in my possession) is said, with unhesitating confidence, to be a vigorous likeness. He is seated in a chair, with his legs crossed, in top riding boots, wearing his spectacles and week-day wig. The eloquent eye, compressed lips, facetious expression and turned up nose (in profile) are said to embody an unmistakeable reality. He just looks as he did, said an old surviving

friend, when Major Clarke once complained, in his presence, with Juvenal:

"E'en wit's a burden when it talks too long."

To William Thomas Carr of the Temple Esq., to the Rev. Thomas Staniforth M.A. Rector of Bolton, and to Thomas Lister Parker Esq. the Chetham Society are indebted for the MS. Poems and Correspondence of Mr. Wilson; and to Thomas Batty Addison Esq., Dixon Robinson Esq., the Rev. R. N. Whitaker M.A. Vicar of Whalley, and to other friends, I have to express my grateful acknowledgments for much valuable biographical information.

F. R. R.

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ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

Page ix. *For* "Mr. Assheton," *read* Mr. Aspinall.

Page xii. Note 1. *For* Worstorn, *read* Worston.

Page 16, Note. *For* "1775," *read* 1780.

Page 42, Note 8. This statement has been confirmed. Mr. Wilson's pupil was Henry Tarleton, fourth and youngest son of Thomas Tarleton of Clitheroe and Bolesworth Castle in Cheshire Esq., by Mary, daughter and coheiress of Laurence Robinson of Clitheroe Castle Esq. He was appointed Cornet in the 1st Dragoon Guards in 1804, Lieutenant in the 21st Dragoons 1805, Captain in the 4th Garrison Battalion 1808, in the 7th Foot 1810; acted in that year as Aid-de-camp to his uncle, Sir Banastre Tarleton Bart., on the staff of the Severn district; was promoted to a Majority of the 60th Foot 1814, and to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1817. He died in Cheshire in February 1829, aged 47.

Page 61, Note 7. *For* "brother," *read* father.

Page 125, line 23. *Dele* n.

Page 133, Note 1. *For* 1809, *read* 1813.

Page 147, Note 1. Baron Parke, now Lord Wensleydale.

Page 166, Note 1. *Dele* the comma after tulit, and place it after institui.

Page 168, line 19. *For* "tenebrosque," *read* tenebrasque.

Page 169, line 20. *For* gratiæ, *read* grati.

Page 183, line 16. The Rev. Giles Haworth Peel, second son of Jonathan Peel of Accrington House Esq., and Mr. Wilson's Curate at Downham.

Page 184, Note. *For* 1708, *read* 1788.

Page 201, Note 1. The Rev. J. F. Parker succeeded Mr. Smith at Waddington, and his brother, the Rev. William Parker, was appointed to Almondbury. The latter nomination is dated in the Minute Book of the Governors 24 June 1809, and is signed by Thomas Parker, Thomas Lister Parker, William Assheton and J. Aspinall, Esquires, four of the Governors. Colonel Clayton and Josias Robinson Esq., the other two Governors, being Mr. Wilson's friends, declined to concur in the nomination.

POETICAL SPECIMENS.

POETICAL SPECIMENS.

I. — CLITHEROE.

A TOWN of no commerce, but well represented;
A place of much bustle, but little frequented;
A place of no riches, but very much pride;
A place of ill fame, but by no means belied;
A place full of tailors, without e'er a coat,
And burgesses many without e'er a vote.
A pretty large town, but without a good street;
A pretty good shambles, but very bad meat;
A poor looking church, with a musical steeple;
Very poor looking houses, but fat-looking people;
All saints upon Sundays, but all the week sinners,
Excessive keen stomachs, but very poor dinners.
The aldermen boast of their judgment in jellies,
And are all very great in their heads and their bellies.
A quick-sighted people, but dull in discerning;
A very good school, with a small share of learning;
A nest of attorneys, without any law,
And parsons that practise much more than they know.
A place where the number of doctors increases,
Which seems the most dreadful of all their diseases.

II. — THE FINE GENTLEMAN.

Spoken before the Governors of Clitheroe School, June 24th, 1779, by Mr. Newton.

Would you make a fine gentleman truly complete?
Attend to what follows — for here's the receipt.
After learning his letters at home, the next course
Is to give him a taste for a dog or a horse,
And when he is taught to be *pert*, that is, smart,
And got Mother Goose's quaint fables by heart,
To Eton or Westminster let him repair
To inhale the infection that floats in that air,
To acquire the due bronze that must harden the faces
Of such as pay court to the Chesterfield Graces —
(Those Graces by men of great wisdom abhorr'd
As practised and taught by a graceless old Lord.)
Whilst his parents think proper their son should stay there,
Well brush'd be his teeth, and well powder'd his hair,
But a boor, a rank boor will he be if he fails
In segments of circles to pare all his nails.
With my lord let him walk, be acquainted with dukes,
And set at defiance his master's rebukes;
Whate'er is allow'd, his expence should exceed it;
Though friends should remonstrate he ought not to heed it;
And as to the duty required in the school,
If 'tis done by himself, from that hour he's a fool.
When to college he comes be't his care to get mellow,
Each book to despise, nor submit to a Fellow;
To talk with contempt of all statutes and laws,
Absént from the churches or sleep when he goes,

Find fault with his commons and loathe a plain diet,
Reform all their cook'ry or kick up a riot,
Contemn all philosophy, d—— mathematics,
Curse all their theology, logic, and statics,
Tear the leaves from each Greek and each d—— Latin poet,
Break windows, kick waiters, be wicked and show it,
All bus'ness of college perform by a proxy
But kicking the jyps and caressing his doxy.

In town thus instructed he'll next show his face;
With art let him smile, let him ogle with grace,
Let dress and address be his ultimate care,
Well clothed be his person, engaging his air;
Each man let him value by title and pence,
Though their minds be a blank without wit, without sense;
On dukes let him hang and with duchesses dance,
And finish the whole with a journey to France,
Taste its wines, see its towns, a few friends, a few spaws,
But remain unacquainted with customs and laws;
Improve all his vices and finish his graces,
And get an assortment of grins and grimaces,
French shrugs and French bows and French froth and French words,
The names of French villas, French w—— and French lords,
In all things resembling the French macaronis,
In whose gentle bodies you'd swear not a bone is;
Let him talk of intrigues, and of duels he's fought,
How he cut for some countess a marquess's throat;
Let him know the best inns, the best cooks, the best road,
For that's the advantage of going abroad.

Now home let him come, and no doubt he will please
With French phrases, French dresses, French cooks, French disease.
When at home let him dance, show his teeth, wear a sword,
Let him prate like a parrot and drink like a lord;
Let his style be superb whate'er the expence,
'Twill all be the same in a hundred years hence.

In splendour and *ton* let him show what is life,
Spend his fortune at once, then be yok'd to a wife
With portion enough to rub off an old score
And pay the expenses of keeping a w——.
Let him ever, when married, be lumpish and dull
As a poor melancholic when Luna's at full;
To reading unus'd and a stranger to thinking,
Let him kill the dull moments by eating and drinking;
Let him use his rose-water, snuff, essence, perfume,
And call in sensation in sentiment's room;
Let his person be all he bestows the least care on,
And his head fit for nothing but dressing his hair on.
If 'tis fair, let him ride; if rainy, sit mute
And grunt in his chair, like a two legged brute.
By turns let him love and be weary of life,
By turns be a slave or bashaw to his wife,
Not unlike a machine that depends altogether
For motion or rest on the turns of the weather.

To make a fine gentleman these are the rules,
Which equally answer for making of fools.
Such *things* have their uses though, wit they are food for;
Or make them barometers, this they'll be good for;
Or, since they have travell'd at home and abroad,
They'll serve us for guide posts to point out the road.

III. — A MONODY.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the GOD of my salvation. — *Habak.* iii. 17, 18.

SUCH were the hopes that Israel's prophet fir'd;
By Faith dictated and by Truth inspir'd,
Sustained by GOD and innocence alone,
Through sorrows blind his rapture brighter shone:
Thus when terrestrial comforts pass away,
Untimely perish, or, mature, decay,
Affliction thus should raise her mournful eyes
And read the gracious mandates of the skies;
Taught not to murmur, question or repine,
But fix her anchor in a rock divine.
To bid the vainer dreams of fancy cease,
Acquaint thyself with GOD and be at peace;
Own though His arrows sorely pierce the breast,
They point benignant to the realms of rest.
O think what paths each saint and martyr trod,
What griefs and torments led them to their GOD;
Taught hence, afflicted virtue will adore
What pride, what reason vainly would explore;
This sacred truth with prostrate homage own,
"Reasoning is vain but Heav'n is just alone."
Yet tears will flow — nor Heav'n the tear reproves,
Sacred to virtues Heav'n's own Eye approves,
And though his love and fondest pray'r deny,
Bids all lament, when virtue's offspring die.
Such once was he, whose loss we still deplore,
Such tears were shed when *Roundell* was no more.

See the chaste loves recline their languid head,
Scatter their bridal roses o'er the dead!
Ere their young wings had fanned its infant fires
The nuptial torch in funeral gloom expires!
The Spring's fair chaplets now to cypress turn,
Circling their pensive honours round his urn!
O early lost! by every voice approved,
(By man respected and by Heav'n belov'd,)
"Good without noise"— of taste and thought refin'd,
"Lover of peace and friend of human kind!"
Lost but on earth — the chequer'd scene of pains,
For thou art gone where bliss immortal reigns;
Early hast gain'd that quiet friendly shore;
Taught us the way to smooth the passage o'er:
That not untimely youthful virtue dies,
For Heav'n matures its fav'rites for the skies
Not by their years, but deeds, whose living pow'r
Can gild the latest and the darkest hour.
O may these rites, this verse availing be
To soothe the living, though they move not thee!
Yet sacred to thy name shall flow the lay,
Nor worth like thine in silence pass away;
The lay sincere thy voice would not disown,
The grateful tribute of a Muse unknown.
And thou, whose sorrows, deep and silent, flow —
That genuine language of the heart in woe —
Once the lov'd partner of his heart alone,
O may the Muse's sadness soothe thine own!
What art thou, Life, unless some brighter sky
Lie far beyond, where virtue ne'er can die?
What is thy dream of happiness we prize
But a fair blossom that expands and dies?
Thy blushing honours what but splendid toys,
One narrow circle of ideal joys,

Unless some bright reversion gild the scene,
Where life ne'er fades nor clouds can intervene,
Where hope ne'er sickens, where the cup of joy
No tears embitter and no deaths destroy?
There, only there, Affliction finds her stay,
Looks up, reviving, to the realms of day,
Sees Death divested of his awful frown,
Sees future immortality her own,
Sees, by the eye of Faith, her prospects bloom
Beyond the dreary horrors of the tomb.
Thus though the lov'd, the virtuous we deplore,
Not lost are they that early go before.
Yet a few years, Life's airy visions past,
And kindred spirits shall unite at last.
The friend belov'd we mourn'd on earth as lost
Shall greet us, landing on a happier coast,
Guide the free spirit through the blaze of day,
Lost in the glories of the eternal ray,
Show the glad stranger to the heav'nly throng,
Rapt in their golden lyres and glowing song:
There both shall join the concert — and adore
That God who parted — to divide no more;
Whose sovereign balm the wounded spirit cures
That bows submissive and with hope endures;
Whose arm can guide *thee* to the ports of ease
"Through ways of comfort and through paths of peace."

Richard Roundell of Marton in Craven Esq. was born in 1740, succeeded his father in 1770, and died unmarried Feb. 11, 1772, when the estates passed to his brother the Rev. William Roundell M.A. Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, father of the present representative of the family. The poem obviously alludes to Mr. Roundell's near approaching marriage with Miss Lister of Gisburn Park, (sister of Thomas first Lord Ribblesdale and afterwards the wife of Mr. Parker of Browsholme), which was only prevented by his sudden death. Dr. Whitaker gives a highly picturesque description of Gledstone House, begun in the lifetime of Richard Roundell Esq. and finished by his successor, and of the surrounding scenery which he characterizes as an epitome of the whole of Craven. — *Hist. Craven*, p. 71.

IV. — THE [AMERICAN] WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

The people find their money spent,
But scarcely know which way it went,
Or what's the minister's intent
And view, sir;

But, if you'll listen, I can tell;
We meant our Colonies to quell,
And France and Spain to thrash right well;
'Tis true, sir!

And should our projects seem in vain,
Suspend your censures, don't complain,
The merits weigh of each campaign
How glorious!

We trusted first that General Gage
Our infant rebel war would wage,
And make the British lion rage
Victorious;

But Gage was found so very slow,
That Howe had orders next to go
And strike the long expected blow,
And beat 'em.

The British army, now on fire,
To meet their Yankee foes desire,
And swore, so desp'rate was their ire,
They'd eat 'em!

Our conquests thus I've brought to view,
And how our foe we did subdue;
Our triumphs next I will to you
Discover.

Our fowling pieces were prepar'd,
On stakes were huge tar barrels rear'd,
And nought but guns and bells were heard
All over;

The elders sat up very late
To drink for joy, make squibs and prate,
Each other to congratulate
And flatter;

In droves the rabble join the fun,
In one hand clubs, in t'other stone,
Those windows which had candles none
To batter.

Thus after all, it must be said,
In conquest we've been richly paid,
And have such triumphs merited
As please one;

And had our conq'rors liv'd at Rome,
They would have been, as I presume,
With farthing candles lighted home,
With reason.

But, lo! the season made them fret,
A fighting day they could not get,
It was such execrable, wet,
Raw weather:

For as to fighting who would do't
When 'twas so dirty under foot;
The foes were strong, and kept, to boot,
Together.

The war, however, was begun,
To leave it thus was but to run,
And something must at last be done
To th' wretches:

With much eclât we seiz'd a post;
But, lo! before we'd time to boast,
Our hopes were gone, and Prescott lost
His breeches.

But Gen'ral Burgoyne's still in store,
Our honour he'd retrieve — nay more,
The war he'd finish, and he swore
Like thunder:

His march begun he issued threats,
And on his side ran all the bets;
But he — trepann'd by General Gates,
Knocks under.

Thus time and money being spent,
France join'd our foes, and succours sent,
As if she speedy ruin meant
For Britain.

A project now that could not fail,
A scheme that must of course prevail,
And make Monsieur his stars bewail,
Was hit on.

This noble scheme to execute
A mighty fleet was fitted out,
And Keppel was the man to do't —
Or no man;

Equipp'd and mann'd, away he goes
To be reveng'd on Britain's foes,
And prove himself in Britain's cause
A Roman.

Onward he sail'd with full intent
To pay the French a compliment,
And drub them to their heart's content;
But mark, sir!

The French their coming understood,
And form'd their line upon the flood,
Where they their party did make good
Till dark, sir.

Keppel, lest jokes should go too far,
And he the Gallic ships should mar,
Allow'd them, like a gen'rous tar,
To go, sir.

Brave Hardy next attempts the main,
To conquer France and humble Spain;
He sail'd — and then came home again —
Too slow, sir!

V. — ON THE MARRIAGE OF JOHN PARKER OF BROWSHOLME ESQ.

AN ALLEGORICAL COMPLIMENT.

> All Heaven
> And happy constellations on that hour
> Shed their selectest influence.
>
> *Milton.*

Tir'd of Olympus and its dull parade
Pallas and Venus sought a rural shade,
Stripp'd of the trappings and the pomp of state,
And knock'd familiar at Cleora's gate;
Admittance found, admir'd her calm retreat,
Furnish'd with taste and elegantly neat:
Hither Cleora from the world had gone
To enjoy dear solitude and muse alone.
With wonder next Cleora they survey'd,
And both with eagerness address'd the maid;
Each strove with warmest zeal the nymph to gain,
And press'd her much to join their smiling train.
The nymph suspended stood, nor fix'd her choice,
For both she lov'd, nor dar'd to give her voice;
Then both employ'd their skill and show'd their parts,
One talk'd of love, the other talk'd of arts,
This prais'd her form, and that her prudence prais'd,
'Till both, grown warm, their angry voices rais'd.
Damon, meantime, the glory of the plain,
Lov'd by each nymph and envied by each swain,
This way with Phœbus walk'd and join'd the throng —
Phœbus the patron and the god of song.

Ent'ring the house, each goddess they survey'd
In loud contention for the blooming maid;
Cleora's charms attracted Damon's eye,
Inspir'd new wishes and drew forth a sigh;
With rapture gaz'd the youth, his looks confest
The silent transport of his glowing breast.
Says Phœbus — "Here thy thoughts for ever fix,
"The nymph be thine," says he, and swore by Styx:
"Agreed," says Pallas, "for 'twill end debate;"
"Agreed," says Venus, "for disputes I hate."
This said, that instant gentle Hymen came
And lights his torch at Cupid's steady flame,
Then joins their willing hands, while Cupid binds
In love's soft fetters their consenting minds.
Phœbus now beckon'd to his tuneful Nine
To hail the nuptials with a strain divine;
The Graces who to Venus' train belong
With smiling sympathy approv'd the song;
Then all conspir'd to bless the happy pair,
And each bestow'd a portion on the fair;
The Graces gave her elegance and ease,
The charms of manner and the power to please;
The Muses gave her sentiments refin'd,
And taste and fancy stamp'd upon her mind.
Whilst thus the happy union all approve,
These words to Pallas spoke the Queen of Love:
"We ought," says she, "the fav'rite nymph t' endow,
"Her body I adorn — her understanding thou."

Accept these lines the Muse presumes to send,
The gratulations of an humble friend,
A friend whose sympathy will claim a part
Of that pure joy which now dilates thy heart,
A friend who, joining in the public voice,
Commends, approves, applauds thy happy choice:

E'en stupid dulness might attempt the lay,
Rous'd by the triumphs of this festal day.
What joy now glistens in thy parents' eyes,
What more than transports in their hearts arise;
With double warmth thou'rt to their bosoms prest,
And in thy happiness themselves are blest.
Sure some kind star with most auspicious ray
Illum'd thy path and pointed out the way,
The way that led to that enchanted place
Where dwells an angel and where smiles each grace,
Where sense and elegance and taste refin'd
Exalt above her sex the female mind,
Conspire her native merits to improve,
And raise her worth above a common love;
Where wit is temper'd and subdu'd by sense,
Bright without glare and sharp without offence;
Where peace sits smiling on the pleasing scene,
And harmony composes all within.
Thus blest, my friend, with friendly candour hear
The warmest wishes of a soul sincere.
As Hymen firmly binds your hearts and hands,
May Love still strengthen your connubial bands,
May that pure flame with bright'ning ardour glow,
And yield you all the bliss which mortals know;
Still may thy dearer self, thy better part,
With hooks of steel be grappled to thy heart;
May every ruder passion henceforth cease,
By love for ever lull'd to lasting peace;
May cold indiff'rence, with its chilling frost,
In love's warm sunshine be dissolv'd and lost;
May strictest virtue o'er your lives preside,
And cautious prudence ev'ry action guide;
In quest of happiness ne'er may'st thou roam,
But find it perfect in thy peaceful home,

Since when for bliss we've ransack'd all around,
Still 'tis at home or nowhere to be found.
Should secret grief thy inward peace molest,
Repose thy suff'rings in thy partner's breast,
Her sympathy will take the larger share,
Will soothe and soften and dissolve thy care;
Sinks thy sad soul oppress'd with gloomy pain,
Still may she smile thee into joy again;
Swells a rude passion in thy lab'ring breast,
Let her mild accents speak it into rest;
When threat'ning clouds thy wand'ring paths o'erspread,
And no kind strangers teach thee where to speed,
May she with judgment's mild and steady ray
Direct thy steps and point the better way.
When glad report shall to the world proclaim
The pleasing pledges of your mutual flame,
Still may those seasons welcome eras prove
Of growing pleasure and increasing love;
And grant thee, Heaven, the happiness to see
A group of children struggling for thy knee,
To see thy soul's best part, with secret joy,
Marking thy features in each darling boy,
Whilst thou, with looks of love, shall fondly trace
Maternal traits in ev'ry female face.
What unknown pleasures will these scenes impart,
What silent raptures will expand the heart!
And to your loves should they preserve their claims,
Should calm delight still dwell upon their names,
Then these dear pledges in the eve of life
Will more endear the husband and the wife.
May Time thus fly with peace upon his wings,
While ev'ry passing hour new blessings brings;
And when revolving years begin to shed
The silver hairs of age upon thy head,

Still may thy heart, a well-contented guest,
Reside with pleasure in her faithful breast;
And when with peace through life's career you've run,
In tranquil brightness set your ev'ning sun,
Leaving a lustre which may ever prove
The mutual bliss that flows from mutual love.

John Parker was the only son of Edward Parker of Browsholme Esq., by his wife Barbara, daughter and coheiress of Sir William Fleming of Rydal Hall in the county of Westmoreland Bart. He was some time Fellow Commoner of Christ College, Cambridge, Hereditary Bow Bearer of the Forest of Bowland in the Duchy of Lancaster, (West Riding of the county of York,) and in the Commission of the Peace for Yorkshire and Lancashire. In 1775 he was M.P. for Clitheroe, and in 1778 married Beatrix, daughter of Thomas Lister of Gisburn Park Esq., M.P., the sister of the first Baron Ribblesdale. Mr. Parker died in 1797.

VI. — VERSES WRITTEN AT BROWSHOLME HALL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, AND PRESENTED TO JOHN PARKER ESQ.

Accept, my dear Parker, these wishes sincere,
That health, peace, and bliss may be yours through the year;
And that each passing month in its course may improve
The heartfelt endearments of conjugal love.

May the first month, though fraught with tempestuous weather,
Be received as a hint to keep closely together,
That in spite of the cold and the tempests that blow,
The warmth of your hearts the chill winter may thaw.

In the month that succeeds, though the north wind prevail,
Though the earth's cloth'd in snow, or is batter'd with hail,
Let Spring's gentle empire your bosom control,
And Love's blandest zephyrs still breathe o'er your soul.

When March makes his entrance, observe how awhile
He wears a stern frown, but retires with a smile;
Take this as an emblem of Hymen's own fetter,
Which grows upon wearing still better and better.

When April's arriv'd — that soft season of love,
And spring teems with verdure in field and in grove,
May your taste from such objects much happiness steal,
And sympathy teach you new pleasures to feel!

When Love sits full fledg'd on the bosom of May,
When the birds tell their passion and sing on each spray,
May your souls be prepared to join the glad throng,
And your hearts beat with rapture to chorus the song!

When June all around shall have shed a perfume,
And the fields and the gardens are dress'd in full bloom,
May your hearts, unassaulted with sorrow and care,
Of the season's rich pleasures receive a full share!

When the beauties of June in July shall decay,
Remember that beauty but charms for a day,
And prudently seek, what you surely may find,
The delicate joys that result from the mind.

When harvest in August begins to appear,
The month that adorns and that crowns the full year,
A jubilee month to your hopes may it prove,
The month that returns you the harvest of love!

When the sun in September has pass'd o'er the line,
When the nights shall increase and the days shall decline,
May your happiness still unabated remain,
And the warmth of affection its solstice maintain!

When gloomy October, pursu'd by a throng
Of gouts, rheums, and asthmas, comes hobbling along,
May you be preserv'd from the pow'r of disease,
And remain unmolested by harpies like these!

In languid November, which always has been
The month of bad-spirits, ill-temper and spleen,
Against such foul fiends have recourse to the fair,
And seek in your heart the true opiate of care.

Though December with storms all around you shall roar,
Be happy within, keep the wolf from your door;
Let winter rage on, and despise his rude howl,
Let passion's loud tumults ne'er ruffle your soul.
Thus may weeks, months and years, in real happiness pass,
And Time gently shake all your sands from his glass!

VII.—ON THE BIRTH OF THOMAS LISTER PARKER, OF BROWSHOLME.

Calm was the day, the face of nature bright,
When thou, sweet babe! didst first behold the light;
Be this auspicious of a placid life,
And soul unruffled with internal strife.
Sleep on, blest babe! and may no blasts control
The equal tenor of thy guiltless soul;
May Nature, now benignant, form the plan
Of virtues destin'd to adorn the man,
And careful culture in due time draw forth
Thy moral beauties and unfold thy worth;
Just as we've often seen the infant rose
Wrapt in the bud its beauteous form repose,
But, warm'd by Phœbus' fost'ring rays, behold
The leaves expand and all its charms unfold.
Long may'st thou live, and honours round thee spread,
And virtues blossom on thy youthful head!
Nurse him, ye fost'ring dews, ye genial rays,
Into fair fame, full health, and length of days.
Thus art thou launch'd upon a dang'rous sea,
Where scarce the pilots can the dangers flee;
A sea where syrens tempt th' unwary mind
And all its pow'rs in witchcraft strive to bind,

Where Circe's cup the manly sense disarms,
And reason falls a victim to her charms;
A sea where shoals lie near the tempting land,
With swallowing whirlpools und engulphing sand.
But, oh! what perils wait thy heedless youth
To blight thy virtues in the hour of growth!
Here hissing Envy points her venomed stings
And aims at Merit as aloft it springs;
There Interest unperceiv'd still turns the scale,
And Self, rank self, each rising thought assails;
Here Treach'ry spreads abroad her guileful snares,
And Flattery's face the garb of Friendship wears;
There Unbelief stalks on with giant strides,
Religion mocks — Omnipotence derides,
And Blasphemy attends, with wit's rash aid,
To shock that reason which it can't persuade;
Here Civil Discord shakes a sinking land,
And mad Ambition lights the flaming brand;
Here Bribery lives and shows the glitt'ring gold,
The price for which e'en Britons oft are sold;
There creeping Slander stabs you by surprise,
Whilst Virtue, disregarded, droops and dies!
Unhurt through all these perils may'st thou steer,
And urge with steady sail thy bold career;
Before thy eyes may sacred Truth display
The light of Virtue and Religion's way,
May Prudence guide the gale that wafts thee o'er,
And angels greet thee on the blissful shore!

Thus Life's a dang'rous and important state,
Which must for ever fix and seal thy fate;
Eternity's at stake, and Life's the throw
Which brings thee blessings or confirms thy woe.
Know, too, what pow'rs are to thy trust consign'd,
The pow'rs to bless or rack thy parents' mind,

'Tis thine a comfort or a curse to give,
To make them welcome death or wish to live,
From various pangs their feeling hearts to save,
Or bow them down with sorrow to the grave.
For know, for thee they other hopes resign,
And all their comforts are involv'd in thine,
With thy complaints they fondly sympathise,
Grieve all thy griefs and feel thy infant cries;
For *their* sakes, then, let virtue claim thy cares,
Guard thine own life and thou shalt comfort theirs,
And when they're summon'd to resign their breath
The thoughts of thee shall smooth the bed of death.
Long may'st thou live such blessings to bestow,
And make thy parents' hearts with joy o'erflow;
Long may'st thou live to recompense their cares,
Answer their wishes and fulfil their prayers;
Long may'st thou live, the Bard with fervour prays,
The hopeful blossom of succeeding days!

Thomas Lister Parker, son and heir of John Parker of Browsholme Esq., M.P., was born 27th September 1779. He was educated by Mr. Wilson of Clitheroe, and afterwards entered of Christ College Cambridge, succeeded his father in 1797 as Hereditary Bow Bearer of Bowland, elected F.S.A. May 14th 1801, afterwards F.R.S., &c. He published a "Description of Browsholme Hall in the West Riding of the County of York; and of the Parish of Waddington in the same County: also a Collection of Letters from original Manuscripts in the reigns of Charles I. and II. and James II., in the possession of Thomas Lister Parker of Browsholme Hall Esq." 4to, pp. 130, 1815. This volume is illustrated with twenty spirited etchings from well-finished sketches, and was printed for private circulation, by the munificent and highly respected author, who is still living.

VIII.—THE CLITHEROE BURGESSES.

One night as the burgesses sat round their bowl,
Indulging with freedom the flow of the soul,
Wit, mirth, and good humour went cheerfully round,
And the cares of the day in the liquor were drown'd,
O'er each jolly face much composure was spread,
And smoke in thick volumes curl'd over each head.
The demon of Discord, chagrin'd at their joy,
From Tartarus posted their peace to annoy;
She sat in a corner conceal'd from their sight,
Swell'd nearly to bursting with rancour and spite.
They talk'd and they laugh'd till the jorum was dry,
And, nem. con., were voting a further supply,
When, unseen, to the bar the dread monster had stole
And temper'd with horrid ingredients the bowl:
She pour'd in a spirit from Pluto's own brew'ry,
'Twas far above proof and distill'd by a Fury;
She squeez'd a large lemon, from Tartarus brought,
Whose pulp with an acid infernal was fraught,
'Twas the same which incited the Greeks to destroy
The seat of old Priam, the city of Troy;
With the stem of a wolfsbane she stirr'd up the potion,
Which hiss'd, foam'd, and spurted with dreadful commotion.
When brought to the table, the company ask
If the rum had not got a strong smack of the cask?
They drank it, and found in the morning it spread
Odd fancies, vertigos, and whims through the head;
Their brains were affected, their mem'ries derang'd,
Their minds were perverted, their sentiments chang'd;
The men were all monsters and villains, they swore,
Whose merits they'd honour'd the ev'ning before;

So dim grew their eyes that they scarcely could know
A foe from a friend or a friend from a foe.
They met their old cronies with quite a new face,
And their enemies hugg'd with a hearty embrace;
When a townsman approach'd then depress'd was their jaw,
If a stranger advanc'd they would stretch out a paw;
Of words the effect was so great that a name
Their wrath would extinguish or kindle a flame;
Their threats at a syllable swell'd up with ire,
Or the veins of their necks became small as a wire;
So strong their disorder that, e'en in the street,
They'd bite, breathe or slaver whoe'er they might meet!
Such a dæmon is Discord wherever it reigns;
The judgment it warps and confuses the brains,
It turns into venom the wholesomest food,
And in time is diffused through the whole mass of blood;
The habit is chang'd if it rages awhile,
The humours corrupted and turn'd into bile,
No med'cines can reach it, no regimen's good
But purging, confinement, and letting of blood.

IX. — THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE SCHOLARS OF CLITHEROE SCHOOL.

By my schoolfellows urg'd, with all proper submission,
I am come to present a most humble petition,
Which with ease you can grant, so we hope you'll befriend us,
And all your assistance most cheerfully lend us.
The favour we sue for is small you will own,
Which is — "that the school you'll consent to pull down!"
The school — that dull prison — where, daily confined,
Our bodies are hamper'd for sake of the mind.

Though air and free exercise, doctors will tell us,
Are chiefly requir'd to make us strong fellows,
Here fix'd to our benches we're chain'd to the oar,
Like galley slaves labour but ne'er come on shore,
And masters stand o'er us with menacing frown,
With rods heav'd above us, in act to come down.
At distance from home, in a barbarous land,
We see not a friend we can shake by the hand;
We're forc'd from our fathers and torn from our mothers,
A thought which our nature recoils at and shudders.
Should our health be impair'd 'tis not to be wonder'd,
Confin'd as we are 'midst the stench of an hundred;
What though our whole number together is but a
Small handful compar'd to what died at Calcutta,
Yet still 'tis enough to awaken our fears,
If you please to reflect we're imprison'd for years.
Here in Latin bewilder'd we mope all the day,
Debarr'd from all exercise, hindered from play,
Forget our own language in learning to speak
That lingo of pot hooks and ladles — the Greek;
The Greek — that cashew-nut — whose shell most infernal
Destroys all our grinders, and poisons the kernel.
Besides, what we learn is a strange sort of stuff,
How Jove could gallant it and Juno could puff!
Your Ovids and Virgils and Homers are pagan,
Their religion was gross as the worship of Dagon.
And pray of what use can this learning be to us,
Whose hardships you've heard are enough to undo us?
For should our keen appetites prompt us to eat,
Will butchers take learning in barter for meat?
When seiz'd by the gout or when worn by the phthisic,
Will it charm the disorders or pay for our physic?
When in chat we're distress'd for a word to come pat in,
May we hope for assistance from Greek or from Latin?

Nay, men of deep learning, wherever we've travell'd,
We find in discourse the most apt to be gravell'd.
Nor to fit us for bus'ness does learning conduce,
And proves in professions of very small use;
To physic I'm sure it can make no pretensions,
Physicians I've seen that ne'er knew their declensions;
And as for the law it performs all its work,
Without Greek or Latin, by quibble and quirk.
'Tis the same in the army — the French we must strive
To kill in plain English, or leave them alive,
For, arm'd with a musket, we've infinite odds
'Gainst him who would fight us with quis, quæs and quods;
It suits no profession, in short, but a parson,
And priests, we can see, all the world makes a farce on;
Besides, men of wit, men of sense and discerning,
Will be sensible, witty, and quick without learning,
And Latin, Greek, Hebrew, are roots that are found
To flourish the best in the poorest of ground.
Since at school to no purpose we're plagu'd as you see,
Demolish the building and set us all free,
For wretched we are o'er these hics, hæcs and hocs,
As Hudibras sitting with legs in the stocks.

I'm commissioned, moreover, by country and town,
T' inforce this request, "that the school be pull'd down;"
For the boys make such dreadful consumption of meat
The natives can scarce get a morsel to eat.
The gardens are robb'd and the orchards are plunder'd
By foraging parties that march by the hundred;
With insults unnumber'd the people they treat,
And pigs are molested that walk in the street,
The hares they destroy and they pluck all the geese,
The windows they break and sometimes the peace;
In short they're a nuisance, for thus say the people,
So *belles* in the street, and so *bells* in the steeple.

Induc'd by such reasons, so many and strong,
Your goodness, 'tis hop'd, will redress such a wrong,
And determine this building in ruins to lay,
And we, your petitioners, ever will pray,
&c., &c.

The petition was favourably received by the Governors of the school, and its prayer granted. In 1782 the old school was pulled down and a new one built.

X.—WRITTEN IN MR. PARKER'S FIRST FRANK,

AND ADDRESSED TO MISS ELIZABETH WILSON OF DALHAM TOWER, IN THE COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND.

SEE! the writing is fair! so the business is done,
And my frank manufactory now is begun,
And that fortune may favour the work that I do,
I devote my first cover, dear madam, to you.
May my franks be still ready and willing to aid
The swain in despair and the languishing maid;
May they faithfully bear, like the Persian dove,
Effusions of friendship and secrets of love;
When love is the subject may Cupid be post,
And never complain that his labour is lost;
When the heart's overcharg'd with a load of its grief,
May a frank never fail to give instant relief;
Should a parent with fear for his child be distrest,
May these bring the balms to restore him to rest;
And should knavery screen itself under the seal,
May the wax be broke open the knave to reveal;
Should treason or libel or lies be so rude,
Or dare on my franks their bold fronts to obtrude,
May my covers still bear an infallible mark
To detect the base villain that stabs in the dark;

Should friendship be cool'd by some sudden disgust,
May a frank be applied the affair to adjust;
May my franks ever serve those at odds to set even,
And such be the virtues deriv'd from St. Stephen!

John Parker of Browsholme Esq. was elected burgess in Parliament for Clitheroe, along with Thomas Lister of Gisburn Park Esq., in 1780. The election took place on the 13th and 14th September. Miss Elizabeth Wilson was the second daughter of Edward Wilson of Dalham Tower Esq., by his wife Dorothy, daughter and coheiress of Sir William Fleming of Rydal Bart., M.P. She was first cousin to John Parker Esq., her imaginary poetical correspondent.

XI. — PROLOGUE TO THE EXERCISES OF THE YEAR 1780 AT CLITHEROE SCHOOL.

Spoken by Mr. Ponsonby.

Gemmen, I come, if not engaged elsewhere,
To ask you to an entertainment here:
Our master begs you'll deign to be his guests,
And hopes each dish is season'd to your tastes.
You'll find plain sense, dress'd plain as you would wish,
With sprigs of wit to garnish ev'ry dish;
Pot-luck, he thinks, would here be out of question,
Since this might prove to some of hard digestion;
But, for apology, 'tis my design
To state exactly how each day we dine:
Horace stands first, like turtle richly dress'd,
Of flavour high to please the nicest guest;
In him is found, as epicures agree,
Not only calipash but calipee.
Below is Juvenal, austere and strong,
Whose poignant flavour dwells upon the tongue;

He in the middle stands with Roman pride,
Like ham grown rusty, though well cured and dried.
Virgil and Homer at the bottom join
To make one noble dish — a huge sir-loin;
Substantial, strong, and nutritive are these,
You can't be wrong cut whether side you please,
They're full of gravy, and they're fine in grain,
And yet so large 'tis — cut and come again.

Anacreon's tender odes are pretty picking,
And, on one side, supply the place of chicken;
A side dish, too, the comic Terence makes,
And holds the place of veal or mutton steaks,
High in his flavour, full of attic salt,
Though rich in goût not luscious to a fault.

Oppos'd stands Ovid, like a huge plum-pudding,
With suet, fruit, and ev'ry spice that's good in;
The manly stomach oft his richness cloys,
But suits, exactly suits, the taste of boys.

Martial stands next, whose epigrams supply
In form and quality the place of fry;
His dish of scraps and tid-bits, fresh and rare,
Our table fills, and ends the bill of fare.

Old Lilly's Rules, which here are daily read,
Serve us as hard bak'd rolls and crusts of bread;
And Ainsworth, on the sideboard standing by,
Cut, crush'd and mangled, is a cold goose-pie.
Our drink's the bev'rage which the Muses bring
From the Castalian or Pierian spring;
Or, if we hob and nob it whilst we dine,
Horace can furnish us with choicest wine.

Thus is our table, still, with plenty stor'd,
And this the dinner we can best afford;
But, if I guess aright from English looks,
You'll not digest what's dress'd by foreign cooks;

I therefore tell you that my master's wish is,
To entertain you with a few made dishes;
Prepare your stomachs, then, for what we've got,
The cloth's just laid, and all is piping hot!

Mr. Ponsonby, who died in India unmarried, was a son of Miles Ponsonby of Hale Hall in Cumberland Esq., descended from Sir John Ponsonby, a colonel in Cromwell's army, of Kildalton in the county of Tipperary Knt., by his first wife, Dorothy, daughter of John Brisco of Crofton in the county of Cumberland Esq. By his second wife Sir John was ancestor of the Earls of Besborough.

XII. — THE CONVERSATION.

A Hint for a New School at Clitheroe, 1781.

Apollo one day with the Muses had play'd,
And was holding a chat in the depth of the glade,
When the Nine said that Clitheroe, ere it was long,
Now famous for *lime* should be famous for *song*,
For some in the place had been us'd for some time
Their fingers to count, and could hobble in rhyme.
"I've seen of their works not a few," replied Phœbus,
"Some trifling acrostics or juvenile rebus."—
"But soon," said the Muses, "to taste they'd aspire,
"Write sonnets and essays, and odes for the lyre,
"If duly assisted." —— "Then go," says Apollo,
"And tell them from me the profession to follow,
"A verse manufactory there I will raise,
"And grant the young bardlings some sprigs of my bays.
"Do ye, oh ye Muses! vouchsafe then your aid,
"And furnish materials fit for the trade;
"Give 'em wit, give 'em learning and fancy and taste,
"And reams of coarse paper in scribbling to waste."

"'Tis our wish," said Thalia, who spoke for the Nine,
"To second your scheme and promote the design;
"But first, let me tell you, we think it is meet
"To build them a workhouse the plan to complete,
"For, coop'd up at present, the juvenile band
"Scarce have room for their bodies or souls to expand;
"For though into garrets sometimes we may go,
"Or work off a poem in cellars below,
"Yet poets can tell you this truth, if they please,
"That the verses are best which are wrote most at ease."
Says Phœbus: "You're right, and no time should be lost;
"I'll send a petition by Hermes the post,
"And beg that the governors will not refuse
"When requested by *me*, and desir'd by *each Muse*,
"To build a New School, and promote the design,
"Which so much will oblige both *myself* and the *Nine*.
"If this shall be done all their names we'll rehearse,
"And, to make them immortal, embalm them in verse,
"For when we've completed so noble a plan,
"Each *goose* on the Ribble we'll turn to a *swan*."

XIII.—ON THE MOOT HALL, CLITHEROE, BEING USED AS A TEMPORARY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.—*Ovid.*

You've heard of Dame Baucis and Father Philemon
Surpris'd with a change which they scarcely could dream on,
How their house was transform'd to a church, and the people
Beheld their old chimney swell out to a steeple;
Up mounted the kettle — the ladle flew after —
They were chang'd to a bell, and hung fast by a rafter;

While Baucis, astonish'd, was gazing the farce on,
Philemon that instant was chang'd to a parson.
Yet, odd as it seems, we've a similar case
In a strange metamorphosis wrought in this place;
Apollo, arch-poet, arch-fiddler, physician,
To the bailiff right trusty made out a commission
To change to a school-house this quondam moot-hall,
And convert his own seat to a pedagogue's stall;
So the bench where the bailiffs did justice dispense
With lectures resound of mood, figure and tense;
The monitor silence commands from the place
Where "O yez!" was pronounc'd by the serjeant-at-mace;
A sceptre of birch now reposes each day
Where the mace, badge of dignity, formerly lay;
For Jacob, Burn, Douglas, we've got in the courts
The pandects of Ainsworth and Lilly's reports;
Where wrangling prevail'd, and discord and clamour,
They're kept within rules by the statutes of Grammar;
Where counsel assembled to argue and bully,
Demosthenes pleads and is follow'd by Tully;
Where brawling contention prevail'd for a word,
The Muses' sweet voice is in harmony heard.
Yet still 'tis a court where offences each day
Are punish'd, when heard, in a summary way;
'Tis a court where delinquents are tryable still
Without bringing an action or filing a bill,
For the Muse in whose aid our most confident trust is
Will take care to do us poetical justice;
And sure they'll have cause to be greatly afraid
When once in the hands of a testy old maid.
Thus the god to a school-house has chang'd the moot-hall,
And beneath has erected a shoemaker's stall;
A butcher possesses the cellar below,
Where calves' heads for hogsheads are rang'd in a row.

Apollo, no doubt, had foreseen the election,
And a moral conveys by so wise a direction:
To the master and scholars he gave up these places
As makers of concords and settlers of cases;
On the shoemaker's stall may this moral depend,
That 'tis time of your quarrels to make a good *end*,
That no man should suffer his friendships to fall,
But *cobble* them up, since our friendship's our *all*,
New vamp your connections, then *rosin* them fast,
And close as a *bristle* they'll stick to the *last*;
From the butcher you'll learn that in all your disputes,
Whate'er you've above still beneath you'll have brutes,
And your piques and your quarrels, however you got 'em,
Betray both a raw-head and calves-head at bottom.

XIV. — FAREWELL TO CLITHEROE SCHOOL.

Spoken by Mr. Ponsonby on the 24th June 1781.

Quam vix sustinui dicere triste vale.—*Ovid. Ep.*

Seal'd is my doom! — alas! the die is cast,
The day of parting is arriv'd at last,
The day, so long foreseen with anxious dread,
Like a dark cloud impending o'er my head!
This day my friendships, shaken to the roots,
Shed their young leaves and drop their tender shoots,
But whilst their warmth still lives within my heart,
The task is painful when compell'd to part.
Clitheroe, farewell! but wheresoe'er I be,
My "heart untravell'd" oft shall turn to thee;
With deep regret I go and anxious mind,
And oft shall cast a longing look behind.

Thus the poor convict, ling'ring on the strand,
With eager glances eyes his native land,
With streaming tears he stoops upon the shore
To kiss the earth he ne'er shall visit more.
Here have I liv'd in innocence and ease,
Where ev'ry object had the power to please;
The happiest part of life perhaps is o'er,
And days so cheerful may return no more;
Reflection oft my thoughts will backward cast,
And future years draw pleasure from the past.
My youth, now launching on a dang'rous tide,
Calls loud for caution and requires a guide;
For who can tell — what pilot can foresee
From present calms what storms shall swell the sea!
The youthful bosom is a viper's nest
Where inbred passions rend the parent breast,
Where inclinations rage without control,
And nature's instincts brutalize the soul;
E'en genius oft, though by discretion nurs'd,
By the keen stings of appetite is curs'd.
Thus roses, form'd the garden to adorn,
Amidst their fragrance wear the pointed thorn;
And many a plant, though rear'd with tend'rest care,
Has wither'd, droop'd and died in different air;
And flow'rs which best repaid the cultor's toil
Have lost their beauties in a richer soil.
But 'midst these dangers safely may I steer,
From vicious habits and temptations clear!
And, oh! what motives, with resistless force
And pleasing violence, urge a virtuous course!
For int'rest bids me, if I would be blest,
To harbour virtue in my spotless breast,
Since halcyon peace from innocence must flow,
And virtue all our happiness bestow;

A father, too, with more than common joy,
Will feel the virtues of his darling boy.
If Heaven all gracious then has deign'd t' entwine
A parent's happiness along with mine,
Shall I that bosom in affliction see
Which throbs with such solicitude for me?
Dear are those transient joys — a world too dear,
Which cost that precious drop — a parent's tear!
For you, who oft have heard my infant lays
And nurs'd my genius with the dews of praise,
Henceforth may discord in your bosoms cease,
And party rage be mellow'd into peace!
Since life's the journey of a little day,
Say, why should brethren quarrel by the way?
On *you* may Heaven increasing blessings shed,
And silver o'er in peace each rev'rent head!
Long on this wish the peaceful Muse could dwell,
But sums up ev'ry prayer in one — FAREWELL!
A long farewell, O Clitheroe, to thee;
My friends, farewell; — and think sometimes of me!

XV. — THE SCHOOLBOY'S COMPLAINT.

SPOKEN AT CLITHEROE JUNE 24TH, 1785.

ATTEND with pity to my tale of woe,
And let your sympathising sorrows flow.
How hard, how cruel is the schoolboy's fate;
What evils unforeseen around us wait!
Torn from our weeping mother's fond embrace,
We're dragg'd reluctant to this dismal place;
Strangers to all, the stranger's fate we meet,
And pensive pass unnotic'd through the street,

Then pine in durance vile, like luckless elves,
Though Briton's sons and free-born as yourselves.
Sick of our prison, cloy'd with mood and tense,
Lectured by stripes and cudgell'd into sense,
We're forc'd t' obey a tyrant's awful nod,
And smart and agonize beneath his rod.

But whilst our wretched bodies are confin'd
We feel, what's worse, a servitude of mind;
Translations, verses and eternal themes
Engage our daily thoughts and haunt our dreams,
And frightful visions of the dismal day
Arise by night and chase our sleep away.
Depriv'd of aid, from our own funds we draw,
As Israel's sons made bricks debarr'd of straw;
Invention spins the thread, 'tis then our doom
To weave it into rhyme in fancy's loom:
Thus, in their nooks, the lonely spiders spin,[1]
And all the web is furnish'd from within.
Happier the bee that flies from flow'r to flow'r
Collecting honey in the vernal hour,
That robs each blossom of its hidden sweets,
And from the blended spoil her work completes.

Blest are the galley slaves who tug the oar,
They range from sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Whilst here, like Sisyphus, with ceaseless toils
We roll th' unwieldy stone which still recoils.
Daily we dig th' exhaustless Grecian mine,
Melt down the bullion and the mass refine.
Here, like th' united Greeks, each English boy
Ten years must suffer, at the siege of Troy;
Or with Æneas ply the lusty oar,
And steer through dangers to the Latin shore.
We're all oblig'd to toil in early youth,
And drain, with leaky sieves, the well of truth;

With aching eyes we're order'd to explore
The gems of science hid in Roman lore,
To gather thence the rules of right and wrong,
And form our *English* taste on *Roman* song,
Though all our gains but aggravate our doom,
Since Britons thus become the *slaves of Rome.*

For what great purpose are we taught to tell
How storm'd Achilles when Patroclus fell?
How Hecuba surviv'd the fall of Troy,
And rav'd, despairing, o'er her murther'd boy?
How *good* Æneas play'd an *impious* part,
First to seduce, then break poor Dido's heart?
These are but scenes of valour and of woe,
Which pass'd at least two thousand years ago.

No sounds here strike our ears but when the bell
Spreads the sad news of death with doleful knell,
And near our prison, wheresoe'er we tread,
Our feet disturb the ashes of the dead,
For all around, in many a mouldering heap,
"The rude forefathers" of the borough sleep.

In vain the sun exerts his cheering pow'r,
Expands each leaf and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
The tuneful birds in vain, on ev'ry spray,
Pour their glad notes and all their plumes display;
Ev'ning in vain invites, with brow serene,
T' enjoy the gambols of the crowded green;
Though pleasures tempt, and inclination calls,
Cheerless we sit within these dreary walls,
Or, brooding o'er our books at home by night,
Renounce for study ev'ry dear delight.

Hard is our lot, to be debarr'd from play
In the mild morning of life's little day;
Ev'n instinct prompts to sport the youthful mind,
And nature's thwarted while we're thus confin'd;

Indulgence is our due, and great's the crime
To burthen life with care before the time.
Like the poor starling, oft we look about
In hopes to quit the cage — *but can't get out;*
And should some friend indulge us with a day
To ease our suff'rings and relax with play,
'Tis but a seas'ning for the morrow's toil,
And lengthen'd tasks our short-liv'd pleasures spoil.
The bird, enlarg'd, with exultation flies,
And, freed for ever, triumphs in the skies;
But *here*, alas! enlargement is in vain,
For soon we're dragg'd to servitude again.

[1] At midsummer 1800 or 1801 this poem was reproduced for the recitation of Master T. B. Addison, then a pupil at Clitheroe, now the learned Chairman of the Quarter Sessions at Preston, when Mr. Wilson altered this couplet thus: —

"So poor Arachne is condemned to spin,
"And all the web is furnish'd from within."

XVI. — AN IMITATION OF THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE.

Spoken by a Young Gentleman before the Governors of Clitheroe School.

Ye guardians of this royal college,
Friends of the Muses, friends of knowledge,
What different objects men pursue,
With different pleasures still in view!
How many come from distant places,
Rous'd by the fame of Clitheroe races,
With eager zeal the horses follow,
And swear they beat Newmarket hollow;
And he that wins the golden prize,
Grins, gapes, and shouts, and rends the skies.

Another wishes to be great,
In love with office, pomp and state,
Encounters insults, pain and sorrow
In noisy squabbles for the borough,
And on his canvass much he labours
To curry favour with his neighbours;
Th' election comes, he's chosen bailiff,
Then struts like any Persian caliph,
The mace precedes, and through the town
He sweeps a draggled length of gown.
Another says his farm, though little,
Just suits his wishes to a tittle,
To ven'son he prefers his mutton,
Nor for your turtle cares a button;
"Let merchants plow," says he, "the main,
"I'll plough my fields, nor plough in vain."
The merchant talks of rural quiet
When winds and water breed a riot,
But soon as e'er the storm subsides
Forth from the port his vessel rides,
Still after wealth his wishes hanker,
He hates to see his ships at anchor.
Another thinks all bus'ness folly,
Since life is short he would be jolly;
At breakfast lays a good foundation
By swilling down a strong potation;
No tears he sheds unless he's drank hard,
And then they're only tears of tankard.
But now, distress'd, he oft repines
That North has lately tax'd our wines;
A toper free, he holds this maxim,
And d—— the ministers that tax him;
In all disorders, he'll maintain it,
No med'cine like a dose of Kennet.

Another pants for martial glory,
Eager to shine in British story;
Boldly enlists, is clad in scarlet,
Enjoys his bottle and his harlot;
He frowns and threatens, storms and blusters,
And new coin'd oaths burst out in clusters;
He bids a long farewell to morals,
And marches forth to gather laurels,
Wishing to take the Yankees' lives,
And to make widows of their wives.
In chase another risks his life,
Preferring fox hounds to his wife,
Enjoys the sport in midnight slumbers,
Of hares and foxes sees great numbers,
Sees brother sportsmen keen pursue,
Is now at loss, now rides in view,
Crosses deep rivers, strains up steeps,
Gets dreadful falls, takes dang'rous leaps,
And whilst these visions crowd his head,
He whips and spurs poor spouse in bed.
Early he rises, calls his men all,
Visits the stables and the kennel,
In order views his fellow brutes,
Puts on his jacket and his boots,
His hunter mounts, the huntsman follows,
'Till echo's tir'd with whoops and holloas.
But I arise at six o'clock,
Con o'er and o'er my hic, hæc, hoc,
Give nouns and verbs their proper places,
Determine genders, settle cases,
By Latin rais'd above the throng
That gabble in the Latin tongue;
And further, sirs, I'd have you know it,
I long to be esteemed a poet,

And hope when you've my merits tried,
You'll take upon you to decide
Whether this piece deserves your praise,
Or merits birch instead of bays;
If with the bays your bard's requited,
You'll make me great as — Willy Whitehead! [1]

[1] The Poet Laureate, who had succeeded Cibber in 1757, apparently with the concurrence of Gray and Mason, and who died April 14th, 1785, in his 70th year.

XVII. — SPOKEN BEFORE THE GOVERNORS OF CLITHEROE SCHOOL,

By Master T. S. Shuttleworth, [1] 24th June 1786.

Look round the room, review our little troop,
You'll find in miniature a manly group;
Gay, giddy, thoughtless though it now appears,
'Twill play a serious part in future years,
For great effects from little causes flow,
As stately trees from smallest seeds will grow:
Thus the tall oak that mounts unto the skies,
Cradled at first within an acorn lies.
By watching here each movement of the mind
'Tis seen which way the bias is inclin'd;
If right, 'tis follow'd and with art improv'd,
If wrong, resisted, and with care remov'd;
Then here's the ground which gives the amplest scope
To fill the parent's breast with sanguine hope.
Each mother eyes with pride her darling son,
And sees, e'en now, the race of glory run:
Has Billy with delight his Bible read,
She sees a mitre hov'ring o'er his head;

If Jacky's ships swam foremost down the brook,
She hails him Captain King, or Clerk, or Cook;
If Harry's pop-guns make the best report,
He'll be at least a Colonel — war's his forte;
If George chop logic or is full of prate,
He's destin'd to the Bar as sure as fate;
If Tommy o'er his studies gravely drudge,
His sober industry denotes a Judge.

And who can tell what honours may arise
To crown each wish and glad our [2] parents' eyes?
Oft great designs are form'd upon a hint,
As smart collisions strike the fire from flint,
And genius kindled [3] with resistless force
Expanding speeds aloft its rapid course:
So, when a spark has touch'd the nitrous grain,
The fire like light'ning flashes through the train.[4]
But similes, as proofs, don't hit the joint;
Take, then, the following cases — all in point:
When Feilden [5] was confirm'd his eye was drawn
By secret magic to the Bishop's lawn,
Thenceforth he hopes, and, what he hopes believes,
That he shall live to wear such charming sleeves.
As Captain King [6] here join'd the jovial crew,
And on this spot his first instructions drew,
So Halliday [7] expects from hence t' advance,
And pour his thunder on the fleets of France.
Tarleton,[8] thus kindl'd by a Tarleton's fame,
Shall add new glories to the deathless name,
Shall hostile troops with gallantry oppose,
And hurl destruction on his country's foes.
With Lee [9] delighted, in the strife of tongues,
Barrow [10] to law devotes his time and lungs,
And hopes, if you'll indulge him with a brief,
Your claims t' establish, or convict a thief.

Carr,[11] struck with Willes's [12] merry face in Court,
Wishes himself a Judge t' enjoy such sport,
Year books will read, Reports and Norman-French,
And longs to crack his jokes upon the Bench.
To see the Magistrates at Preston Sessions,
With hats upon their heads, determine questions,
Has made the Bench *my* object; and my trust is
To be Lord Chancellor, or, at least a Justice.
We're now in training, toiling at the drill,
And hope, with praise, our several parts to fill;
But this we'll promise, that, whate'er our fate,
We will be honest, though we can't be great.

[1] Thomas Starkie Shuttleworth Esq., a scion of an ancient and wealthy house in the county. He was distinguished for his knowledge of the law, which he practised at Preston with much success, being Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Registrar of the Chancery of the county palatine of Lancaster. He died at Ashton near Preston 20th August 1819, in his 46th year, and was father of Thomas Starkie Shuttleworth Esq., Clerk of the Crown for the county palatine of Lancaster.

[2] each.

[3] kindling.

[4] This couplet is omitted in the MS. volume.

[5] William Feilden of Feniscowles near Blackburn, third son of Joseph Feilden of Witton Park Esq., descended from Randle Feilden, nominated one of the original governors of Blackburn Grammar School in Queen Elizabeth's Charter in 1567. He was born in 1772, many years M.P. for the borough of Blackburn, created a Baronet in 1846, and died May 17th 1850.

[6] James King, Captain in the Royal Navy, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., the friend and companion of Cook in his last voyage round the world, and the historian of the voyage from the death of that celebrated man. He ob. October 1784 æt. 32, unmarried, at Nice, where he was interred. He was the second son of the Rev. James King M.A. Minister of Clitheroe and Downham, afterwards Vicar of Guildford, and in 1772 Canon of Windsor. He exchanged his Canonry in 1775 for the Deanery of Raphoe, and ob. at Woodstock in 1795. His wife was Ann, daughter and coheiress of John Walker of Hungerhill in the West Riding of the county of York Esq. The Dean's sons were all distinguished men; the eldest, Dr. Thomas King, was Chancellor of Lincoln; the third, Dr. Walker King, was Bishop of Rochester; Edward, the fourth, was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and John, the youngest, was Under Secretary of State under Lord Grenville, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Pelham.

[7] John Richard Delap Halliday, son of John D. Halliday Esq. by his wife Jane,

daughter of Lionel third Earl of Dysart K.T. He became a Rear Admiral, and married in 1797 Elizabeth, daughter of John third Earl of Aldborough, and having assumed the surname of Tollemache, died in 1837.

[8] —— Tarleton, presumed to be a son of Mr. Thomas Tarleton of Clitheroe (who married Mary, daughter of Mr. Laurence Robinson of Clitheroe), son of Alderman Tarleton of Liverpool, and an elder brother of Banastre Tarleton, a General Officer in the army, Colonel of the 21st Light Dragoons, and created a Baronet in 1818. General Sir Banastre Tarleton Bart. K.C.B. was M.P. for his native town of Liverpool from 1790 to 1806, and from 1807 to 1812. He married in 1798 a natural daughter of Robert fourth Duke of Ancaster, but died at Aigburth without surviving issue 16th January 1833, aged 79, when the Baronetcy became extinct. This presumed nephew of the Baronet probably died young.

[9] Lee, a Barrister.

[10] George Barrow of Lancaster Esq.

[11] William Carr of Blackburn and Clitheroe Castle Esq., afterwards well known for his extensive legal attainments. He was the confidential friend and sole executor of Mr. Wilson, and uncle of W. T. Carr Esq. of the Temple. London.

[12] Edward Willes Esq. was the third son of Sir John Willes Knt. Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1766, and one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench in 1767. He married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor of Sutton, Wilts, by Ann his wife, sister of William Shippen Esq. M.P. His relict died in Hereford street, London, February 1st 1799, being described as "great niece and nearest remaining relative of the celebrated William Shippen." — *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxix. p. 256.

XVIII. — SPOKEN BEFORE THE GOVERNORS OF CLITHEROE SCHOOL.

By Master Townley Rigby Shawe.

I MAKE a speech, sir! No. Pray who'll expect it?
'Tis out of character — I wont affect it.
Besides, 'tis hard a boy like me to press on,
And call me thus to say a public lesson;
I'm not afraid, though, for I see no danger,
And make no diff'rence 'twixt a friend and stranger:

But sure 'tis cruel to be kept on duty
When thus surrounded by the smiles of beauty;
They'd show us pity if they saw us hammer
With faces of chagrin o'er Lilly's grammar.
This very place a full half year I've sat in
To learn the rudiments, forsooth, of Latin!
Month after month we're here confin'd in prison,
With rhyme enough, 'tis true, but little reason;
But the confinement's not the greatest evil,
We learn hard words enough to raise the devil:
And where's their use? For many of our betters
Could ne'er speak Latin, and scarce knew their letters.
With study sick, and burning in a fever,
Will Latin cool or cure us, think you? Never!
Will Latin make us good or fair? I doubt it;
These ladies, see, are good and fair without it;
The nymphs would blush if I pronounc'd before 'em
Such naughty words as *horum, harum, horum.*
Then farewell Latin! freely I'll resign it,
I'll neither read, nor construe, but decline it.
If truth must out, the truth I will not garble,
I'll sell my Grammar freely for a marble.
Farewell, old Accidence! not worth three straws,
Henceforth I'll study bads, and tops, and taws.

Townley Rigby Shawe was son of William Shawe of Preston Esq., descended from William Shawe of the same place Esq., who recorded a Pedigree at Dugdale's Visitation in 1664. He was born in 1774 and died unmarried in 1843, being succeeded by his brother, William Shawe of Preston Esq. J. P. He was nephew of Major-General Rigby of Roefield near Clitheroe.

XIX. — THE GOOSE.

No more shall the bards in their verses approve
That tyrant of birds, the fierce eagle of Jove;
No more shall the dove be the theme of their song,
Or the nightingale, pride of the warbling throng;
No more shall the swan be the subject of praise,
Or the peacock of Juno give grace to their lays;
The sparrows of Venus no more shall they sing,
Or the cuckoo extol, the sweet herald of spring;
But the goose — the fat goose — shall hereafter be sung,
Each pen shall engage and still dwell on each tongue,
For the goose in the annals of time you will find
Was of old a domestic and friend of mankind.

When Rome to the Gauls seem'd abandon'd by fate,
A goose in the capitol rescu'd the state;
Though wily as foxes, and screen'd by the night,
'Twas a goose patriotic which put them to flight,
And lest time should so noble an action efface
Her image in silver was rais'd on the place.
'Twas this noble achievement suggested the use
Of that princely diversion, the game of The Goose.

May [1] many such geese 'mongst our senators sit,
For honesty fam'd though the butts of each wit;[2]
Their voice, though discordant, is populi vox,
And the realm may preserve [3] from the wiles of the *Fox*,

To the goose, for such service, precedence is due,
And many old customs still keep it in view:
Thus the goose 'midst the cabbage presides o'er the board
When the tailor with remnants his table has stor'd;
And hence, too, in boroughs together they choose
A bailiff, or mayor, with a Michaelmas goose.

Such renown has the goose for her patriot spirit!
Yet this, 'tis allow'd, is not half of her merit;
For what bird on the water, on earth, or in air,
With the plump stubble goose can in flavour compare!
At the end of a feast with what pleasure we spy
And call for a cut of the pompous goose-pie!
When the burgesses meet with what rapture each man
For the sake of the goose will repair to the Swan;[4]
With fondness they view her when brought to the table,
And cut, cram, and swallow as fast as they're able;
Joy lights up each visage, with zeal they engage,
Till, gorg'd with the goose and regal'd with the sage,
Dead silence prevails, not a syllable drops,
And nought but the gravy escapes from their chops;
Besmear'd and bespatter'd, they seem when they cease
Like scholars profound who have travell'd through *Greece*.

But the goose among Britons will gain admiration,
For she stands on one leg,—this will please the whole nation!
To stand on one leg has rais'd Vestris to fame;
Give applause to the goose then, the goose does the same.

But the goose, too, is found to contribute her aid
To sciences, arts, and the interests of trade;
All the books on the shelves of the learned proclaim
The great use of the quill and its title to fame.
Your Lockes, too, and Newtons and Johnsons will own
To the goose they're indebted for half their renown,
For the head's their alembic where sense they distil,
And draw off the contents through an eloquent quill.

In vain, too, the bards would endeavour to sing
Should the goose in ill-humour refuse them her wing;
By her plumage supported themselves they can raise,
And own to the goose a great part of their praise.
Nay, many a poet, in spite of his skill,
His only subsistence imbibes through a quill,

For poor's the reward which his labours produce,
Since the wit gets the quills while the fool eats the goose!
Thus uncloth'd and unfed the poor poet obtains
The bare appellation of goose for his pains.

Even deep politicians without a debate
Will allow that the quill is an engine of state;
Nay, the *Fox*, the sly *Fox*, who has made such a fuss,
Will confess himself vastly oblig'd to the goose.
But now, when adrift, he's pursu'd as fair game,
And each goose lends her quills to bespatter his fame;
All Grub-street they'll arm in the cause to engage,
And drive such a Machiavel quite off the stage;
They'll hiss, gape, and gabble, and fairly let loose,
Will make him afraid to say "Bo!" to a goose.

When an engine of law, like a magical wand,
The quill can convey both your houses and land;
With a dash and a scribble, heigh, presto! 'tis gone!
An estate is transferr'd or a client undone.
Thus the wily attorney can play fast and loose,
And keep up the game of The Fox and the Goose.

The learned physician, when arm'd with the quill
According to art his ten thousands can kill,
With Death he goes halves, and both thrive by disease,
For death takes the patient, the doctor his fees;
Thus the quill finds employment to keep up the test,
And each from the goose strives to feather his nest.

The goose too's the friend of the reverend divine;
By the quill he's enabled in pulpits to shine,
'Till fawning and cringing have gain'd him the mitre,
Then careless he slumbers, no longer a writer.

Had the quill been denied his ideas to bring forth
The music of Handel had died in the birth,
His musical maggots in vain had been bred,
And crotchets, abortive, had died in his head.

The merchant that trusts to the boist'rous main,
And danger defies in pursuit of his gain,
Will frankly confess that his mercantile skill
Is debtor to goose for the use of the quill.
The miser, intent on increasing his store,
Is oblig'd to the quill for recounting it o'er,
'Till at last, to a goose metamorphos'd himself,
He lays golden eggs and still broods o'er his pelf.
The goose, 'tis allow'd, her kind offices lends
To preserve, spite of absence, th' affection of friends,
For the pen such impressions of kindness imparts
As seldom, in fact, find a place in your hearts.
Though Venus of old has distinguish'd the dove
As the bird of her choice and an emblem of love,
Yet the goose above all can assist the fond swain,
His wishes disclose and his passion explain,
And the nymph is enabled by means of the quill
Her languishing lover to cure or to kill.
Should nations contend or hostilities cease,
The quill declares war or announces a peace;
And generals, too, so successfully write
That they kill with the pen more than died in the fight;
For oft the Gazette many thousands has slain
Who have afterwards risen and rallied again.
The goose too, we find, her soft plumage bestows
Faint limbs to recruit and promote our repose:
When nature exhausted no more can sustain,
By sickness assaulted or tortur'd with pain,
On the spoils of the goose which beneath us are spread,
We lose the fatigues of the heart and the head.
Such charms have her feathers, in magic they bind
The body's exertions and pow'rs of the mind,
For Morpheus vouchsaf'd all her plumage to steep
In Lethe's soft waters — the river of sleep;

And such are their virtues all pains they control,
But the keen pangs of conscience which shoot thro' the soul.
Thus Pallas will own that the goose can impart
The firmest support to each science and art;
The Muses and Phœbus confess her their friend,
And her willing assistance most warmly commend;
Even Venus allows, though attach'd to the dove,
That no bird's of such use in the bus'ness of love;
Blind Plutus admits that the wing of the goose,
Where the funds are concern'd, is of principal use;
Nay, Mars will confess that the goose-quill has done
More service in war than the sword or the gun;
And Morpheus avers that no opiate he knows
Can vie with her feathers in giving repose.
Let the goose, then, for ever by all be preferr'd,
And hold the precedence o'er every bird;
And may you who have deign'd with such patience to hear,
Enjoy the fat goose as the best of good cheer.
Accept our best thanks in return for your trouble,
And fat be the geese that are fed in your stubble!

[1] Thus. [2] For honesty fam'd though not fam'd for their wit.
[3] has preserv'd. [4] The principal Inn in Clitheroe.

XX. — THE SEARCH FOR CONTENT.

One day when the gods were engagèd in chat,
Like mortals conversing on this thing and that,
The Thunderer observ'd that to earth he had sent
As a blessing to man, the fair goddess Content,
But so long she'd been absent he fear'd she was lost,
He therefore resolv'd to send Hermes, the post,

To search in what quarter the fugitive stray'd,
And fairly report what discoveries he made.
The order was given — and quickly the god
Adjusted his bonnet and took up his rod;
Outstripping the winds he flew quick as the light,
To the white cliffs of Britain directing his flight,
As Britain he knew was of Europe the pride,
CONTENT, he conceiv'd, must in Britain reside.

In quest of the goddess he first went to Court,
Supposing she'd choose such a splendid resort,
But observing the Throne was encircled with care,
He wisely concluded she'd never been there.
To the Minister next he directed his course,
And found the state pilot with wrangling was hoarse;
Though his face wore a smile, and though placid his mien,
Yet CONTENT, he confess'd, he had never yet seen.
He next took a trip to those sons of Ambition
Who bawl and declaim to promote Opposition;
But he knew from the marks of chagrin in each face
That CONTENT with the Faction was quite *out of place.*
To the Clergy his course he determin'd to steer,
In hopes from the Priesthood some tidings to hear;
But CONTENT was a stranger to all, they confest,
Though each could describe her, and wish'd her his guest.
To a Bishop he went, who could flatter and fawn,
Whose servile deportment had gain'd him the lawn;
When rais'd to the mitre his heart had run o'er,
And CONTENT, for a while, took her stand at his door,
But hearing him pray for a speedy translation,
She was quickly provok'd and retir'd from her station.

Disappointed, from hence noble Hermes withdrew,
And join'd in a tavern a Bacchanal crew;
The joke, laugh, and bottle went merrily round,
But their glee was repaid with a head-ache, he found;

They jok'd without wit, and they laugh'd without mirth,
And their happiness ow'd to the bottle its birth;
He therefore concluded, what oft has been tried,
That CONTENT can't with Comus or Bacchus reside.
He next join'd a party of gossiping Dames
Who met to demolish a list of good names;
From the slander he heard, this reflection he drew,
That the bosom of envy CONTENT never knew.
He now had recourse to some fox-hunting Squires,
Whose rudeness and health were deriv'd from their sires;
He found 'twas their business, their ultimate good,
To leap over hedges and shout through a wood;
They frankly inform'd him 'tis bliss they pursue,
But never o'ertake it, though always in view;
He therefore concluded, abroad they'd not roam
If fully convinc'd that CONTENT was at home.
At Oxford and Cambridge he found in each college
A good stock of port and a deep fund of knowledge;[1]
A Professor he saw, with his trencher-capp'd people,
Was solemnly taking the height of a steeple,
And others were filling a mighty balloon,
Resolv'd to adventure a trip to the moon;
A party with meagre, contemplative looks,
Were smoothing the dog-ears and dusting their books;
A few he observ'd, to secure a degree,
Were carefully measuring the leaps of a flea,
And hop'd they'd be able t' elucidate soon
At how many skips she would leap to the moon;
But Hermes from College return'd as he went,
For none of the members had met with CONTENT,
But all had concluded the goddess must dwell,
Together with Truth, in a bottomless well.
He sought through the Navy, the Army, and Bar,
But CONTENT was not met with in peace or in war;

Every age he examin'd, each sex, all professions,
But CONTENT was not number'd among their possessions;
He enquir'd of each nymph, whether black, brown, or fair,
But was constantly answer'd, CONTENT was not there.

Fatigu'd, and despairing the goddess to meet,
And without any clue to point out her retreat,
By chance he espi'd, by the side of a wood,
A lonely low cottage whose walls were of mud;
Its top was green turf, and green rushes the thatch,
The door was quite plain with a string to the latch;
In front was a field with a small flock of sheep,
And goats at a distance were climbing a steep.
He gaz'd for awhile, and was pleas'd with the spot,
Then lifting the latch bolted into the cot;
A Shepherd was sat by a bright little fire,
Whose aspect was placid, and neat his attire;
His wife, with such looks as abundantly prove
By silent expression obedience and love,
Was employ'd at her wheel: here the god look'd around,
And saw with success his enquiries were crown'd,
For CONTENT sat betwixt them, and strove with a smile
Their labours, their cares, and their time to beguile.

When the goddess and Hermes, o'erjoy'd at this meeting,
Had saluted each other and finish'd their greeting,
Hermes ask'd, with an arch but a good temper'd tone,
"How long have you liv'd, pray, with Darby and Joan?"
CONTENT, with a look of much kindness, repli'd:
"They've been married three weeks, and I came with the bride;
"But, from what I've observ'd, I can plainly foresee
"They cannot for many days longer agree;
"For Madam last night, in a petulant fit,
"With an ill-natur'd air gave me warning to quit,
"And now I'm resolv'd in the course of a week
"To take a French leave, and new quarters to seek."

The dialogue ended, soon Hermes the god
Tied the wings to his shoes and adjusted his rod,
Gave a kiss to CONTENT and the two honest people,
Then sprang from the ground to the height of a steeple,
Join'd the gods in a minute, and made his report
At the first quarter sessions, when Jove was in court.
Jove heard the detail, and was sorry he'd sent
On an errand so fruitless the goddess CONTENT:
"So Hermes," says he, "with a posse of gods
"Go fetch her once more to these happy abodes;
"Let PATIENCE go with you, but leave her below
"As the highest felicity mortals shall know;
"Their lives such a wonderful mixture of ills,
"Which spring from their passions, their fancies, and wills,
"That CONTENT seeks admission with labour in vain,
"Then let them have PATIENCE, and cease to complain."
Well pleas'd with their errand, they cheerfully went,
And brought back, rejoicing, the goddess CONTENT.
But PATIENCE they left, by the Father assign'd
To comfort, relieve, and encourage mankind;
And if they've a wish for CONTENT, 'twill be given
When PATIENCE has render'd them worthy of Heaven.

[1] Omitted in some copies: —

"Where her aid Alma Mater with fondness imparts,
Fair science to read and to foster the arts."

XXI. — THE MURMURING ASS.

An ass of this borough, which frequently trots
To fetch us from Burslem assortments of pots,
One Winter imagin'd he had ample reason
To lament his hard fate and complain of the season;
For his back with his burden was frightfully raw;
No grass could he get nor a truss of clean straw;
Amongst all the bottles he used to convey
He was seldom indulg'd with a bottle of hay:
He wish'd for the Spring, that the genial weather
Fresh grass might produce and repair his lost leather.

The Spring, clad in green, soon came, — but, alas!
No respite from labour, no time to eat grass;
His back larger burdens sustain'd than before,
Which augmented his pains and increas'd his old sore.
Disappointed and vex'd, with impatience he bray'd,
And for Summer's arrival most earnestly pray'd.

As Summer advanc'd the tyrannical potter
Reduc'd not his load, though the weather grew hotter;
No time was allow'd for indulging his palate,
Or range in the pastures to pick up a salad;
Though hunger invited, as well might he whistle
As stoop to the hedge to regale on a thistle;
His sores were inflam'd and continued to fester,
And armies of flies the poor animal pester;
He now wish'd for Autumn, that season of plenty,
Expecting to riot on many a dainty.

But of labour in Autumn his portion was double,
And blows with short commons compensate his trouble;
He gets but his labour, alas! for his pains,
Though fruits most delicious his pannier contains;

Had you seen his bare back you'd have shudder'd and swoon'd,
It was perfectly flay'd, 'twas one general wound!
And now through the seasons his murmurs had run,
Had embitter'd each month and kept pace with the sun,
He therefore resolv'd, if he Autumn surviv'd,
To submit to the Winter when Winter arriv'd.
It was therefore his maxim, whatever his station,
All evil to suffer with calm resignation.
Let us rest then contented, take things as they pass,
Nor disdain to learn wisdom though taught by an ass;
Life's comforts may lessen or add to our woe
If pleasures unmix'd are expected below.

XXII. — THE FORTUNATE FISHERMAN; OR DISAPPOINTED AVARICE.

A FABLE.

With rod in hand, one day poor Dorus stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood;
His line long time he watch'd with anxious eyes,
Hoping to carry home the wish'd supplies;
His hungry offspring chide his tedious stay,
Whose food was but the produce of each day.
Fortune seem'd cruel to his earnest wish,
For long he'd stay'd but had not caught a fish;
Nay, fortune seem'd to show uncommon spite,
All day he fish'd but not a fish would bite.
Tir'd and chagrin'd and ready to resign,
He found a weight pull down his trembling line,
He drew it tow'rds the shore with cautious hand,
His eye was fix'd in hopes to see it land;

'Twas not a plaise, nor herring, trout nor sprat,
'Twas not a salmon, nor — you'll scarce guess what;
Whate'er it was, with force it seem'd to pull,
'Twas brought to land and prov'd — a human scull!
Dorus at first, astonish'd at the sight,
Stood gaping with the looks of wild affright;
But when recover'd, he began to think
Which would be best — to leave it on the brink,
Or to return it to the rolling flood,
Or to inter it in the neighbouring wood.
But pity o'er his breast exerts her sway,
And all his soul to tenderness gave way.
"Who knows," says he, "alas!" (and as he speaks
The piteous tear ran trickling down his cheeks,)
"Who knows but this a portion once might be
"Of some fond parent or a spouse like me?
"His weeping children, now a num'rous brood,
"Perhaps, like mine, are destitute of food;
"Perhaps his widow ceases not to mourn,
"And lisping babes enquire when he'll return;
"Perhaps his ship was wreck'd in sight of land;
"Perhaps he fell by some assassin's hand:
"Whate'er his fate, or whatsoe'er his worth,
"I'll hide this relique in the lap of earth."
Pity her counsel thus to Dorus gave,
Who hied into the wood to form the grave;
The grave he digs and, as he digs, behold!
He found — say what? a pot brim-full of gold!
A sum beyond whate'er his soul desir'd —
A sum to which his wishes ne'er aspir'd;
Homeward he bore the prize with joyful face,
And left the skull to occupy its place.
The sordid miser who conceal'd the store
At ev'ning came to count his treasure o'er;

But guess his wonder when, within the place,
He saw a death's head staring in his face.
From hence we learn that Heav'n will always bless
The man whose bosom melts with tenderness;
That crosses still the miser's bliss will spoil,
And threat'ning Death derides his useless toil.

XXIII. — THE BATHEASTON VASE.[1]

Alas! from the world Lady Millar is fled;
Some say she's translated, some say she is dead;
But the Nine have assur'd us she's one of their throng,
A dry nurse of bardlings and prompter of song;
And I've a commission to tell it as news
That now Lady Millar's become the tenth Muse,
And fully determines to fix in this place
A receiver of wit, like the Batheaston Vase.
'Twas spoke of to Bacchus, who swore by his soul,
He'd lend for the purpose the great borough bowl:
"Odds bottles! the poets shall have it, by jingo!
"I wish, for their sakes, it was full of right stingo;
"The pleasures of drinking these poets prolong,
"For we oft drink a bottle for sake of a song;
"In any respect when they're put to a shift,
"Let them crave my assistance — I'll give them a lift."
She next went to Phœbus, who gave her commission
To practise at Clitheroe as female physician;
* * * *
* * * *
To open sometimes their poetical veins,
And give them strong errhines for purging their brains;

But after such heaps of such terrible stuff,
You'll judge that their brains have had purging enough.
But resolv'd, as at Bath, her great joram to fill,
She'll take in all grist that is brought to her mill;
At once she receives such a mixture of grain
That to sift it or sort it is labour in vain;
Some is all wit, some small wit, some flour, and some bran,
Some spoil'd in the threshing, some miss'd by the fan;
Then blame not the Nine, nor their talents abuse,
This trash was inspir'd by a Batheaston Muse.
But why do I censure or dare thus to jest on
The poets of Bath or the wits of Batheaston;
They critics defy and care not five pins,
Since their charity hides their poetical sins;
But their charity needs must be great if it hide
Such numbers of sins, and such large ones beside!

[1] He alludes to that curious exhibition of poetical vanity, "Poetical Amusements at a Villa at Bath, 1781," 4 vols. 8vo, being a Collection of the Poems, by different authors, written for the Batheaston Vase of Lady Millar.

XXIV. — ON HOPE.

When from this wicked world the gods withdrew,
Hope stay'd behind, nor hence amongst them flew.
Hope cheers the peasant when he turns the soil,
And promises a harvest from his toil;
She bids the artful fowler springès lay,
And still assures him of the wish'd for prey;
The patient angler, stretching o'er the flood,
Hopes on his hook to catch the scaly brood;

Through her, though wreck'd, when no kind shore he spies,
Amidst the waves his arms the sailor plies;
Pris'ners, to dungeons doom'd, still hope reprieve,
Nor at the tree does Hope the convict leave.
Sometimes physicians give the patient o'er,
But Hope remains though Death be at the door;
Nay, death itself she strives to drive away,
And promises the wretch another day.
The slave in hopes of liberty remains,
Though on his legs he hears the clanking chains;
Hope cheers the drudging slave that digs the mine,
And cries, "Sweet liberty will soon be thine!"
By her delusions, too, the virgin's led,
When scarce a tooth remains and grey her head,
She hopes some swain, a captive to her charms,
Shall kneel, shall die, shall jump into her arms!

XXV.—PRESTON GUILD, 1782.

A Letter addressed to a Friend at Blackpool.[1]

Your commands were receiv'd from the Captain, dear Madam,
And I wish'd to obey them as soon as I had 'em,
So I sat down to write, and appli'd to my Muse,
And was mortified greatly to find her refuse:
But the Nine at such scenes ne'er exhibit their faces,
They fled from the crowd to make room for the Graces;
Yet for prose, 'midst the tumult, I scarcely have time,
And, in spite of the Muses, must scribble in rhyme,
But can scarcely begin 'mongst this chaos of stuff,
For it must be confess'd I have matter enough.
The Recorder[2] attracted the eyes of the town,
With his wig of three tails, and the blush[3] of his gown;

Joy sparkled and smil'd in the face of the Mayor,[4]
And he march'd through the town with right worshipful air;
What dignity shone in the steps of each Bailiff,[5]
With the look of command and the pomp of a Caliph!
New scour'd was the mace and so bright, I could see 't,
By the help of a glass, half the length of a street.
'Twas glorious to see how the men of all trades,
With faces clean wash'd, wore their flaming cockades;
With a strut of true consequence every profession
Did honour to Preston throughout the procession;
The gentlemen, coupled in pair after pair,
Cock'd their hats and look'd fierce when review'd by the fair.
I'd the pleasure to see our old grandmother Eve,
But how Adam was tempted I cannot conceive,
For her face and her eyes seem'd not fitted for slaughter,
And I'm sure that she ne'er had so ugly a daughter;
I cannot observe, on perusing her face,
The remains of one dimple, or traits of one grace;
And, if truth may be spoken, our grandfather Adam
Is stupid and awkward and clumsy as madam.
But I cannot describe nor sufficiently praise
The beauties that beam'd with astonishing blaze;
'Twas a rich constellation, a galaxy quite;
'Twas a host of fair angels, too much for the sight!
They were Lancashire Witches, whom Venus still arms
With the magic of eyes and profusion of charms;
They bound us with spells, and display'd all their art
To wind their soft fetters in wreaths round the heart;
Each eye is prepar'd, and well tutor'd, no doubt,
And love, death, and darts are still flying about;
Each shot is successful, well aim'd at its man,
And all look as killing as ever they can.
Amidst their parading such glances were sent
That sighs were excited wherever they went;

Here gowns, caps and ruffles perform'd well their part,
While nets, lawns and gauzes are spread for the heart.
E'en matrons of eighty, with years bowèd down,
Stand straight as an arrow, and skip through the town;
Each dame her old age and infirmity scorns,
And skims o'er the pavement in spite of her corns;
Her flagging curls coaxes with diligent care,
And her baldness relieves by a purchase of hair.

All the world is at Preston — the multitude spreads
So thick through each street, 'tis a pavement of heads;
Whilst feasting and dancing and music and noise
Are the soul of the Guild and the chief of its joys.
But who's the first toast and the favourite belle
Must a secret remain, for no mortal can tell.
All agree in the praise of the delicate features,
The person, and manners, and air of Miss Peters;[6]
And none I have seen who the palm are for yielding
To the beauty of Blackburn, the pretty Miss Feilden;[7]
The swains cast an eye, too, and languishing look,
On the beauty of Preston, the pleasing Miss Brooke;[8]
And Hulton[9] ne'er fails admiration to raise,
And richly deserves a whole penful of praise.

'Twas whisper'd to-day that the famous Miss West[10]
Is come to the Guild, and appears 'mongst the best,
And no art such deceivers with safety can match,
But to watch well your pocket and pocket your watch.

No more I can add, but that joy reigns around,
And with peace and good humour the festival's crown'd.

[1] Mrs. Serjeant Aspinall of Standen Hall, near Clitheroe.

[2] Mr. Serjeant Aspinall, the recorder of Preston.

[3] "And the plush on his gown."

[4] Richard Atherton Esq., guild mayor.

[5] Robinson Shuttleworth and Nicholas Grimshaw Esquires, bailiffs.

[6] Miss Peters was the daughter of Ralph Peters of Platt Bridge in the county of Lancaster Esq., barrister at law and deputy recorder of Liverpool, by his wife ——,

daughter of John Entwisle of Liverpool merchant, and granddaughter of Bertie Entwisle Esq. Recorder of Liverpool and Vice-chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. She was born in 1766, and married the Rev. Croxton Johnson LL.B. (son of George Johnson of Timperley Hall in the county of Chester Esq.) Rector of Wilmslow and Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester. He died January 30, 1814, and was buried at Wilmslow.

[7] Cecilia, only daughter of Joseph Feilden Esq. (brother of Sir William Feilden of Feniscowles Bart. M.P.) married in 1786 Richard Willis of Halsnead Park Esq., and ob. April 11, 1822, having had issue by him nine sons and six daughters. She was aunt of Joseph Feilden now of Witton Park Esq.

[8] Susanna, only daughter of Richard Brooke of Astley Hall in the county of Lancaster Esq., and sole heiress of her brother Peter Brooke Esq. the representative of the ancient family of Charnock of Charnock, was born May 4, 1762, married at Croston Oct. 16, 1787, 1st Thomas Townley Parker of Extwisle, Royle and Cuerden Esq., and 2ndly in August 1797 Sir Henry Philip Hoghton of Hoghton Tower and Walton Hall Bart. M.P. She died at Astley December 2, 1852, in her ninety-first year, and never forgot either the poem or the compliments paid her by the poet, having been heard to allude to this poem and the "Lancashire Bouquet" within a short period of her death.

[9] Anne, only daughter of William Hulton of Hulton Park Esq., married Banastre Parker of Extwisle, Royle and Cuerden in the county of Lancaster Esq. (elder brother of Thomas Townley Parker), and ob. s.p. in 1830.

[10] Miss West, according to tradition, was a noted pickpocket, and the lines are sufficiently allusive to a person exercising that artful calling, and sufficiently suggestive.

XXVI. — THE LANCASHIRE BOUQUET.[1]

As Cupid through Lancashire pass'd upon duty,
He sent up these names to the Goddess of Beauty,
As flow'rs which, at random collected, he chose
In the form of a Nosegay to aptly dispose,
To offer to Hymen his brother the gift,
With an earnest request that he'd lend them a lift,
That he'd free them at last from their sighs and their cares,
First arrange them with taste, and then bind them in pairs;

For though in the garden they held up their heads,
And all seem'd content to enjoy their own beds,
Yet, all things consider'd, he thought it was best
To crop them and stick them in each others' breast;
The Nosegay's subjoin'd — 'tis Nature's own bounty,
'Tis Cupid's collection, the growth of this county!

Sir William,[2] the Reverend, in spite of his reading,
Bears a wound in his breast, oh! he's *Love lies a-bleeding;*
A *Carnation* Miss Mosley,[3] health glows in her face,
And to all her accomplishments adds a sweet grace;
In Bamford[4] *Sweet William* its beauties displays,
The figure's attractive, an object of praise;
Miss Clerk[5] claims attention, the neat *Virgin's Bower,*
Where Cupid is quarter'd and rules with full power;
The Bachelor's Button Sir Frank[6] we may call,
But unbutton'd so long will scarce button at all;
Sukey Clerk[7] is a *Willow* which surely can bind
In bands of affection the hearts of mankind;
In Sir Whalley[8] the true female *Balsam's* display'd,
Which a bloom can dispense to wife, widow, or maid;
Miss Lever's[9] all fragrance, a sweet *Mignonnette,*
Where the Graces and Loves in good humour have met;
In Starky's[10] tall form *Honeysuckle* we trace,
Which clings to its object, and lives to embrace;
Miss Master's[11] a *Touch-me-not,* for, if you do,
Her wit is wound up for one stroke to give two;
Mr. Hulton[12] resembles the true *Flos Adonis,*
Where Cupid resides and where Venus's throne is;
Miss Peters[13] is *Sweetbriar,* where you will see
An emblem of beauty and sweet repartee;
Mr. Johnson[14] we'll dare *Lady's Slipper* to call,
Put off or put on, yet the servant of all;
Miss Feilden[15] exhibits the true *Maiden's Blush,*
Where modesty heightens health's delicate flush;

Mr. Hill [16] is a *Jessamine,* pretty and spruce,
To the fair he's devoted and lives for their use;
Miss Starky [17] is *Rosemary,* ne'er may she prove
To wormwood allied in the commerce of love;
Mr. Greaves [18] is an *Ice-plant,* and cold at the heart,
But love to his blood shall its fervours impart;
Miss Hopwood [19] is *Heart's-ease,* and long shall her swain
Live content with his choice, nor have cause to complain;
A *Narcissus* is Hatfield,[20] not surely that elf
Who lov'd to distraction his own pretty self;
Miss Brooke's [21] a *Moss Rose,* of all eyes the desire,
May her charms long remain such delights to inspire;
Tom Parker,[22] with flames and with arrows beset,
The victim of Cupid, is *Love in a Net;*
Nancy Holme,[23] whose mild charms even Venus surpass,
Is the mirror of beauty — is *Venus's Glass;*
Tom White [24] is a *Daisy,* pert, pretty and spruce,
And far beyond those which the hedges produce;
A ripe *Winter Cherry* we find in Miss Cross,[25]
Where good temper gives beauty and truth adds the gloss;
Of Whalley's [26] attachments examine the list —
'Tis a mystery still — call him *Love in a Mist;*
Bet Hopwood [27] comes last, but will certainly prove
A *Myrtle of Venus,* a sprig of *True Love.*

May the county for ever with beauty be crown'd,
And Lancashire long for such flow'rs be renown'd;
May each flow'r, too, be pluck'd in the midst of its bloom,
Nor waste in the air all its precious perfume;
For blest are the roses distill'd in their prime,
In their essence they'll live in defiance of time;
Whilst the poor virgin rose, unobserv'd and forlorn,
Droops, withers and dies on the point of a thorn.
When the flow'rs shall be cropp'd and no longer can shoot,
May a crowd of young suckers arise from each root,

In pleasing succession continue to smile,
Of our county the boast, and the pride of the isle;
In bonds of affection may Hymen entwist 'em,
And each find a place in the sexual system.

[1] The origin of this graceful poem has been communicated to me by the venerable and excellent Rector of Croston, the Rev. Streynsham Master, who, at the patriarchal age of more than ninety years, retains a distinct recollection of the several individuals mentioned in it. Some of the older students of Manchester Grammar School in 1784 amused themselves by instituting a complimentary comparison between flowers and the leading young people of the county personally known to them, and sent the list to Wheeler's Manchester newspaper for insertion. This was not in verse, but simply an ingenious though meagre comparison. Wheeler considered it "too personal," and fastidiously declined printing it. Mr. Master, then a youth at the Grammar School, had a copy of the list in his possession, and afterwards showing it to his cousin, Mr. Whalley of Clerk Hill (see No. 26), that gentleman sent the copy, now before me, 1st August 1784, to Mr. Wilson, with the following request: — "On the other side you will see an effort at some Lancashire wit. The subjects, I mean the female ones, are many of them excellent, and the person who gave them to me says they are rather defective in not adding to the party Mr. Whalley and Miss Bet Hopwood. I wish, if you have leisure, you would *poeticise* the Bouquet and transmit it to me. I will be as silent as sin on the occasion; and if you chuse to complete the Bouquet by an addition of poetical flowers to the two names above mentioned, in any manner you please, you will have my thanks. I think some of the characters rather sarcastick; and if, as is suspected (but I know not on what ground), they were drawn at Hopwood, I am not surprised at it, and wonder they were not still more florid. Some of the Lancashire world suspect I had a hand in the Bouquet, but I neither ever saw or heard of it before yesterday. If you add my name it will not be amiss; and if the Bouquet was made up at Hopwood, I think in justice to Miss B. Hopwood, and her dearly beloved, my cousin James (who perhaps might have had a hand in it), she ought to give the finishing to so sweet a nosegay."

It may be noticed that each lady and gentleman are in the original MS. so bracketed as to lead to the inference that they were in some sort pledged to each other. It will be seen, however, that in most of the instances the contract was merely poetical. Mr. Wilson's first essay at including Mr. Whalley in the poem was —

"In Whalley you'll find, too, examine who list,
That in love he's mysterious — he's *Love in a Mist;*
And last, though not least, Betsy Hopwood will prove
A *Myrtle of Venus*, an emblem of love.

Afterwards altered thus: —

"Of Whalley's attachment, examine the list,
'Tis a mystery still, call him *Love in a Mist;*
But he bows to Eliza, she'll certainly prove
A *Myrtle of Venus*, a sprig of *True Love*."

The mystery was soon unravelled, for in the same year he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Assheton of Middleton (see No. 26), and thereupon the lines were altered; for in an old copy of the Bouquet at Worden Hall, as I am informed by Miss ffarington, the couplet runs —

" . . . . . call him *Love in a Mist;*
And Hopwood comes last, who will certainly prove
A *Myrtle of Venus*, a sprig of *True Love.*"

Here the poem seemed to end; but other gentlemen, feeling that there were certain favourite *belles* omitted, made additions to the MS., and celebrated the praises of Touchet, Bayley, &c., and this, it may be inferred, was not quite acceptable to Mr. Wilson, for with the copy transcribed at the time by Mr. Streynsham Master for his sister (afterwards Lady Gardiner, see No. 26), he addressed her as follows: —

"Manchester, Sept. 9, 1784.

"Intelligence having arrived from Parnassus that so many Flowers, and no more, are to be added to the *Bouquet d' Amour* I sent you, I take the liberty of transcribing and transmitting for your further amusement the endeavours of the Muse, just drawn from the fountains of Helicon, by way of Conclusion to the Poem (which is now as such considered complete), having a regular beginning, middle, and ending."

Then follow the lines commencing —

"May the county for ever with beauty be crown'd,
And Lancashire long for such flow'rs be renown'd;"

which concluding stanzas are not found amongst Mr. Wilson's MS. papers, nor in any of the numerous copies which I have seen. In a letter from Miss Elizabeth Master, dated Sept. 3, 1784, to her brother, Mr. Whalley Master, then at Clitheroe School, she says: "I send you a copy of the *Lancashire Florist*, which I have copied so often that I am now quite tired." Mr. Master's collections or rather recollections of this *Jardin des Plantes* — for, alas! the once fragrant collection has been sadly dispersed, or may it not be said, all gathered together again "each in his narrow bed," have enabled me to supply a few brief but necessary Notes to identify the various "Flowers," and to state that there was an accuracy, distinctiveness and precision in the floral delineation of each individual's character which imparted half its value to the poem.

[2] Sir William Henry Clerke Bart. the descendant of Sir John Clerke the first Baronet (1660), was born in Jamaica in 1751, instituted to the Rectory of Bury in the county of Lancaster in 1778, and died in 1818. He married in 1792 Byzantia, daughter of Thomas Cartwright of Aynhoe in the county of Northampton Esq. and his son and successor Sir William Henry is the ninth Baronet. Sir William was a benevolent and easy landlord, and his affairs becoming embarrassed, he left Bury long before his death. Like many worthy clergymen he was afflicted with the disease of quackery, and publicly advertised his philanthropic intention of attending Rochdale, Bolton, and other large towns on stated days, in order to vaccinate the children of the poor to preserve them from the prevalent scourge of smallpox; and he regularly prepared and dispensed cathartics and other domestic medicines for the indigent. When he took these crusading excursions, old Sir Robert Peel used to observe that

"Sir William was gone a-bucaneering — (*Buchan*-eering). His object was to benefit the poor, but he sometimes, unintentionally, benefited the faculty, which probably led him to say to his old steward, Mr. Whitehead, "I am going out of fashion," an observation made long afterwards by Dr. Matthew Baillie. It deserves to be named to his honour that he was one of the earliest advocates of popular sanitary measures, and that he published in 1790 a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the means of preserving the health of the poor by prevention and suppression of epidemical fevers, addressed to the inhabitants of the town of Manchester and the several populous trading towns surrounding and connected with it." His great ally was Dr. Percival.

[3] Anne, eldest daughter of Sir John Parker Mosley of Ancoats Hall in the county of Lancaster and of Rollestone Park in the county of Stafford Bart. born in 1763, married Robert ffeilden (of the Witton and Feniscowles family) of Didsbury and of the Inner Temple Esq. and died 27th March 1810, æt. 47, leaving issue three sons: — the Rev. Robert Mosley ffeilden, Rector of Bebington in the county of Chester; 2. the Rev. Henry J. ffeilden, Rector of Kirk Langley in the county of Derby; 3. the Rev. Oswald ffeilden, Rector of Weston under Lizard in the county of Stafford. Mr. ffeilden married secondly Sarah, daughter of Charles and sister of "Tom White" (No. 24). He ob. September 6th 1830, æt. 69. She ob. 23rd January 1850, æt. 84. On his tomb in Didsbury Church yard he is described as "the only grandson and heir of Richard Broome of Didsbury Esq." and on his marble monument in the church as "an active magistrate of the counties of Lancaster and Chester."

[4] William Bamford of Bamford Esq., son of William Bamford of Tarleton Esq. born there October 28th 1760, admitted a pupil of Manchester Grammar School June 26th 1776, succeeded in 1779 by devise to the Bamford and Davenport estates, married August 3rd 1786, Anna, daughter of Thomas Blackburne of Orford Hall and Hale Esq., by his wife Ireland, daughter and coheiress of Isaac Green of Childwall and Hale Esq. He died in 1806 s.p.m., when Bamford passed to Robert Hesketh of Upton in Cheshire, who by sign manual assumed the surname of Bamford, and was grandfather of Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh of Gwyrch Castle in the county of Denbigh Esq.

[5] Diana Susanna, elder sister of the Rev. Sir W. H. Clerke Bart., and afterwards the wife of the Rev. Edward Willes M.A. Rector of Newbold in the county of Warwick.

[6] Sir Frank Standish of Duxbury Bart., born 1738, succeeded his grandfather Sir Thomas Standish, the second Baronet, in December 1756, and died a bachelor May 16th 1812, when the title became extinct.

[7] Susanna, daughter of Francis Clerke Esq. and younger sister of the Rev. Sir William H. Clerke, the Rector of Bury, born 1752, married October 18th 1805 Sir Robert Peel Bart. She was his second wife, and died September 19th 1824, in her seventy-second year, without issue.

[8] Sir John Whalley Smythe Gardiner, eldest son of Robert Whalley M.D. (uncle of Mr. Starky of Heywood, No. 10), by his wife Grace, sole child of Bernard Gardiner D.D., and heiress apparent of her cousin, Sir William Gardiner of Roche Court Bart. (title extinct). He was born May 26th 1743, and on succeeding to the estates of Sir William Gardiner in 1779, assumed the name and arms of Gardiner, and was created

a Baronet in 1783. He married Martha, sole daughter of Benjamin Newcome D.D., Dean of Rochester, and ob. in 1797, s.p.

[9] Dorothy, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Lever M.A. second son of Sir Darcy Lever of Alkrington Knt. LLD. was born January 30, 1767. On October 4, 1797, she was the Lady Patroness of the Manchester Grammar School Festival, the Stewards being the Rev. G. Leigh (deputy for Trafford Leigh Trafford Esq.), and Peter Rasbotham Esq. She married Peter Rasbotham Esq., eldest son of Dorning Rasbotham of Birch House Esq., the antiquary, and her son ultimately succeeded by devise to the Alkrington estates.

[10] James, son of John Starky of Heywood Hall Esq., by his wife Esther, daughter of John Whalley of Blackburn Esq. was born September 8, 1762, sheriff of Lancashire 1791, vacated Heywood Hall, and lived at Fell Foot in the county of Cumberland. He died at Hopwood, and was buried at Heywood in November 1846, æt. 84, having married Elizabeth (born 1st November 1767), second daughter of Edward Gregge Hopwood of Hopwood Esq. September 3rd, 1785. She died at Fell Foot 23rd August 1835, having been married fifty years, and was buried at Heywood, where there is a marble monument to her memory. Having no issue the Heywood estate passed by her husband's will to his cousins, Mrs. Hornby and Mrs. Langton.

[11] Lady Gardiner, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Master of Croston. (See No. 26.)

[12] William Hulton of Hulton Park Esq., the head of an ancient and distinguished family, was born 28th May 1762, sheriff of Lancashire 1789, married in 1785 Jane, third daughter of Peter Brooke of Mere Hall in the county of Chester Esq. He died 24th June 1800, leaving surviving issue a son and a daughter. His relict re-married Lieutenant Thomas William Tyrell Boyce, 16th Light Dragoons.

[13] See p. 60, *Note* 6, ante.

[14] Thomas Johnson was born in Manchester in 1745, and only son of Thomas Johnson of Tyldesley and Manchester Esq. (sheriff of Lancashire in 1755) by his wife Susanna, daughter and coheiress of Samuel Wareing of Bury and Walmersley Esq. He is mentioned in the lists of the Grammar School of Manchester as entering its higher division in 1754, and the flourishing state of the school at this time may be shown by stating that he had pleasure in remembering, as his class-fellows, John Arden of Harden Esq., his brother Lord Alvanley, John Lord Crewe, Dean Jackson of Christ Church, and Lowten the celebrated conveyancer. A fine personal appearance and manners finished by foreign travel gave Mr. Johnson an animated air in social convivialities and ball-room festivities, known far beyond his local sphere, and still remembered; but when the time required, severer energy and self-devotion were always at the service of the public. In evidence of this may be mentioned his efforts in the American war, when in 1777 it was proposed by the principal gentry of the town and neighbourhood to raise a regiment in aid of government, and Mr. Johnson was one of the committee deputed to present the address to the throne. Passing over his exertions when joined with Sir Ashton Lever and Captain Aytoun in recruiting, a further aid, requisite but unexpected, may be mentioned. In the spring of 1778 (as by the order book now at Sedbury) the funds were deemed insufficient, and his

offer to control the accounts and payments of the bankers in conjunction with Messrs. Houghton and Stevenson of Manchester being accepted, the result was successful, the regiment was completed, and public thanks returned on July 24th to him and his last-mentioned coadjutors. Intermediately, however, a characteristic circumstance had occurred. At the royal inspection of the new regiment on Coxheath in the spring of 1778, Sir Thomas Egerton (afterwards Earl of Wilton) as chairman of the committee had placed Mr. Johnson in front of the line for presentation as the prime promoter of the completed arrangements. It was intimated at the same time, in answer to his inquiry, that, from principles of court etiquette, his two coadjutors could not share the honour, and with feelings analogous to those which he manifested through life, he instantly quitted his honourable position and retired. Loyal exertions in the war with revolutionary France may be added, and subscriptions, general and local, contributed to an extent disproportionate even to his ample means. In similar devotion to local usefulness his superintendence of one of the principal charities of Manchester (Clarke's charity) raised the income seven fold between 1798, the year when his brother trustees permitted his direction, and the close of 1823, when the writer, as his executor, restored the books and papers. To this may be added constant beneficence to the town which had risen on his estate of Tyldesley, where the erection of a church by the national commissioners had commenced, on a site given by him shortly before his death on December 14, 1823. Within the chancel of this fabric a memorial window and monument commemorate himself and his immediate predecessors.— Geo. O.

[15] See p. 61, *Note* 7, ante.

[16] William Hill of Blythe Hall near Ormskirk, and afterwards of Croston Lodge, both in this county Esq., brother of Mrs. Henry Feilden of Witton Park. He sold Blythe Hall about the year 1805 to Thomas Langton of Kirkham Esq. It is now the property of Lord Skelmersdale. Mr. Hill was the proprietor of the famous specific for hydrophobia, known throughout Lancashire as the "Ormskirk medicine."

[17] Ann, daughter of Joseph Starky of Redvales near Bury Esq. M.D. Oxon. and sister and coheiress of her brother Captain Joseph Starky of the 16th Regiment (who married Mary, daughter of Sir Joseph Radclyffe of Royton Bart. but s.p.) She was born in 1768, and married 9th August 1792 the Rev. Hugh Hornby M.A. vicar of St. Michael's-on-Wyre. She died on the 19th November 1850, æt. 81. She was first cousin and, with her sister Mrs. Langton, a coheiress of Mr. Starky of Heywood. (See No. 10 ante.)

[18] Edward Greaves of Culcheth Hall in Newton in the county of Lancaster, and of Nettleworth Hall in the county of Nottingham Esq., eldest son of Edward Greaves Esq. and of his wife Martha, daughter of Sir Darcy Lever Knt., was born in 1762, succeeded his father in February 1783, sheriff of Lancashire in 1812, and dying 29th March 1824 æt. 62, was buried within the Collegiate Church of Manchester, where there is a monument to his memory erected by his widow Elizabeth Anne, daughter of Thomas Bower of Ewenac in the county of Dorset Esq., to whom he was married April 2, 1791.—*Lanc. MSS.* vol. vi. p. 234.

[19] Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Gregge Hopwood of Hopwood Esq., born

10th September 1766, and died unmarried in 1841. She was the elder sister of Mrs. Starky. (See No. 10 ante.)

[20] William, son of the Rev. John Hatfield, incumbent of Mellor in the county of Derby. He was commonly called "Count Hatfield," a Manchester fop, and still remembered as being the first gentleman who, at least in this part of the country, wore a white hat. He was educated at the Grammar School, Manchester.

[21] See p. 61, *Note* 8, ante.

[22] Thomas Townley Parker Esq., the first husband of "the Moss Rose," was baptised at Leyland 21st December 1760, succeeded to the estates on the decease of his elder brother Banastre Parker Esq. in 1788, was sheriff of Lancashire in 1793, and was buried at Leyland 24th January 1794, being succeeded by his only son (born 27th August and baptised at Leyland October 16, 1793) Robert Townley Parker Esq. M.P. of Cuerden Hall.

[23] Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Holme of Upholland House in the county of Lancaster, and sister of Meyrick Holme, who assumed the surname of Bankes on inheriting Winstanley (in right of his grandmother Anne Bankes, eventually sole heiress of the Bankes's of Winstanley Hall), married 10th November 1800, the Rev. George Borlase, son of the Rev. William Borlase LL.D. F.R.S. the learned author of the Natural History of Cornwall, &c. Mr. Borlase was senior Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College Cambridge, B.A. 1764, M.A. 1767, B.D. 1780, Casuistical Professor 1788, and Registrar of the University. He died at his Rectory House at Newton in Suffolk (presented 1789) after a few days' illness November 7th 1809, s.p. She was his second wife, and ob. 1844.

[24] Thomas White of Manchester Esq. M.D., eldest son of Charles White of Sale Hall in the county of Chester F.R.S., the celebrated surgeon. He was admitted a scholar of Manchester Grammar School January 16th 1771, and October 5th 1791 the stewards of the School Festival were Rev. John Holmes D.D. Rector of Whitechapel, and Thomas White M.D. Miss Atherton (afterwards Lady Lilford) was the Lady Patroness. He was father of John White Esq. famous for his fox-hunting exploits. For a Life of Charles White, by Mr. Thomas Henry, see *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*, vol. iii. N.S., also Ormerod's *Cheshire*, vol. i. pp. 421–423. There is an engraved portrait of him in Gregson's *Fragments*.

[25] Margaret, youngest of the three daughters of Thomas Crosse of Crosse Hall in Chorley, and of Shaw Hill in the county of Lancaster Esq., and aunt of Richard Crosse, who, on succeeding to the estates of his cousin, Charles Legh of Adlington in the county of Chester Esq., assumed the surname and arms of Legh, was married at Penwortham in 1792-3 to the Rev. James Armetriding M.A. Rector of Steeple Aston in the county of Oxon. He died 9th March 1832, æt. 85, having been Rector of that parish 42 years. His wife died 31st August in the same year, and their youngest daughter married the Rev. Richard Gresswell B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, the benefactor of Denton, near Manchester. In the Worden Hall copy, the second line of this couplet is —

"When good humour gives beauty and health aids the gloss."

[26] James Whalley Esq. succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1797, on the death of his elder brother, Sir John Whalley Smythe Gardiner. He was born in 1748, of Magdalen College Oxon, M.A. 1762, and of the Middle Temple. He married first at Middleton October 29th 1784, Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. Richard Assheton D.D. Warden of Manchester and Rector of Middleton. She died September 8th 1785, æt. 24, leaving issue one child, who succeeded his father as the third baronet. See the exquisite lines inscribed on her monument in Whalley Church. Her husband married secondly December 3rd 1789, his cousin Jane, daughter of the Rev. Robert Master D.D. Rector of Croston (by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of John Whalley of Blackburn Esq., brother of Robert Whalley M.D. (see No. 8), and died August 21st 1805. Lady Gardiner ob. at Clerk Hill in 1843.

[27] Elizabeth Hopwood became Mrs. Starky September 3rd 1785. (See No. 10 ante.)

Additions by Messrs. Master and Ford.

The *White Rock*, where elegance happily plays,
In Sedgwick [1] its beauties profusely displays;
And Birch's [2] accomplishments surely can't fail,
Who reigns the fair *Lily*, the Queen of the Vale.
S. M.[3]

As the thorns of the *Rose* by its fragrance are veil'd,
So is Bayley's [4] sharp wit in politeness conceal'd,
Miss Touchet's [5] a *Sensitive*, where you will find
A sweetness of temper with mildness combin'd.
J. F.[6]

To Alicia [7] ———.

With a MS. copy of "The Lancashire Bouquet."

When Hermes, the herald to Joy's happy bowers,
Had deliver'd to Venus his Lancashire flowers,
Cries Love's rosy Queen,—"What a charming collection!
"Yes, Cupid has taste to distinguish perfection:
"Here's my Glass; my Carnation so sweetly that blows;
"My Myrtle; my Heart's-ease; my Willow, and Rose;

"My dear Mignonnette; my Adonis, whose charms
"Were inspir'd by my breath and were form'd in my arms;
"With my Balsam; my Daisy; and all my gay crew;
"Who'd have thought a blind archer could e'er shoot so true!
"Yet the urchin's been partial — ah me! I'm afraid
"His own heart is enthrall'd — he's the dupe of his trade;
"Else whence [8] this so fond predilection of beauty?
"Whence this constant attendance on fav'rite duty?
"Shall PETERS, though born admiration t' enjoy,
"The pride of each tongue and delight of each eye,
"And FIELDEN, that mirror of graces, alone
"Be the forms that are clasp'd with poetical zone?
"Shall WHITE, lovely *Snowdrop,* whose innocent breast
"Is the haunt where love, virtue, and elegance rest —
"Shall PHILIPS, that *Primrose,* whose spring has foretold
"Those charms that shall summer and blossom in gold —
"Shall ANGLE, that fragrant *Geranium,* be slighted?
"Shall these, all my own,[9] be in rhyme unendited?
"Shall the *Lychnis,* the five sister nymphs, ne'er receive
"That homage which praise to her BORRONS would give? [10]
"Forbid it, ye Powers! ah! forbid it, ye Nine!
"Join your harps to their fame in your concerts divine.
"Shall HARDMAN, who erst, as encradl'd she lay,
"Receiv'd the bright warmth of my fost'ring ray —
"Shall she, beauty's *Passion Flower*, where glows refin'd
"Sensibility's delicate lustre of mind —
"Shall she lose that acclaim which her merit inspires,
"Now health from her cheeks with her roses retires?
"Ah no! come, ye Muses! come, Phœbus! and throw
"Thy chaplet of roses t' encircle her brow;
"Depicture in verse ev'ry flow'ret that's there,
"Let her shine still the fairest of Lancashire fair.
"— And hark! 'tis the Naiads of Bristol that raise
"Their chorus of joy in the accents of praise;

"This bright sun of beauty, they cry, will be ours,
"Health shall wait as her handmaid, and Joy trim her bow'rs;
"Far shall envy, and pain, and pale languor be driv'n,
"Her sleep shall be rapture, her day shall be heav'n."
Thus Venus — when Hermes, scarce looking behind,
Wing'd away to the earth on the pinions of wind,
Enlarg'd on each tittle from Venus that fell,
How she sneer'd at this beauty, bespatter'd that belle;
In short, that his godship had got into danger,
That Venus had threat'ned to whip the young ranger;
And advis'd, as his mother no slight could e'er brook,
To regain her affections by hook or by crook.
'Twas agreed, in all haste round the country he flies,
Petitioning Flora for varied supplies,
From ev'ry gay border collecting his posies,
His Laurels, his Cowslips, Pinks, Lilies and Roses,
'Till that crown should be form'd whose rich splendour should[11] shine
Through Britain, dispensing their radiance divine;
Enforcing all hearts to allow — nought surpasses
The witcheries found in our Lancashire lasses,
Since the pow'rs they exert are all drawn from above,
Through the sanction of Venus and fiat of love.

[1] Miss Sedgwick was a daughter of Roger Sedgwick Esq. M.D. of Manchester, and aunt of Colonel Sedgwick of Dutton Hall near Chester — See ped. *Barritt's MSS.*

[2] Ann, daughter of Mr. Birch of Birch Hall and of Ardwick, of an ancient Lancashire family. She succeeded to estates at Ardwick and Gorton on the death of her brother, General Birch, and dying unmarried at Lancaster about 1826, her property passed to her heir-at-law, Mr. Jackson. The family was distinct from that long seated at Birch in Rusholme

[3] Streynsham Master, now Rector of Croston, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Master, was born 10th June 1766, educated at the Grammar School of Manchester by Mr. Lawson, admitted a pupil there August 29th 1777, afterwards of Balliol College Oxon. M.A. 1791. He married in 1790 Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Parker Mosley Bart. and has issue, *inter alia*, the Venerable Robert Mosley Master M.A. Archdeacon of Manchester.

[4] Miss Bayley was a daughter of Thomas Butterworth Bayley of Hope Esq. F.R.S. Chairman of the Manchester Quarter Sessions and Constable of Lancaster Castle, who at his death in 1802 left twelve children, of whom Sir Daniel Bayley, Consul General at St. Petersburgh, was the eldest, and Archdeacon Bayley another son. See Memoirs by his son H. V. Bayley, 4to, Manchester, 1802, and *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxii.

[5] Sarah, one of the five daughters of James Touchet of Broome House and of King Street Manchester Esq., by his wife Miss Wilkinson of Chesterfield. She died unmarried in 18—. The only sister who married was Esther, wife of the Venerable Henry Bayley D.D. Archdeacon of Ely. Their brother, John Touchet Esq., by his wife, Miss Colquitt, had two coheiresses, one of whom married James Nowell ffarrington of Worden Hall Esq.

[6] John, only son of Charles Ford of Manchester and Claremont Esq. (Boroughreeve in 1766) by his wife Anne, daughter of Thomas Johnson of Tyldesley and Manchester Esq., by his first wife, Ann Sudall, was born in Manchester February 23rd 1768. His education at the Grammar School of Manchester, where he was admitted July 9th 1781, was preceded by the private tutorage of the Rev. John Bennett of St. Mary's in that town. Afterwards he was a Commoner of Balliol College Oxford, and after passing his examination for B.A., took the gown of S.J.C. but not a regular degree. In 1796 he married at Staindrop Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Ingram of Wakefield Esq., and shortly afterwards accepted the command of the Manchester Light Horse Volunteers, and continued to be their commandant when they were presented with standards by his maternal uncle, Thomas Johnson Esq. in 1798; and after this, when he had fixed his residence on his paternal estate at Abbeyfield in Cheshire, he accepted the Colonelcy of the Sandbach Light Infantry. In his early days he kept up extended society with the families of Lancashire and Cheshire, with many of whom he was connected by relationship (see *Assheton's Journal*, p. 79), was known as one of the active magistrates of the former county, and declining the honour of a Baronetcy which had been offered to him, died at his house of Abbeyfield, April 14th, 1839 and was buried at Sandbach. A monument is erected in the parish church of Sandbach to his memory.

[7] These beautiful lines are found in vol. vii. p. 27, et seq. of *Manchester MS. Poetry*, dated October 12th 1784, in the handwriting of the Rev. John Haddon Hindley, and although they closely resemble Mr. Wilson's style, were probably the composition of Mr. Hindley. They were addressed to "Alicia, with Mr. Wilson's *celebrated* Bouquet of Lancashire Flowers." The lady to whom they were sent was Alice, daughter of John Hardman Esq., Boroughreeve of Manchester in 1764, and sister of Mr. William Hardman of Quay Street. The rare collection of paintings and valuable works of art of her nephew, Thomas Hardman Esq. of Quay Street (Boroughreeve), was dispersed at his death. Miss Hardman married Edward Coulson Esq., an alderman of Hull and dying in 1825 without leaving issue, was buried at Kirkella. She is still remembered as having retained in advanced age many of the personal charms celebrated by the poets in her youth. Miss White was daughter of Charles White the surgeon; Miss Philips, a member of an opulent and wide-spreading Manchester family; Miss

Angle [Allen?] is quite forgotten; and of the five Miss Borrons, daughters of James Borron Esq. of "The Palace" in Market Street, were Mrs. Richard ffarington of Parr's Wood, Mrs. Henry ffarington of Ardwick, and Mrs. Fielding of Myerscough Hall.

[8] why, in vol. vii. p. 27, *Manchester MS. Poetry*.

[9] Shall this triad of charms be in rhyme unendited? *Ibid.* p. 29.

[10] This couplet omitted. *Ibid.* The allusion is to Darwin's *Loves of the Plants:*

"*Five* sister nymphs to join Diana's train,
With thee, fair Lychnis! vow, — but vow in vain.
Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, part ii. p. 12, third edition, 4to.

[11] would.

XXVII. — FUIMUS TROES.

AN EPISTLE.

Whereas you've presum'd, but without any reason,
To commit against Friendship an act of high treason,
In Easter week next you're requir'd to show cause
For the breach and contempt of civility's laws;
For at Easter depend on't to come I won't fail,
To meet you with gunpowder,[1] brandy, or ale:
Whate'er is your choice, then, make ready your barrel,
And patch up your friendship or stand to your quarrel.
Thus requir'd, at your peril fail not to explain
What maggot now lurks in your whimsical brain;
Not designèd for moving the knee's supple hinge,
To hang on the great or subsist by a cringe,
You can't at their biddings your friendships lay down,
Or take up their quarrels and call them your own;
For none would do that but a knave or a fool,
A gossiping cypher or toad-eating tool:
This can't be the case, — so there must be at bottom
Some other dark reasons, wherever you got 'em.

Like a man, then, explain why so shy and uncivil,
Speak out like a man and defy e'en the devil;
For I'll give to all mortals whate'er is their due,
And am always prepar'd for the devil and you!
But to argue the matter I scarcely have time,
And instead of strong reason I give you weak rhyme.
As I choose of this bus'ness to make a good *end,*
This message by Brennand your neighbour I send,
Who, rather than suffer our friendship to fall,
Will *cobble* it up, or dispose of his *awl.*[2]

[1] O'er gunpowder, i.e. tea; *var. lect.*
[2] See p. 31, ante.

XXVIII. — HORACE, ODE XIV. (Book I.) IMITATED.

Written during the American War.

Oh, gallant ship, that o'er the tide
Did'st once in pompous triumph ride,
What tempests round thee rise!
Oh, bid the swelling surges cease,
By pouring in the oil of peace;
Be brave, but yet be wise.

Faction prevails amongst thy crew;
Thy real friends, alas! are few
To steer thy dang'rous course;
The Western storms thy masts assail,
Thy sail yards, groaning to the gale,
Confess its matchless force.

The sinews of thy strength, the ropes,
On which depend thy sanguine hopes,
Are by the tempest broke;
Thy batter'd hulk begins to reel,
Though resting on the strongest keel,
And yields at every stroke.

In vain thou spread'st thy tatter'd sails
To court and catch the fav'ring gales,
No fav'ring gales are thine;
No guardian angels bid thee speed,
But leave thee at thy utmost need,
At fortune to repine.

In vain their boast who proudly talk
And call thee British heart of oak
From Whittlebury Wood;
For nought avails thy birth and form
When struck with light'ning, toss'd by storm,
Or swallow'd by the flood.

The prudent sailor won't rely
On flags or pendants waving high,
Their use he can't discern;
In vain, when storms around him roar,
Will he the painted gods implore
That ride upon the storm.

We caution now thy first resort,
Lest thou, of ev'ry wind the sport,
On shallows should'st be tost;
Beware of Spanish guile and pride
With Gallic perfidy allied,
Beware the Belgic coast.

The Western clouds terrific scowl,
The war whoop, hark! and Irish howl
Come flying in the gales;
Thy needle varies from the North,
Fresh dangers call new dangers forth,
And wild dismay prevails.

With pity throbs each patriot breast,
While thus with num'rous ills opprest
Thou'rt rushing on the rocks;
In silent woe thou may'st complain,
Like a fat goose upon the main
Protected by the Fox!

XXIX. — THE TOPER'S PLEA FOR DRINKING.

If life, like a bubble, evaporates fast,
We must take off our wine and the bubble will last;
For a bubble may soon be destroy'd with a puff
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life's like a flow'r, as grave moralists say,
'Tis a very good thing understood the right way;
For if life's like a flow'r, even blockheads can tell
If you'd have it look fresh you must water it well.

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,
So their brains they will liquor instead of their boots;
And each toper will own, on life's road as he reels,
That a spur in the head is worth two on the heels.

If life's like a lamp, — then, to make it shine brighter,
They assign to Madeira the post of lamplighter;
They cherish the flame with Oporto so stout,
And drink ardent spirits till fairly burnt out.

This life to a theatre liken'd has been,
Where each has assign'd him a part in the scene;
If 'tis theirs to be tipsy, 'tis matter of fact
That the faster they guzzle the better they act.

Life, 'tis said, like a dream or a vision appears,
Where some laugh in their slumbers and others shed tears;
But of topers, when wak'd from their dream, 'twill be said
That the tears of the tankard were all that they shed.

XXX. — THE BIRCH.

Spoken before the Governors of Clitheroe Grammar School, on the 24th of June.

Though the oak be the prince and the pride of the grove,
An emblem of pow'r and the fav'rite of Jove;
Though Phœbus with laurel his temples has bound,
And with chaplets of poplar Alcides is crown'd;
Though Pallas the olive has grac'd with her choice,
And mother Cybēle in pines may rejoice;
Though Bacchus delights in the ivy and vine,
And Venus her garlands with myrtle entwine;
Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the Birch.
The Birch, they declare, is the true tree of knowledge,
Rever'd by each school and remember'd at college.

Though Virgil's fam'd tree might produce as its fruit
A crop of vain dreams and strange whims from each shoot,
Yet the Birch on each bough, on the top of each switch,
Bears the essence of grammar, the eight parts of speech;
'Mongst the leaves are conceal'd more than mem'ry can mention,
All cases, all genders, and forms of declension.

Nine branches, when cropp'd by the hands of the Nine,
And duly arrang'd in a parallel line,
Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,
Then soak'd for nine days in cold Helicon's spring,
A sceptre compose for a pedagogue's hand,
Like the fasces of Rome, a true badge of command.

The sceptre thus finish'd, like Moses's rod,
From flint can draw tears and give life to a clod.
Should darkness Egyptian or ignorance spread
Their clouds o'er the mind or envelope the head,
This rod thrice applied puts the darkness to flight,
Disperses the clouds and restores us to light;
Like the virga divina, 'twill find out the vein
Where lurks the rich metal, the gold of the brain.
Should genius a captive by sloth be confin'd,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the mind,
This magical wand but apply, — with a stroke
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.

Like Hermes's rod, these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder and poetry's fire;
If Morpheus our temples in Lethe should steep,
These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.

Here dwells strong conviction, of logic the glory,
When 'tis us'd with precision *à posteriori:*
If Nature be slow 'tis the Birch must assist her,
For science works upwards when giv'n as a clyster:
I've known a short lecture most strongly prevail
When duly applied to the head through the tail;

Like th' electrical shock, in an instant 'tis spread,
And flies with a jerk from the tail to the head,
Promotes circulation and thrills through each vein,
The faculties quickens and purges the brain;
By sympathy thus and consent of the parts
We're taught fundamentally Classics and Arts.

The Birch, *à priori*, applied to the palm,
Will settle disputes or a passion becalm;
Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
The Birch can correct them like guiacum wood;
It sweetens the juices, corrects our ill humours,
Bad habits removes and discusses foul tumours;
When applied to the hand it can cure with a switch,
Like the salve of old Molyneux us'd in the itch.

As the fam'd rod of Circe to brutes could change men,
So the twigs of the Birch can unbrute them again.

Like the rod of the Sybil, that branch of pure gold,
These twigs can the gates of Elysium unfold,
That Elysium of learning where pleasures abound,
Those sweets that still flourish on classical ground.

Prometheus's rod, which, Mythologists say,
Fetch'd fire from the sun to give life to his clay,
Was a Birch well applied his new men to inspire
With taste for the Arts, and their genius to fire.

This bundle of rods may suggest this reflection;
That the Arts with each other maintain a connection:
Another good moral this bundle of switches
Points out to our notice and silently teaches;
For as things well united can scarcely be broken,
Of peace and good neighbourhood these are a token:
Then, if such are its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
And the Birch, like the Muses, immortal shall be.

XXXI. — AN EPIGRAM.

Dull wits on windows write: — thus Wilson spoke —
Then, if you crack the glass, you'll crack a joke;
Your stupid jests much point and sharpness gain,
And cut more keenly when you've broke the pane.

XXXII. — THE CHAPTER OF PROVERBS.

Buonaparte, the bully, resolves to come over
With flat-bottom'd wherries from Calais to Dover;
No perils to him in the billows are found,
For "if born to be hanged he can never be drown'd."

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring,
He was soon made a captain, and would be a king;
But the higher he rises his conduct's more evil,
For "a beggar on horseback will ride to the d——."

To seize all we have and then clap us in jail,
To devour all our victuals and drink up our ale,
And to grind us to dust, is the Corsican's will,
For they say "all is grist that e'er comes to his mill."

To stay quiet at home that great hero can't bear,
Or perhaps "he would have other fish to fry there,"
So as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,
"He leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire."

He builds barges and cock-boats and craft without end,
And numbers the host which to England he'll send,
But in spite of his craft and in spite of his boast,
"He reckons, 'tis true, but 'tis not with his host."

He rides upon France, and he tramples on Spain,
And Holland and Italy holds in a chain;
He says Britain he'll conquer, and still understands
"That one bird in the bush is worth four in his hands."

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,
"But the pitcher is broke which goes oft to the well,"
And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,
"Though he's thought penny-wise he'll pound-foolish be found."

France cannot forget that our fathers of yore
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and on shore,
And we'll speedily prove to this mock Alexander
"What was sauce for the goose will be sauce for the gander."

I have heard and I've read in a great many books
Half the Frenchmen are tailors and t'other half cooks;
We've trimmings in store for the knights of the cloth,
"And the cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth."

It is said that the French are a numerous race,
And perhaps it is true, for "ill weeds grow apace;"
But come when they will and as many as dare,
"I suspect they'll arrive the day after the fair."

To invade us more safely these warriors boast
They will wait till a storm drive our fleet from their coast;
That 'twill be "an ill wind" will be soon understood,
For a wind that blows Frenchmen "blows nobody good."

They would treat Britain worse than they've treated Mynheer,
But they'll find that "they've got the wrong sow by the ear;"
Let them come, then, in swarms, by this Corsican led,
And I'll warrant we'll "hit the right nail on the head."

XXXIII. — AN EPIGRAM.

One day the surveyor, with a sigh and a groan,
Said, "Doctor, I'm dying of gravel and stone."
The doctor replied: "This is true, then, though odd,
What kills a surveyor is a cure for a road."

XXXIV. — PATRIOTISM.

Dear is the tie that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love that prompts the gen'rous youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to sooth;
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife,
Dear all the charities of social life;
Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind.
But not th' endearing springs that fondly move
To filial duty or parental love,—
Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,—
Not all in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,
Are half so dear, so potent to control
The gen'rous workings of the patriot's soul,

As is that holy voice that cancels all
Those ties, that bids him for his country fall:
At this high summons, with undaunted zeal
He bares his breast, invites th' impending steel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.
But poor his triumph and disgrac'd his name
Who draws his sword for empire, wealth, or fame;
For him, though wealth be blown in ev'ry wind,
Though fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch'd beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him and his glories fade;
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,
No blessings chanted from a nation's tongue.

XXXV. — IMITATION OF HORACE. LIB. IV. ODE III.

The wight on whom the Muse has smil'd
And mark'd him for her fav'rite child,
Well pleased with his condition,
Will never run from place to place
To see a bull-bait or a race, —
These suit not his ambition.

He'll ne'er behind a counter stand
With cloth-yard waving in his hand,
Or thank you for your custom;
Nor will he, if intestine jars
Should ripen into civil wars,
Endeavour to adjust 'em.

He'd ne'er into the army go
To fight with folks he did not know
And risk both life and morals;
Abroad he'd never wish to roam
In hopes at last of bringing home
A wooden leg and laurels.

If at the desk th' enraptur'd spark
Should sit as an attorney's clerk,
The Muse his business crossing
With rhymes he would his parchment fill,
And write a sonnet for a will,
And stanzas for engrossing.

He loves where Ribble winds his way
With solitary steps to stray,
And poetry rehearses;
Or else he'll over Salt Hill go,
Or, murmuring, saunter round Cop-low,
And beat his brains for verses.

If in the town he's rais'd to fame,
And honour'd with a poet's name,
His fortune's made for ever;
For, if his townsmen call him Bard,
He surely gets his full reward,
Should he be e'er so clever.

As happy, then, as happiest kings,
He'll write them posies for their rings,
Enigmas, odes, nay more yet,
With epigrams he'll make them laugh,
And write them each an epitaph,
In hopes to be their Laureat.

O Muse! thou cans't make fiddle-strings
Of nasty guts and other things
Enough to make a Jew sick;
Thou cans't from nature's filthiest parts
Draw sounds that can affect our hearts
And fetch the best of music.

If in thy art such powers are found,
What wonder in Bœotian ground
Thou deign'st sometimes to show it;
This honour, then, to thee we owe,
If people cry where'er we go, —
There goes the Clitheroe Poet!

XXXVI. — A NEW SONG.

Tune — "Hearts of Oak."

Ye sons of true courage with courage advance,
Revenge the mean insults of Spain and of France,
'Tis your country that calls; then with cheerfulness come,
Let your hearts beat in concert with fife and with drum.
'Tis Lister invites you; like Britain's true sons
Exhibit that spirit
Which Britons inherit,
And maul the Monsieurs, boys, and pepper the Dons!

If they dare to invade us, why, let them come o'er,
We'll give them, like Britons, a welcome on shore;
In time past we've drubb'd them, for pastime again
We'll drub them, and prove that their threats are all vain.
'Tis Lister invites, &c.

See the Lion of England from sleep now awakes,
His paws he prepares and his mane how he shakes!
With eyes full of fury behold him advance,
Resolv'd to tread down the pale lilies of France.
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

If they come we'll prepare them an old English treat —
Of fighting a surfeit, but nothing to eat;
Of true British spirit they'll drink to their cost,
And for roast-beef of England their ribs we will roast.
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

Instead of soup-meagre, on which they are fed,
We'll give them saltpetre and forc'd-meat of lead;
Since of capers they're fond, let these monkeys of France
Be taught to some tune, boys, the old English dance.
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

Since of fashions they're fond we their jerkins will trim,
And pink, dress and baste all their bodies so slim;
We'll sell them cheap bargains of old English stuffs,
And their sleeves we'll improve, boys, by adding of cuffs.
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

To play them a rubber we never will lag,
We'll beat them in fact though they beat us at brag;
Our hopes in our honours we safely may fix,
And slam, aye, and lurch them in spite of odd tricks.
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

Let them cut, let them deal, let them cheat in the score,
We'll beat them again, boys — we beat them before;
Though the odds run against us we'll play well our parts,
We've trumps to the last, boys, for trumps are in hearts.
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

To regale them with music the cannons shall roar,
And the musket's smart thunder shall chorus encore,
We'll give them a concert if hither they roam,
And the tune we'll strike up shall be — BRITONS STRIKE HOME!
'Tis LISTER invites, &c.

During the American war Mr. Lister of Gisburn Park, M.P. for Clitheroe in the parliaments of 1774, 1780, and 1784. raised, at his own expense, a regiment of horse for the use of Government, called Lister's Light Horse; and afterwards, at the breaking out of the French revolution, became Colonel of the Craven Legion of Yeomanry Cavalry, which commission he retained to his death in 1826. He was created Baron Ribblesdale in 1797.

XXXVII. — THE GAMBLER.

AT a gambling hotel where, detection to shun,
Up *two* pair of stairs was thought safer than *one*,
The Sabbath for play being fix'd and agreed,
As the better the day still the better the deed,
An old peering sharper deep vers'd in the game,
But whose fingers with gout were enfeebled and lame,
In slipping and palming dexterity lacking,
Was nick'd, and soon out of the window sent packing.
A fall from two storys you'll own was a sad one,
Yet was not his case on the whole such a bad one,
A few bumps and bruises his whole penance proving,
Nor follow'd one fracture to make the tale moving;
So gath'ring his limbs up and limping along,
He thought it not right to put up with such wrong.
To a limb of the law then he went in a trice,
Put a fee in his hand and demanded advice,
Saying: "Sir, I've been wantonly pitch'd, you must know,
From the attic above to the pavement below,

And a miracle 'tis, from the fall, let me tell ye,
That all my poor body's not bruis'd to a jelly."
Says the lawyer: "What motive for treatment so hard?"
"Dear sir, all my crime was but slipping a card."
"Indeed! for how much did you play for, and where?"
"For two hundred, up two pair of stairs, at the Bear."
"Why then, my good friend, as you want my advice,
T'other guinea advanc'd, it is yours in a trice."
"Here it is, my dear sir." "Very well; now, observe;
Future downfalls to shun — from this rule never swerve:
When challeng'd *up-stairs* luck for hundreds to try,
Tell your frolicsome friends that *you don't play so high.*"

XXXVIII. — THE GARDEN OF THE MIND.

While ancient bards Hesperian orchards praise,
And modern gardens bloom in Mason's lays,
A nobler theme my humbler Muse can find,
And dares to sing the — *Garden of the Mind;*
Where plants of diff'rent aspect court your view,
Of diff'rent virtues and of various hue;
Where some from wilds transplanted have been tri'd,
And bloom and flourish now the garden's pride;
Exotics, too, with native plants can vie
For health, for vigour and the glowing die.
Some scarce have strength their slender heads to raise,
'Till fed and foster'd by the dews of praise;
Others abound with vegetable life,
Shoot out luxuriant and demand the knife;
These turn, like Sunflow'rs, from their early youth
To learning's lustre and the beams of truth;

While those, like Poppies nodding on their beds,
With languid looks hang down their heavy heads.
Some, vainly proud, affect external show,
Dress'd like the Tulip, emblem of the beau;
Others their merits modestly disclose
From Nature rich, yet blushing like the Rose;
Or, like the Sensitive, alive all o'er,
Shrink from the touch and feel at ev'ry pore.
Those, like the Primrose, early flow'rs can show;
Like Aloes these for years refuse to blow;
Here fribblish Jess'mines court the solar aid;
There modest Myrtles flourish in the shade;
Some bloom and wither in a single day,
While Everlastings long continue gay.

Hear now what ills the tender plants await,
What various labours are the gard'ner's fate.
Oft creeping slugs their dull example spread
And torpid languor reigns around the bed;
Or mining moles oft-times their roots annoy,
Repress their vigour and their buds destroy;
And worms and maggots, lurking in the core,
Prey on the bud, and all its hopes are o'er.
T' improve the *Time* and cultivate the *Sage*
The gard'ner's thoughts and all his cares engage;
The passing hours his anxious pains renew
Weeds to repress and check the growth of *Rue*;
One noxious root with poison fills the ground,
And spreads its baneful influence wide around;
But one great object is, without denial,
Cel'ry to raise and crops of *Penny-royal!*

XXXIX. — THE LABOURS OF HERCULES MORALIZED.

What name is more famous, more hackney'd in song
Than that of Alcides, bold, active and strong?
And poets inform us, as I know and you know,
How much he was plagu'd by his stepmother Juno;
That vixen 'mongst gods would e'en kick up a riot,
Then how could a mortal expect to be quiet?
In hopes that at last he might get a good drubbing
She kept with new jobs both his hands and his club in,
Dread monsters he vanquish'd, made giants knock under,
Kill'd lions and bears, and cut serpents asunder;
But the hero persisting o'er all was victorious,
And triumph'd at last, and his triumph was glorious.

Thus Nature, our stepmother, prompts us to evil
With the aid of Euristheus — (in English) the devil;
But Reason employ'd, with Religion's assistance,
The combat sustains with successful resistance.

The Lion stands first, a fit emblem of Rage,
With which we're in infancy call'd to engage;
The fervour of Anger then rules in the soul,
Its peace discomposes, and calls for control.

Then succeeds the fell Hydra our courage to prove,
That worst of all monsters, the monster Self-love;
Gash, mangle, or slice it, or cut it in twain,
The parts reunite, and it rallies again.

When we've vanquish'd Self-love, and the combat is o'er,
We're call'd to engage th' Erymanthean Boar,
That brutal Excess which too often, we find,
Subdues and debases the juvenile mind.

The Stag next awaits us, the demon of Pride,
Whose empire o'er man is extended so wide;
In triumph o'er reason superbly 'tis borne,
Erecting its head and exalting its horn.

Now rise the Stymphatides, vig'rous in flight,
Our exertions demand, and provoke us to fight;
Libidinous motions, which wisdom controls,
When indolence binds in soft fetters our souls.

Ambition, Augeas's stable, we find
Is the seat of pollution, the sink of the mind;
To purge it our utmost exertion requires,
'Tis with vices replete and unsated desires.

Revenge, that dark passion so hard to assuage,
Is the Bull which our reason is next to engage;
The breast where this passion's permitted to dwell
Is a scene of confusion, and gloomy as hell.

Now Diomede calls us the contest to try,
Dread tyranny's emblem, with death in his eye,
For Cruelty's oft entertain'd as a guest,
And a welcome too ready receives in the breast.

Grim Gorgon, the three-bodied monster, we find
Is Envy and Hatred and Malice combin'd;
These passions 'gainst reason are always at strife,
Are of virtue the bane, and embitter our life.

Next rises for battle the Amazon maid,
That softness which juvenile souls will invade, —
That softness effeminate which will impart
Such stupor as luxury spreads o'er the heart.

Now Cerberus, threat'ning, attacks us, behold!
That meanest of passions, the passion for gold, —
A passion that broods discontent on its store,
Midst plenty still barking and growling for more.

These dangers surmounted, the Serpent remains,
Whose poison still rankles and spreads through our veins,

That stream of corruption which flows from within,
That taint of our nature which prompts us to sin.
Religion and reason assistance must bring
To root out its venom and pull out its sting:
This done, like Alcides, our souls shall arise,
Claim kindred with heav'n, and ascend to the skies.

XL. — THE MOCK-PATRIOT.

As oft I've seen the morn with gentle ray
Raise pleasing prospects of a tranquil day,
Serenely shone the landscape on the eye
And a bright azure gladden'd all the sky,
When lo! ere noon, the heav'ns have been o'ercast
And winds conflicting raged with dreadful blast;
Dark clouds sat scowling on the changing scene,
While lightnings flash and thunders roar between.
Such, L——— is thy life; and conscience must
Bear painful witness that the picture's just.
Bright was thy dawn of youth, and soon began
The pleasing presage of the happy man;
The virtues took possession of thy soul,
And passion yielded to their mild control;
But soon ambition fill'd thy youthful breast
And discontent disturbed thy halcyon rest:
Pride, envy, malice followed in the train,
And inexperience fix'd ambition's reign.
That eye which used to shoot the purest ray
Glances suspicion and avoids the day;
A sullen frown contracts thy alter'd brow,
And what was mildness once is madness now;

Chang'd are thy features, and thy modest air
Is now become a melancholy stare;
Sad discontentment sours thy feeble mind,
And foil'd ambition leaves its sting behind.
But still thy brain with new resources teems,
Hatches strange projects and conceives wild dreams:
Pride, malice, envy one assemblage form,
Ferment and work thy soul into a storm, —
A storm of rage which no distinction knows
'Twixt gen'rous friends and most invet'rate foes.
A slave of faction, now a party tool,
Thou'rt daily lectur'd in rebellion's school,
Where Fox turn'd loose attempts with lighted brand
To spread the flames of discord thro' the land, —
Where seeming patriots strive with impious hate
To sap the pillars of the Church and State;
And thou, through ign'rance joining in the cause,
Strives to subvert the fabric of our laws,
That glorious edifice which long has stood
Fix'd and cemented by our fathers' blood.
But may the wretch, who strives with rebel hand
To change that system which pervades the land, —
That system which has been for ages tried,
The boast of Britons and the nation's pride,
By heav'n's just judgment be to ruin hurl'd,
A dread memento for a rebel-world!

XLI. — THE LIFE OF MAN.

What said the gay, unthinking boy?
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy:
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize;
You'll find (and ask superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them when found,
Would sceptr'd Solomon complain
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet sceptr'd Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscure the day.
Those maxims which the preacher drew
The royal sage experienced true;
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That joys our earliest thoughts engage,
And diff'rent joys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is seen in part
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart.
In the child's breast the spark begun,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die do griefs abate?
Oh! what is life at fourscore years?
One dark rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears!

XLII. — ON AVARICE.

What man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give?
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And for ever neglecting to live!

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent or alone;
Constrain'd to be abject, though ever so proud,
And at ev'ry one's call but his own.

Still repining, and looking for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the means of enjoying each wish in his pow'r,
But accursed in wanting the will.

For a year must be pass'd, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest;
He must add to his store this or that petty sum,
And then he'll have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desires of his eye; —
Such a wretch let my enemy live, if he please,
But, oh! not so wretchedly die!

XLIII. — THE MONSTER IN THE MOON.

Not long ago a Cambridge wight,
Whose eye could see things out of sight,
Who read and mus'd by fits and starts,
In love with sciences and arts, —
Tir'd with his circles, square and cube,
Took down his telescopic tube,
And quick into his garden run
To make discov'ries in the sun.
The tube he levell'd, cock'd his eye
T' explore the wonders of the sky;
He peep'd not long before he spies
A monster of enormous size,
With wings immense and legs so ample
As worlds to atoms soon might trample,
With vast proboscis, frightful paws,
And arm'd with most tremendous claws,
So large the trunk that he with ease
Might eat the earth and drink the seas:
This in the sun he saw — 'tis fact,
With observation most exact.
Now to his room with haste he speeds,
Draws schemes, works problems, and succeeds,
And could by algebra conclude
The animal's whole magnitude,
Which was, as he'd convince you soon,
Some nine times bigger than the moon.
Now deep absorb'd in meditation,
He thus began a speculation:
"This beast, unless my senses wander,
"*Must* be a flying salamander,

"Which, midst the fire of such a planet,
"Not only lives but seems to fan it.
"Perhaps he may, nay *must*, I think,
"Make fire and light his meat and drink;
"And I've observ'd that much of late
"The solar heat begins t' abate.
"Perhaps, whene'er his wings he slips
"Athwart the sun, he makes th' eclipse;
"Perhaps the sun's red face he scours
"From pimples, and his spots devours;
"For worms we find ('tis oft the case)
"Will burrow in the human face.
"Comets he eats, perhaps, that run
"In perihelic to the sun.
"Perhaps to earth at last he'll fly
"In flaming vengeance from the sky,
"And then, unless his jaws they make fast,
"This globe will scarcely serve for breakfast."
Thus he went on 'till all the college
Their great surprise and fears acknowledge,
Resolving when the day was bright
Themselves to view this dreadful sight.
With trembling hands the glass they took,
Eager and yet afraid to look,
Each saw the beast, and thought with ease
He'd eat up worlds as they eat cheese.
Now one, more cautious than the rest,
Who harbour'd doubts within his breast,
Suspecting that some error was
Or in their noddles or the glass,
The screws untwists, with sanguine hope,
And first explores the telescope.
'Twas open'd, and his curious eye
The monster found — guess what? a FLY!

XLIV. — SONG ON THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT, 14th February, 1797.

Tune — "Hearts of Oak are our Ships."

Said Neptune one day, when conversing with Mars,
"You boast of your landsmen, I boast of my tars:
"Lo! these ships of proud Spain, see how pompous they ride!
"Now mark how my Britons shall humble their pride.
"My Jervis shall maul them, let Spain no more brag;
"His force is inferior,
"His courage superior,
"And Vict'ry shall perch upon Jervis's flag."

He spoke — and, behold, the two fleets hove in sight,
And Jervis, preparing with coolness to fight,
His tars with true courage first strove to inspire,
Then rush'd on the Spaniards in thunder and fire.
The Britons now maul them, let Spain no more brag;
Our force was inferior,
Our courage superior,
And Victory soar'd over Jervis's flag.

Our sailors struck home and well pointed their guns,
Dread carnage ensu'd, and they pepper'd the dons;
Each man was a hero, a true British tar,
Whose ship is his home, whose amusement is war.
Brave Jervis has maul'd her, let Spain no more brag;
His force was inferior,
His courage superior,
And Victory perch'd upon Jervis's flag.

Mars view'd this engagement; then said, "By the Styx,
"My standard 'mongst Britons for ever I'll fix;
"Like Romans they fight, and their souls are all fire,
"And battles like this even gods must admire.
"These Britons shall conquer, no nation shall brag;
"With forces inferior,
"They've courage superior,
"And Vict'ry shall perch on Britannia's flag."

"In my bosom," says Neptune, "this nation I keep;
"Her sons are my fav'rites, her walls are the deep;
"Their king is my friend, and great GEORGE, under me,
"A trident shall wield — my vicegerent at sea.
"My Britons shall conquer, no nation shall brag;
"With forces inferior,
"They've courage superior,
"And Vict'ry shall rest on Britannia's proud flag."

XLV. — THE RHYME-SMITH'S ANNUAL VERSES.

PRESENTED TO THE PARCHED-PEAS CLUB IN PRESTON, A.D. 1808.

I'M aware you'll expect that myself I excuse
For invoking so late in the season my Muse,
But the truth is, I call'd her and call'd her again,
Yet my first invocations I found were in vain.
She said that in Scotland a job she had got —
A job most congenial — to help Mr. Scott;
Though to him at the first she was shy, yet quite frisky
When he'd given her a bottle of excellent whisky.

She next was invok'd to the Laureate's abode,
Who begg'd her best aid in his annual ode,
But she gave herself airs, was pert, pouting and shy,
And call'd him dunce, blockhead, nay, simple *goose*-pie;
But soon he becalm'd the abuse of the slut
When he brought into view and then open'd his *butt;*
She swill'd down a bottle — the Muse is not slack,
And declar'd it a butt of superlative sack;
Then she vented the lines with much labour and sweat,
Which deserve to the sackbut at least to be set.

Then I begg'd that for me in grand style she'd begin,
But first she demanded a noggin of gin;
She whipp'd off her gin, then deliver'd in verse
The lines which I now shall beg leave to rehearse.

Dear brethren, to what shall I liken our club?
We're pipe-staves well cooper'd and forming a tub;
For whilst in fraternity closely we link
We're qualified duly for holding more drink.
Our rules are the pegs which have fix'd us all fast,
And thus hoop'd and well pegg'd sure our union must last;
But lest we should warp if expos'd to dry weather
Our president moistens and keeps us together.
Should aught in our tub fermentation restrain,
We've a hoard of parch'd peas to renew it again;
We've peas on the board, too, — whenever we meet
They constantly constitute part of our treat:
The peas are serv'd up with this sensible view,
Because finish the *P's* and of course you're in *Q*.

When each takes his place we're a magical ring;
And, as conj'rors, can do any wonderful thing;
We spirits can call up, though closely confin'd,
And at all times are ready for raising the wind;
As the wind we can raise, then, pray where is the wonder
If sometimes we imitate Jupiter's thunder.

But should tempests arise and our vent-peg fly out,
And blasts in full force make a perilous rout,
Their rage we can soften and quell them with ease
By referring their case to the Clerk of the *Peas;*
Like Æolus, he the foul winds can command,
For he holds by commission the reins in his hand,
He summons at will ev'ry boist'rous rover,
Does summary justice, or binds them all over.

Next consider how wisely we make to our club,
The oysters essential — they dwell in a *tub*
Where all are confin'd in their separate shells,
Yet sleep more content than the nuns in their cells;
For something monastic appears amongst oysters,
Since gregarious they live and yet sleep in their cloisters.
And however the oysters are plac'd in the barrel
They never presume with their stations to quarrel;
They still make the best of their present condition,
Though preference is due to the middle position;
For turn down the top, then the highest will fall,
And the lowest will rise to the top of them all.
Not so with the middlemost — their situation
No change can experience or feel degradation;
The middlemost, too, their bland juices bestow
On their poor pining brethren embedded below.

From this let us learn what an oyster can tell us,
And we all shall be better and happier fellows;
Be content with your stations wherever you've got 'em,
Be not proud at the top, nor repine at the bottom;
But happiest they in the middle who live,
And have something to lend, and to spend, and to give.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. John Dawson[1] *to Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Sedbergh, Dec. 10th, 1771.

Dear Sir: I have read over your *Essay on Self-murder* as carefully as possible, and I will assure you without flattery I think it extremely well done. I intended to have made objections to it, but am quite disappointed, and cannot but entirely agree with you in every argument. The arguments drawn from the common feel-

[1] Mr. John Dawson was born in 1734 of respectable parents in Garsdale near Sedbergh, where he had a small estate. He was an almost self-taught mathematician, and relinquished the practice of physic in order that he might devote his time and talents to a branch of learning in which it was said he had no superior in England. From 1770 to the time of his death his wide-spread reputation as a teacher of mathematics was unrivalled, and fully recognized by the University of Cambridge, a large number of the Wranglers, College Tutors, and celebrated men in various parts of the world, having been his pupils. Such, however, was his extreme diffidence, simplicity of manners, and unambitious views, that he realized very little by his great talents, but pecuniary consideration was not his object, as he regarded mathematical instruction as his "chief amusement." He published little, although several valuable papers were written by him on abstruse mathematical subjects, especially those illustrative of difficult parts of Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia*. In early life he engaged in controversy, first with the celebrated William Emerson on the subject of the Newtonian Analysis, or Method of Fluxions, and combated the objections of Leibnitz, Bernouilli, Euler, &c.; afterwards with the learned Dr. Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, respecting the "Sun's distance;" and also with the not less able, though perhaps less known, Charles Wildbore, many years editor of the *Gentleman's Diary*, on the subject of fluids issuing from vessels in motion. It was in 1768 that Dawson published anonymously his "Four Propositions" pointing out a fatal error in Dr. Stewart's astronomical investigation, being the first philosopher who had discovered the dangerous nature of it. Chalmers observes (*voce*

ings of mankind (and to which you have justly given the preference) are certainly of the greatest weight, and must be to every one the most convincing. You have managed this part well, by bringing all the arguments into a small compass, which I think have a much better effect than if they had been diffused through a

Stewart) that Mr. Dawson, who wrote with much modesty and good temper, was a surgeon at Sudbury (Sedbergh) in Yorkshire, and one of the most ingenious mathematicians and philosophers which this country at that time possessed. Dr. James Hutton the metaphysician and natural philosopher, and Mr. Wilson the usher of Sedbergh school, assisted him in preparing his treatise for the press, which was immediately placed in the hands of Mr. Landen, who ably assailed Dr. Stewart's views, but in a spirit very different from Dawson's.

It was said that seven living Bishops and twelve Senior Wranglers had been his pupils at Sedbergh; and afterwards Butler of Sidney, Senior Wrangler at the age of 19, subsequently Master of Harrow and Dean of Peterborough, and the Lord Chief Justice Tindal, gratefully acknowledged their obligations to their old mathematical tutor.

Devoted to study, he beheld the prizes of literary ambition *oculo irretorto*, and resisted many tempting offers both of ease and lucre to quit his native plains, where all the active years of his life had been past, for a dignified retirement amidst academic shades. He had the honour to receive from the heads of the University of Cambridge a valuable present of plate as a mark of their personal respect and high estimation of his talents; but the honorary degree which would have enrolled him amongst the most distinguished of Granta's sons was, unfortunately for the University, not conferred.

Mr. Wilson of Clitheroe was his early, and through life a favourite, pupil, and was indebted to him at least for his scientific attainments. A friendly intercourse was uninterruptedly maintained, and the regard was evidently mutual. Dawson was a well-informed and steadily attached son of the Church of England, and several of his letters to Wilson, which are not here printed, partly on account of their theological and controversial character, are clear, logical and forcible exhibitions of important truths, calculated, and evidently designed, to instruct the inexperienced inquirer and to edify the sincere Christian. He was married and had one daughter. He died at Sedbergh, September 20, 1820, in his 86th year, retaining his faculties unclouded to the close of his useful life, his last pupil being the Rev. Dr. Parkinson, Principal of St. Bees' College and Canon of Manchester.

A good portrait of Mr. Dawson was engraved by Burney from a painting by Mr. Allen, in which was also introduced a portrait of his youthful pupil, Thomas Legh, afterwards of Lyme Park Esq. M.P., at whose expense the portrait was painted, and in whose family it probably still is; his marble bust has also been placed in Sedbergh Church. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxii. part i. p. 39; vol. xc. part ii. p. 569.—Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*

dozen or a score of pages. In the first sentence you have raised an expectation which is never after particularly satisfied. "Self-murder," you say, "though it deserves, in some cases and under particular circumstances, to be ranked amongst the virtues," &c. This I expected to have seen illustrated; would it not be proper to take some notice of it? Page 11. You say: "As to the injury which a man hereby does to himself, it is compounded of the affront to the Almighty, the injury done to society," &c. I would ask, What business has he with society after he is removed out of it? or how can the loss of him here affect him hereafter? To this you will answer: If an injury done to society be an offence against heaven, ought he not to suffer for it? This, I know, is right; but I think it wants a few words to make it appear in that light. Page 22. You say: "For repentance can no more wipe out those sins," &c. I cannot say that I am well pleased with this simile, or the consequence drawn from it, viz., "So that there is no necessary connection," &c. Our good works are of no service to the Almighty; paying our debts is to our creditors. If misery be the necessary consequence of sin or a bad disposition, or if these two be inseparably connected, must it not be allowed that where one is not the other too must be absent. Now where there is sincere repentance and amendment, can there be a bad disposition? But what I would lay the greatest stress upon is the common feeling, belief, or principle, which I believe is common to all mankind, that repentance and amendment will in some measure appease an offended Deity. If such a feeling as this be implanted in our nature, it certainly was not intended to mislead us. In not paying our debts, the whole offence lies in withholding from another what is his due; in sinning against God, the badness of our dispotion enters into the account, perhaps forms a principal part of the crime. I have not said this with an intention to prove that the simile is altogether wrong, only to recommend it to your consideration whether a different manner of expressing this argument would not be more proper than as it stands at present. After this there is nothing that I could wish to have altered, except two or

three of the last lines, where the assertion appears to me too bold, though there is much reason to fear it is too true. . . . . .

I shall be certainly obliged to you to see Beattie['s book] when you have done with it, for I have heard a great character of it. You will be surprised I have not returned your *Essay* sooner, but I did not receive it before the 1st December, and was so extremely busy for some time after that I could not read it over so carefully as I could have wished. . . . . .

I have a dispute in hand at present with Mr. Hutton of Newcastle and Mr. Wildbore, in the mathematical way, but I have not time to tell you more. My wife and Poll beg their compliments. I am sincerely yours, JOHN DAWSON.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson,
at Cockerham,
Near Lancaster.

Mr. John Dawson to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Sedbergh, January 31st, 1772.

Dear Sir: I received your favour of the 7th inst. Your sentiments concerning Beattie's book undoubtedly are very just; he certainly is an excellent writer, and, I think, has set Hume and all the same class of writers in a just light, where they must appear to every honest enquirer after truth in their proper colours, and consequently become despicable. The objection which I made to your *Essay* concerning the doctrine of repentance as being of no avail towards the remission of sins, &c., seems still to me to be doubtful. The doubt I think rests here, whether the feelings that flatter us upon this occasion be natural or acquired. This, I think, is the light in which it appears to you. If they be natural, we certainly, in some measure, may depend upon their efficacy, for the Deity would never give us feelings to mislead us; this is beyond a doubt. I would ask whether, with regard to our fellow-creatures, we have not these feelings, and whether upon many occasions they are not of great service in regulating our conduct towards them? Again, whether, if the conduct which these feelings dictate, should have

no effect upon the person injured, we should not look upon him as of an unamiable temper, and a contracted, selfish turn of mind? You will easily see in what manner I should apply these observations to prove the objection before made, but as you justly observe, this doctrine, if true, takes away considerably from the evidence of Christianity, which certainly is a very strong argument against it. The dispute we have had concerning the divinity of Christ is now at an end. The explanation you have given of the word *person* has cleared up the difficulty, and I can perfectly acquiesce in the doctrines of our Church upon this subject. It makes the whole so clear and satisfactory that I cannot but be surprised that it should not be commonly known, and have prevented a deal of idle and foolish wrangling upon this subject. We have had Metcalfe's proposals for publishing his System of Botany, at Sedbergh, and I am informed that it is yet uncertain whether it is printed or not, as this depends upon getting a proper number of subscribers. From this I conceive some hopes of keeping my twelve shillings in my pocket. I believe they have got only either three or four in this parish. . . . . I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and obedient servant, JOHN DAWSON.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson,
at Cockerham,
Near Lancaster.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. John Dawson.

[February 8th, 1774.]

Dear Sir: I dined the other day with Mr. Weddell,[1] and looked for the volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in which is the debate concerning the moral sense; but was not fortunate enough to meet with it. His books, in consequence of the repairs of his house, have been deranged and misplaced and the succession of the volumes broken, which caused the disappointment. I have not had time to think steadily upon the subject, but shall give you my sentiments as they occur without study.

[1] Of Waddow Hall, near Clitheroe.

The conduct of the Deity in the moral, will not be found less wise than in the natural, constitution of man. In the latter we observe a provision of causes, which operate in all the necessary and most important functions of life, without the concurrence of volition or the direction of human reason. This is the case in the systole and diastole of the heart, the peristaltic motion of the intestines and the circulation of the blood and juices; whilst the less important functions are subjected to the influence of the will. Thus all those principles which are to regulate our conduct as moral agents, we have reason to suppose, are uniform and steady, and derived from the suggestions of our constitution, without requiring the tedious deductions of the rational faculty; while the less momentous actions of our lives may have a strong dependence upon custom and fashion, or derive their origin from the association of ideas.

We have also a right to suppose that the Deity would make equal provision for the happiness of man as a moral agent, as is observed to be made for his preservation as an animal. That man may continue a living being, he has, we observe, the ministry of his external senses to discover what is beneficial to his health, and pleasure is annexed to the perception of whatever contributes to this end. And shall man be left more deficient in what relates to his moral state? May we not from analogy conclude that he is provided with certain innate principles and internal sense which lead him to the discovery of whatever concerns him as a moral agent, and which is constantly followed by inward satisfaction?

But not to rest the argument upon analogy. We actually find ourselves impelled with an instinctive violence to the performance of acts of justice, mercy and gratitude, whenever the occasions occur. Whenever we see a wretch suffering oppression and wrong do not our hearts burn within us to rescue and vindicate the cause of the sufferer? When we see an object in distress does not the heart, by a natural motion, dictate to the hand to offer him relief? Whenever we have received an obligation from another is it not conscious of its effusions, and does it not pant to requite the

favour? Whatever we perceive to be conducive to the good [of] society or beneficial to an individual, that we are impelled by an innate instinct to perform, and to secure the performance of such acts in a still more effectual manner, a degree of pleasure is annexed to the deed. Now this pleasure does not arise from any abstract reasoning upon the consequences of our actions, but springs as instantaneously and naturally from it as that which attends the smell of a rose or the taste of a pine-apple. Man seems to act in the common course of life from instinctive perceptions of what is right, with a sort of extempore conduct, and reason is seldom called upon but in emergencies. The province of reason in moral matters through the general concerns of life, seems chiefly to consist in showing us of two different modes of acting which will be productive of the greater good, or what conduct in complex cases will be right and fit. But when this is found, the mind with instinctive energy requires the performance. Thus the eye in general can distinguish objects with sufficient accuracy, but on particular occasions it may require the assistance of a microscope.

So strong is this innate bias in young minds towards acts of generosity, benevolence and gratitude, that they oftentimes run to excess, and require the interference of reason and prudence to keep them within bounds. Some instances may be produced, perhaps, of a contrary tendency, but those are rare, and may be justly considered as monsters, or put upon a similar footing with those wherein any of the external senses are perverted. Thus some palates are pleased with tastes which to the generality are disagreeable, and some distempered eyes see all things yellow.

Such is our innate love of truth, justice and mercy, that we speak truly, act honestly, and do benevolent actions a thousand times oftener than the contrary. Different modes of education may have a considerable influence in strengthening or weakening these moral tendencies, as different habits of exercising the outward senses may make a change in the organs. Thus tanners and tallow chandlers are brought at last to like the disagreeble smells which attend their occupations. But even those who, from the

prevalence of passion or bad habits pursue vicious practices, feel the truth of the poet's assertion : —

——————— video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.

See St. Paul to the Romans. Such, too, is the power of this moral tendency that the poet's observation is strictly true, *Nemo repente turpissimus fuit.* We must not expunge a general rule because there are a few exceptions. We must not deny that man is held to the ground by the power of gravity merely because we sometimes see him bound from the earth in apparent opposition to it.

Philosophers have confessed themselves at a loss to account for the pleasure we feel from relieving an object in distress; but on the supposition of an instinctive principle or moral sense, the solution is easy, — we find it is the work of God, and a part of our constitution, as much as the pleasure we receive from the most grateful odours.

On the supposition of a moral sense we may also see the reason why some philosophers have laid down self-love as the spring of our moral actions, and subscribe to the truth of the position. For this moral sense or moral instinct is an appetite for doing just and generous actions, and the indulgence of this, like the indulgence of every natural appetite, procures us satisfaction, and for the sake of this satisfaction the action it prompts us to is performed. This shows the wisdom of the Deity in a noble point of view, who has made a regard to the interests of society necessary to our own happiness, and blended them so intimately together that self-love and social are the same. To explain myself further. It gives me pain to see a fellow-creature in distress; the pain I feel can only be removed by yielding him relief; and thus by relieving him I relieve myself, and procure a peculiar pleasure also, which the wise Creator has annexed to the deed, with the kind intention of making due provision for the existence and continuance of social intercourse, and connecting man to man by the forcible ties of self-love.

So powerful is the moral sense that it does not only bring us

pleasure from actions of benevolence which we have ourselves performed, but likewise from those of other men. To hear of a generous deed performed by a stranger gives us great delight; nay even the fabulous representations of kind and benevolent actions on the stage have a strong influence on the mind, and are grateful to the moral sense.

It may perhaps be said that to support the doctrine of a moral sense is to revive the exploded notion of innate ideas, because innate practical principles imply innate propositions, and innate propositions, being made up of ideas, will imply innate ideas. To this I reply, that there may, without innate ideas, be in the mind a natural bias, a predisposition or aptitude to receive pleasure from actions of this or that tendency. In the same manner we are constituted so as to receive pleasure from the smell of a fragrant flower; and that moral propensities are not more unaccountable than natural instincts. I might further add that many of the ancient philosophers held a similar doctrine, and distinguished the moral sense by the terms *principia naturæ, leges naturæ,* προληψεις, κοιναι, or φυσικαι εννοιαι, νομος φυσικος. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of Crassippus, says, χριτηρια φησιν ειναι αιθησιν και προληψιν. In Cicero also we have this observation, *Nec solum jus et injuria a naturâ dijudicatur, sed omnino omnia honesta et turpia. Nam communis intelligentia nobis notas res efficit, easque in animis nostris inchoavit, ut honesta in virtute ponantur, in vitiis turpia.* The common language of mankind also, when applied to moral subjects, frequently presupposes a moral sense. So true is the observation that virtue is its own reward.

The Heathens, who had very obscure notions of a future state, gloried in and loudly applauded every act of disinterested generosity.

In what has been said I would not be understood to deny the power of habit and early cultivation, nor would I be supposed to controvert the principles which other philosophers have laid down as the foundation of morality. My intention was to prove the existence of a moral sense and moral propensities, and to show

that they are the chief pillar on which virtue is supported. A regard to our own interest personally and the deductions of reason point to the same conduct, and theology adds its sanction in favour of virtue. The moral sense is the grand column, but it receives additional strength and firmness from early habits, from the suggestions of reason, and from the fear of God. None of the four should be considered as the sole foundation of morality, but if they are joined together as mutually assisting each other in producing virtuous conduct, we shall undoubtedly be nearer the truth than if we adopted any other opinion, and this fourfold cord will not be easily broken.

When reason has proved the propriety of this or that conduct, the mind would rest in torpid speculation if not urged forward to do what is proper by another power, which is the moral instinctive propensity; and I verily believe a society of atheists, if such can exist, would generally, from the force of natural bias, act like other men in obedience to their moral feelings, because they could not be contravened but to their own loss in point of happiness; for such is our constitution that if a man would act from motives of self-interest, and with a view to his personal happiness, independently of all expectations of future rewards, he must act consonantly with his moral instincts. I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend,

THOMAS WILSON.

Mr. Dawson, Surgeon,
At Sedbergh, near Kendal,
Westmoreland.

Mr. John Dawson to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Sedbergh, May 10th, 1774.

Dear Sir: I take the opportunity of sending this, along with the books, to let you know that I received your letter, and that now I think I understand you perfectly, and that to me it appears that according to the light in which you view the subject, your arguments are unanswerable, and your manner of managing them

extremely ingenious. Yet I cannot but think that to denominate a man selfish from the exercise of his social affections must be an abuse of terms. At this rate the Deity may be called a selfish being, for, is not benevolence His principle of action with respect to us, and with the exercise of it He is well pleased, else He would alter His conduct towards us; consequently in this view He must be selfish. To illustrate my meaning let us take such a supposition as the following: — Suppose a man of good common sense, but who knows nothing of metaphysics, has an intimate friend in distress, and to relieve him he risks his life, health or fortune: upon this account he is told that he has acted a very selfish part. How will he be surprised! will he not begin to question the intellects of the person who tells him so? for he will answer: Had I, afraid of bringing an injury upon myself, let my friend perish without attempting to save him, what you say had been very just; but my conduct being quite the contrary, my motives could not be the same. Such an accusation will appear as much a paradox or contradiction to him as if he had been told that there was no merit in the above action because he was not a free agent. However, it must be allowed that the pleasure which we feel in the exercise of any of the social affections, or the pain which by that means we avoid, is the sole reason that we ever exercise them at all. Nor can we conceive it to be otherwise among free agents. All that I contend for then is, that man should not be called a selfish being from the pleasure he feels in the exercise of those affections that relate to society. I will take a little more time with your letter, for as yet I have read it but very slightly. Your old landlord, Thomas Holmes, is dead. Will you come to Sedbergh this summer? I should recommend it for your health; but in this I must acknowledge I am selfish. I think I have often told you what would be the consequence of your sedentary life and close reading; I am glad you are sensible of it — I hope, in time to prevent any disagreeable consequences. Mr. Berry's compliments, and he desires me to tell you that he has got Dr. Priestley's

Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion, which are much at your service whenever you please. I am yours sincerely,

JOHN DAWSON.

My wife and daughter beg their compliments.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson,
At Slaidburn,
Near Settle.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Dawson.

Slaidburne, October 19th, 1774.

Dear Sir: . . . . . I received your last duly, and am much obliged to you for your kind enquiry after my health. I have the pleasure to inform you that I have been well all this summer, and that I have no feelings at present that seem to prognosticate any winter complaint. I have remitted much in my application to books, and have recourse to them rather as recreation than as business. I am convinced that an avaricious grasping after knowledge generally terminates in disappointment, and is always attended with anxiety. As overstraining the muscles of the body, or a long continued exertion of their powers, brings on tremors, and irrecoverably destroys their tone; so the mind, by a long, painful, and intense brooding over any kind of study, acquires a weakness that can scarce ever be remedied, and a vibratory unsteadiness that can never be settled. Besides, by secluding oneself from society a man soon grows unsociable, and when all our knowledge and all the materials of our knowledge are gleaned from reading and solitary meditation, the mind loses its elasticity by which it should throw them off in company; so that, though we be in possession, the possession is useless. A man very frequently, whose mind can play with vast agility in solitude, finds all his ideas disobedient to the summons when called upon before company; so that he whose head has received its furniture from the library, though he lives in the midst of plenty, yet such plenty it is as that of Tantalus; the materials of conversation lie every where in vast profusion round you, but stoop for enjoyment,

and behold they elude the grasp. So much for the effects of study, which, though I am sensible it is a bad companion, I find it difficult totally to discard it. It is easier to preach by far than to practise.

Be pleased to make my compliments to Mr. Berry,[1] and let him know that the books came safe to hand. I have read Priestley's *Institutes*, and think them fitted sufficiently for the purpose for which he professes that he intends them, viz., the instruction of youth. The scattered proofs of the truths of Christianity are drawn into one point, and like every thing else which undergoes the operation of his mind, assumes the appearance of method.

I have just perused Goldsmith's *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, which is a pleasing book, and contains a number of facts astonishingly curious. I am equally struck with the industry and ingenuity of Dr. Priestley in reading the extract that the reviewers give of his last publication, *On the Properties of Air;* what a wide field he has opened, and what a large tract of it has his hand cultivated! . . . . . .

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

THOMAS WILSON.

To Mr. Dawson,
Surgeon, in Sedbergh,
Yorkshire.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. John Dawson.

Clitheroe, December 21, 1779.

Dear Sir: Without professing my own sentiments upon the subject (which indeed fluctuate betwixt metaphysics and common sense), I have thrown the arguments in favour of the necessity of human actions into the form of demonstration.

Prop. — Man is *necessarily* determined in all his *volitions*, and consequently in all his *actions*.

Demonstration.

1. All nature, so far as our acquaintance with nature extends,

[1] Mr. Richard Berry, an Usher at Sedbergh School, and afterwards Curate of Prestwich and Incumbent of Royton in the parish of Prestwich-cum-Oldham.

obeys eternal and immutable laws; it is therefore probable that human nature is not exempt from a similar control.

2. Volition in the human mind seems to be exactly analogous to motion in matter; for volition cannot be produced without motives, nor motion without impulse. Mind, from acquired habits, constitutional propensities and biases received from education, — and matter, from certain circumstances, previous modifications and particular situations,— will require greater or less degrees of force to give them the motions required; but the same force under the same circumstances will always have the same effect. Now, as the situation we are at any time placed in, and that disposition of mind which inclines us to view objects in this or that light are determined by other previous circumstances not dependent upon ourselves nor under our control, does it not follow that our actions cannot be free?

3. Man, as a created being, cannot be free — a created being must, from the terms, be entirely dependent upon the Creator, and in every instance act agreeably to the laws established; but the laws established require that in every given circumstance a certain consequence shall take place, and no other. If this was not the case the creature would, in every action performed from caprice and uninfluenced by the nature of things, be dependent upon himself only, and an independent being as to the Creator. But all things operate upon and affect each other according to their specific natures; and the nature of things is the establishment of the Deity; consequently, so are the effects which proceed from their mutual relations. Nothing therefore can be free.

4. A choice of indifference, which is a term philosophers have invented to get rid of the difficulty, appears to me as unintelligible as an effect without a cause. If the will is determined, it is determined by something, and that something, though ever so trifling when considered in itself, has weight enough to turn the scale. To say the will is determined by nothing is to say it is not determined. To say it is determined by chance is conjuring up a

nonentity; yet betwixt necessity and chance there is no medium. The consequence therefore is, my will is determined by my judgment, good or bad; but my judgment, good or bad, is necessary: so must my will be, and consequently my actions.

5. We are formed with a never-failing desire of happiness, and can choose nothing but what appears in present circumstances, under the present state of our minds and according to our present view of things, the most conducive to this end. But this desire of happiness is implanted by the hand of God; and our present circumstances, the present state of our minds, and consequently our present view of things, are the effects of necessary causes, and therefore so must our choice be which depends upon them.

6. The Deity, it will be allowed, formed the world. By the world we are to understand the whole system of things, material and immaterial, and the whole round of events, past, present and to come; for if He merely made the frame, as it were, and left the furniture to be supplied by chance, we are again immersed in absurdity. He therefore made the frame and constituted the nature of things, and from this constitution was the world furnished with events in the order, series, and seasons required. Consequently the Deity, either mediately or immediately, is the cause of all events. Man therefore is not free.

7. If we believe a Providence, either general or particular, we are carried to the same conclusion. For a general Providence must extend to all particulars, since the whole could not be provided for unless all the parts were taken care of, because generals consist of particulars. If we admit a particular Providence, we admit the very thing in dispute. Indeed, it is not to be conceived that the Deity, in the formation of the world, should not establish the course of things both in the natural and moral world, which has proceeded, which now proceeds, and shall for ever proceed, in a continued series or chain. He knew the positions and motions He gave to matter and the stations He assigned to the Spirits He had created. He knew also what changes and productions they

would generate by their mutual action one upon another. And if He knew what would result from His work, we cannot doubt that He framed it with an intention that it should have that result.

8. The Divine prescience and omniscience furnish an irrefragable argument in support of the doctrine of necessity; for, if the Deity infallibly foresees all events that will be brought about, and every action that shall be done in the course of the world, no action, no event with respect to Him can be contingent; but everything in His eye will be fixed as fate. If nothing be contingent with respect to Him, there can be no such thing as absolute and real contingency at all. Our meaning then, when we say a thing is contingent, in its true philosophical sense, must be this: that we ourselves cannot tell whether it will fall out thus or thus. The Deity, we apprehend, has full prescience of all future events, because He cannot but have an intimate and unerring acquaintance with the nature of things — their relations to and influences upon each other; for the nature of things is such as He established, and so are the events consequent thereupon. The Deity therefore must be omniscient, and, being omniscient, nothing can be contingent. Therefore man cannot be free.

Having seen that all nature is subject to fixed and immutable laws; having proved that the human mind is influenced by external motives over which it has no control, and internal propensities, &c., which are no less independent upon it; having shown that no created being can act freely; having shown that the pretences made to a choice of indifference are destitute of foundation; having made it appear that human actions proceed from a desire of happiness, which, with all its modifications, must be ascribed to a foreign cause; having observed that the world, with all its events, is the work of God; having found that Providence takes care not only of things in general, but of things in particular; and having demonstrated, from the Divine prescience, that no events can be contingent, I think myself justified in drawing this conclusion: that man is necessarily determined in all his volitions, and consequently in all his actions. Q. E. D.

Scholia.

If to the doctrine supported above, it be objected that a full conviction on the subject would take away all motives of action — for why should we act where the event is infallibly determined? — I answer that the actions which are to produce the event are no less determined than the event itself; and conviction, where conviction could have the effect supposed above, is carefully prevented.

If it be said that no such analogy subsists between matter and mind, as is taken for granted above, and that the conclusion thence deduced is destitute of real foundation, I reply that, though matter and mind are essentially different one from the other, yet the motions of the one and the volitions of the other are perfectly analogous in that respect which the argument requires, viz., that both are effects and have the same relation to their respective causes.

If it be said that, according to the arguments made use of to prove man under the power of necessity, the Deity Himself cannot be free; I answer, that the Deity is determined by motives arising from the reason and nature of things, which nature of things was established by Himself; the determination of His will, therefore, depends ultimately upon Himself in all cases, and surely to be in all cases self-determined is to be perfectly free.

If it is said that the Deity is still under the power of necessity, and if I be asked who imposed that necessity upon Him? I answer, necessity never was imposed, but is co-eternal with the Deity. We find that wisdom, power, &c., in created beings is derived from some superior; but would it not be absurd to ask whence the Deity derived His wisdom, power, &c.? There is just as much propriety in asking the cause of the attributes of the Deity, as in asking who imposed the necessity He is under of acting consistently with these attributes.

If, in answer to the argument drawn from the Divine prescience, it be presumed that prescience in God may be different from human foreknowledge, and consequently may not affect the contin-

gency of events; I reply, that knowledge both in God and man must be the same in kind, and can only differ in degree: therefore an event in the divine prescience must take away its contingency. If God only foresees things as liable to happen thus or thus, without foreseeing that they will absolutely fall out in this particular manner, His prescience must be imperfect; because He will be wiser after the event than he was before; but perfection of wisdom (which we suppose to be essentially inherent in God) can admit of no addition.

As to the objection that a full conviction of this doctrine will be a misfortune to superior beings, should their minds be fully possessed of it, I shall make no further reply to it than by saying that minds fully possessed of this doctrine may, in my opinion, be capable of great measures of happiness; and that motives and propensities to action may be given to them of such force and strength as to drown this conviction, and urge them to act in such a manner as shall answer the ends and designs of Providence. This may be the case, particularly if considerable degrees of happiness are to be obtained by acting.

For a conclusion of this letter I would add the concluding paragraphs of my last upon this subject concerning the morality of human actions, but am so tired with the subject that I must beg leave to refer you thither.

Yours sincerely, Thomas Wilson.

Compliments to Mrs. Dawson.

P.S. I thought to have sent your letters by Barton, but when I came to look them out for that purpose, I determined to say something in reply. I still admire your management of the matter, and seriously advise you to hand it to Price and Priestley. Barton will transcribe them for you, and if you please this might go before, and your arguments be so arranged as to answer mine more directly. This has cost me a very painful afternoon; I cannot write freely on the subject.

Mr. Dawson,
Surgeon, Sedbergh.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. John Dawson.

[No. date. — Qu. 1775 or 6.]

Dear Sir: I expected ere this to have had an answer to my last farrago, but have not been so happy. I fancy you are exceeding busy, and that you have such a rich harvest of disorders ready to cut down, that the healthy are excluded by the sick from all consideration. I write now to inform you that I have not yet got a sight either of Hartley or Priestley, except what I see of the latter in the "London Review," and from the large extracts there I draw conclusions not much to the credit of the author's temper, candour, or knowledge of his subject. Cockin tells me you are so engaged you have not yet perused him; but I dare say when you examine him in his metaphysical capacity the high opinion you have formed of him from his other works will be a little lowered. He appears indeed to me to have given very little attention to his subject; but seems to write for the sake of multiplying books, and depends upon the success of his other performances as sufficient security for the praise of this. He imagines himself possessed of such a stock of reputation as can never be exhausted; like a young spendthrift just come to a large fortune, he fancies it can never be spent — or like a merchant who has enriched himself by dealing in one commodity, he ventures deep now in articles with which he is not sufficiently acquainted, I wish he may not become at last a bankrupt or very much contract the circle of his credit. He fancies he has conquered the natural world, and sighs now for the conquest of the intellectual; but a different kind of genius will be necessary to constitute a conqueror in this department. The man who has always bent a keen eye on external objects to observe the relations, &c., that subsist amongst them, will find himself much cramped in his facility of directing his observation to the internal operations of his own mind — as the longest sight sees the nearest objects ill defined. I have meditated a short answer to Priestley, where I shall proceed upon very simple grounds. This you shall see when I have arranged my matter — which cannot be till I have carefully perused the book itself. I think he may easily be

reduced *ad absurdum*. Either Beattie, I am convinced, must be nearly right, or truth and falsehood, right and wrong, have been indiscriminately blended without the possibility of a separation, which will arraign the goodness of the Deity, tend to downright atheism, or introduce all the horrors of scepticism. But perhaps upon the whole mankind may be treated in the article of truth as they are in that of happiness, where strong desires are planted, but desires without an object. Happiness is sought by all, but found by none; and moral truth, which we have all an innate desire of discerning, like Proteus, changes shapes in different ages and in different nations, and eludes the grasp, leaving us convinced of this truth alone — that truth cannot be found. To carry the matter a little further, as we call ourselves happy when not sensibly miserable, so we fancy ourselves right when not palpably wrong.....

Yours sincerely,

Mr. Dawson, THOS. WILSON.
Surgeon, Sedbergh.

Rev. John Cranke to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Trin. Coll. Cam. Feb. 2nd, 1783.

Dear Sir: Stepping into my bookseller's a while ago, I saw a smart little man, octavo size, in company with the great folio Dr. Johnson. I thought I knew something of his face, and upon closer examination I was very agreeably surprised to find him my good friend and old school-fellow T. Wilson. I immediately conducted him to my rooms, very cordially (as heretofore) taking him under my arm. We have been very happy together in talking about affairs of old time. He has brought to my recollection many pleasing and useful subjects which we had studied together at school, but which I had almost lost in the hurry and bustle of resort. I introduced him to some of my friends, who are much pleased with him and think him a very sensible, learned, and ingenious man. Dr. Watson the great Bishop of Llandaff has invited him to his house, and speaks much in his commendation.

In short the little man is so much liked in the University that we shall certainly give him a degree when he is of higher standing, i.e. so as to be visible from the rost*ra* in the schools. As I think you know something of the man, I dare say you will be glad to hear of his kind reception here. But we will talk more about him when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I am fully determined shall be in the course of the summer, though I am a little afraid of being soused in the "Trough of Bolan" [Bowland].

I am dear Sir,
Your most sincere friend,
JOHN CRANKE.[1]

P.S. I have lost my fellow-tutor Mr. Therond,[2] and am now plen. po. I have heard nothing about the young gentleman you once mentioned as likely to come to this college.

The Rev. Thos. Wilson,
Clitheroe, Lancashire.
By Caxton.

Rev. John Cranke to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Trin. Coll. Cam. April 29, 1783.

Dear Sir: Your letter found me in the midst of my L. Day accounts, confused and perplexed, so that I mislaid it, or you would have had an answer sooner. I am much obliged to you for the *copy* of Dr. J[ohnson]n's letter, but more so for your own,

[1] John Cranke, son of Mr. James Cranke the portrait painter (he ob. October 1780, æt. 73), was born at Urswick near Ulverstone, educated at Sedbergh, and afterwards a Fellow, Tutor, and Bursar of Trinity College Cambridge, B.A. 1771, M.A. 1774, B.D. 1792. He was presented by his College in 1798 to the well endowed and pleasant Vicarage of Gainford on the Tees, near Darlington. He was a bachelor, a very facetious but sometimes an indecorous correspondent, and complained of having lived so long in college that he was a bad parish priest. His nephew was sent by him to Mr. Wilson's school.

[2] Henry Therond, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A. 1757, M.A. 1760, Proctor (1776) and Taxor (1777) of the University. He was Vicar of Chesterton near Cambridge, and died of consumption at Mr. Brooksbank's, at Enfield, November 1, 1782, unmarried.

which is indeed an *original.* Did Mr. Hutton live nearer you, I should suspect you and he had laid your heads together.

The Bishop of Llandaff resides most in London, and has not been here [of] some time. Though he had been here, I should not have thought it proper to have waited on him with your request, as he might perhaps have considered it as a *puff* in which he would not be concerned; particularly at this time, when an epigram has just come out which is said to hurt the Doctor. Next to his door hung an old sign of Bishop Blaze, which was taken down and a common sign put up soon after Dr. W.[atson] was made Bishop of Llandaff.[1] On which a wit of our Coll. wrote the following

EPIGRAM.

"Two of a trade can ne'er agree,"
No proverb e'er was juster:
Poor *Bishop Blaze* knock'd down we see
To set up *Bishop Bluster.*

You may communicate this to Starkie, as it will make him laugh; but pray don't let it *get wind* and be *blazed* abroad, for it is too severe, and Dr. W's. character is such as ought not to be sported with.

I don't doubt of your book's selling well from its real use. I only wish you had kept to yourself your private thoughts on

[1] He was consecrated 20th October 1782, and ob. 4th July 1816. The following lines, occasioned by his "Apology for the Bible," which demolished the superficial reasonings and sophistries of Paine, may be added as a foil to this Epigram:

"The bold Goliath of a lawless band
Stalk'd, with insulting triumph, thro' the land;
And, as across the path of Truth he trod,
'Defi'd the armies of the Living God!'
LLANDAFF came forth, and, cloth'd in raiment white,
Upheld the mirror of eternal light,
The bond and seal of man's redemption show'd,
Whilst firm belief in every bosom glow'd.
The vile Blasphemer, struck with sudden fear,
Dropp'd from his trembling hand the faithless spear."

several subjects. Remember me to Starkie, and believe me ever

Your sincere friend,
JOHN CRANKE.

Rev. Dr. Patten to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Warrington, Tuesday, Aug. 5, 1783.

Dear Sir: I have to thank you for your favour inclosing my friend Johnson's letter (on whose kind reception of your address I congratulate you) and for the acceptable present of your book. I think it may do good service to the dealers in classic ware; but I observe with concern that it contains an article, carefully pointed out to the public by the libertine reviewers, which I fear will very mischievously operate upon untaught and unsettled minds.

I have heard your account of the Evil Spirit (who is so frequently and so graphically pointed out in the Holy Scriptures) spoken of by many judicious persons, and by none of them without expressions of horror.

The real existence of God himself is not, I think, more strongly and decisively marked in the holy Bible than that of "the *old serpent* who is called *the Devil* and *Satan,* who deceiveth the whole world," as St. John describes him. And I hope you will pardon me if I say I cannot acquit you of the charge of having advanced great and dangerous errors in detailing this new doctrine of yours.

1. You place the existence of the *Devil* in the same rank with that of *ghosts* and *fairies*; degrading the declarations of the word of God to the level of the idle and extravagant figments of vulgar tradition! But you urge,

2. That "though the doctrine of Devilism is frequently alluded to in the Scriptures," it is "in conformity, perhaps, to vulgar prejudices."

Now supposing a vulgar prejudice to have subsisted in favour of this doctrine, it is, yet, a very important article in the divine history of the fall and restoration of mankind. And is it suitable to

the reverence we owe to the divine authority of that history to suppose it would, in *such* an article, have asserted a falsehood "in conformity to vulgar prejudices"?

But, in truth, this doctrine has nothing to do with any vulgar prejudice. The facts relating to the Devil which the Scripture asserts and alludes to, are altogether *scriptural*; and neither the learned nor the vulgar had ever any conception of that Evil Spirit, such as he is there represented, but from the sacred volume. For,

What philosophy, what vulgar tradition, did ever apprise the world even of the *name* of the *Devil* or *Satan* or *the old serpent*, or ever teach that an Evil Spirit, "now working," according to St. Paul, "in the children of disobedience," did seduce the mother of mankind to violate the divine command; or represent the Devil as the *adversary* and the *tempter* [ο Πειραζων] of the whole human race, and assiduously labouring to betray men into evil? These notices flow only from the sacred fountain, nor had *vulgar prejudices* ever suggested a single iota concerning them.

3. You charge the Scripture with asserting a multiplicity of devils, and tell us "a whole legion (6000) is said to have inhabited the body of one man." But the Scripture exhibits throughout only *one being* of that denomination. We frequently, indeed, read there of Δαιμονες, but nowhere of Διαβολοι. Whether he possesses "the knowledge of future events," is a disputed point. It is nowhere asserted in Scripture; and the accounts of oracular responses, in the days of heathenism, attributed to him, are so imperfect and unauthenticated, that one may fairly ascribe those that history records to the "cunning craftiness of men," rather than to the interference of the Evil Spirit.

4. You insinuate that no more is signified *in general acceptation* by the word *Devil*, than "that *propensity to ill* observable in the human mind." You would, I flatter myself, have suppressed this strange assertion if you had considered how few serious and understanding Christians have adopted, or are likely to adopt, your new doctrine. I hear, for my own part, of only one writer who has

positively denied the existence of this Evil Spirit, and *I can assure you* that his arguments in support of his opinions are "most lame and impotent." And perhaps you would not only have suppressed but abandoned your insinuation if the following particulars, or any of them, had occurred to you.

(1.) St. John assigns to the Devil *the same reality of being* as to God, when he says (ch. iii. 10. 1st Ep.) "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the Devil;" viz. that he that is "of God" or "born of God" (for both expressions are used there) "doth not commit sin, but he that committeth sin is of the Devil."

(2.) Our blessed Lord also appears to attribute to him the same real existence when he asserts (John viii.) that he is a liar and the father of falsehood — a murderer *from the beginning* — evidently alluding to his having murdered, or brought death upon, the human race by his lying to Eve when "*in the beginning* God created the heaven and the earth — and made man in his own image."

(3.) The same divine authority hath intimated to us that an "everlasting fire is prepared for the Devil and his angels." With what consonance to the oriental, or to any rational mode of expression, with what glimpse of sense can you here substitute *propensity to ill* in the place of the Devil and his angels?

(4.) The sacred history circumstantially relates that Jesus was led by the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil, and that he accordingly did try him with various temptations. Was, then, this *tempter* (as he is styled in this history) a *real being*? or was Jesus — the holy, sinless Son of God, God himself residing in a human body — was He tempted by his *propensity to ill*? I hope you will not say it. And yet you must either say so, or your doctrine is, by this Scripture, entirely overthrown.

(5.) You rightly observe that the word *Devil* has been, like occult qualities, found of great use in the solution of various difficulties; often, I grant, falsely and preposterously; but these misconceptions of the Devil do not, as you insinuate, prove his non-existence, any more than the falsely ascribing human calamities to divine vengeance proves the non-existence of God.

But if we are at liberty to resolve *some* of the plain declarations of Scripture into mere allegory, why may not the same liberty be taken with *them all*? If you may annihilate *the Devil*, so often spoken of there as a real being, and assert that *nothing more is signified by that word than that propensity to ill observable in the human mind*, I see not why an atheist may not be allowed to say there is no God, upon the same principle, and tell us that *nothing more is signified by that word than that propensity to promote animal and rational enjoyment observable in nature.*

(6.) You tell us "the doctrine of Devilism appears to have been borrowed from the Persian theology, and to have been conjured up by philosophers, at a nonplus to account for the origin of evil."

The Persian theology contained not a syllable concerning the *Devil*. It taught, indeed, the existence of an evil principle, restless in its endeavour to thwart and counteract the good principle. It was evidently borrowed from the more ancient theology of the Bible. By that we are expressly taught that sinfulness or moral evil entered into the human nature and constitution by the envious and successful influence of that evil spirit, the "old serpent," who is called the Devil and Satan, who, in St. Paul's expression, "deceived Eve," and, according to St. John's, "deceiveth the whole world." We are farther taught that Jesus Christ was manifested that He might remove, do away, this moral evil, "the work of the Devil," and bring men "from the power of Satan unto God, for the abolition of sin, and an introduction to a heavenly inheritance" (Acts xxvi.), by ruining, overthrowing, "him who hath the power of death, that is, the Devil."

The *doctrine*, therefore, *of Devilism* was not "conjured up by philosophers," but communicated to mankind by the Spirit of God, to apprize us of the existence of a malevolent spirit, the true and only cause or origin of moral evil, and to caution us against his "wiles," and "devices," and "snares," and "fiery darts;" that is, his restless attempts, in spiritual suggestions, to overthrow our happiness by tempting us, as he tempted our first parents, to revolt from the authority of God.

If you ask me how this Evil Spirit can tempt or incite men to sin, I must ask you, in my turn, how the Spirit of God can incite them to virtuous thoughts and deeds? We know nothing of the nature and agency of spirits but from divine information; but from that we learn that the Evil Spirit called the Devil can and does influence the minds of men, as the Spirit of God influences them. Satan, we are expressly told, entered into Judas; and St. John asserts in effect, that he who knoweth God *hath* the Spirit of truth, and that he who is not of God *hath* the Spirit of error. Greater, saith our Lord to his disciples, is He that is in you — He, the Spirit of truth — than he that is in the world; the same Spirit no doubt, who, as St. Paul expresses it, "worketh in the children of disobedience." Nor would I be positive to deny what Tertullian has somewhere asserted: Spiritus qui in nobis est, aut Dei est aut Diaboli.

Our Lord tells the Pharisees, "ye are of your father the Devil." Now, if they in whom the Spirit of God dwelleth are therefore called the sons of God, the Pharisees must have been pronounced the sons of the Devil for the like reason, because the spirit of the Devil dwelt in them. This seems to be intimated concerning Cain where he is said to have been *of that wicked one*, slaying his brother.

In all that I have been asserting on this subject I am, you see, supported by the express authority and declarations of the Word of God; and I cannot guess what could induce you so dogmatically to set them aside, except that either you had not considered them, or that they seem to "bring strange things to your ears." The doctrine of the existence and influence of that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, is perhaps "a stumbling-block" to you—so was "Christ crucified" to the obstinate Jews; perhaps it is "foolishness" to you — so it was to the philosophic Greeks. But you and I must not reject the doctrines and declarations of God's Word, merely because they seem strange and unaccountable. Such a procedure would, I fear, effectually prove us to be "led captive" by that malevolent Evil Spirit, whose existence you have, I wish I could not say rashly, taken upon you to deny.

That you may see, and speedily abandon, your dangerous error, is the hearty prayer of,

Dear Sir, your sincere well-wisher
and obliged Friend,
THO. PATTEN.[1]

To the Reverend Mr. Wilson,
Clithero.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Rev. Dr. Patten.

Clitheroe, 1783.

Dear Sir: Your philippic was duly received, and merited an earlier answer; but I shall not take up your time with apologies. You wield the weapons of controversy with a very masterly hand; you are an excellent advocate, but I have a very bad client; and your strictures, as being well written, command my admiration, but as being well intended, they require my acknowledgements, for there is great perspicuity in your method, and candour in your remarks. I must, however, plead not guilty to the indictment. It was, I assure you, far from my intention to introduce a new doctrine by denying the existence of the Devil. The article which is the subject of your observations perhaps may be inaccurately worded, and may bear on a cursory perusal the construction you have put upon it. I have expressed no opinion of my own on the subject. In saying that the doctrine of Devilism appears to have been borrowed, &c., I meant only to insinuate that the common opinion of the Devil's being the author of *all* the evil in the world, which very much prevailed, is of Persian original.

Nor can it be conceived that there would be any material alteration in the world supposing the Devil to be annihilated. The passions and propensities of human nature would produce all the effects which are at present observable. Vice would prevail and every evil work, and man, without the temptations of the Devil, would become a tempter to himself. It might further be added,

[1] For some account of the Rev. Dr. Patten, Rector of Childrey, and the learned friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, see *Remains of Byrom*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 503, *Note*.

that on a supposition that the Devil infuses bad thoughts and inclinations into the minds of men, we might reasonably expect that there would be some characteristic mark whereby to distinguish the suggestions of the evil spirit from the suggestions of our corrupt nature.....

I am, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours.

To the Rev. Dr. Patten, Childrey. THOMAS WILSON.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Staniforth.[1]

Clitheroe, April 7th, 1784.

Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to assure you that both your sons are well, and have acquitted themselves to my entire satisfaction. They are regular in their conduct, attentive to instructions, and obedient in their deportment. Your older son [Charles] is still pursuing the Classics; and I think that will be more useful to him than any other line of study that could be pointed out, as nothing tends more to enlarge the mind, and to impress upon it the principles of taste and sound reasoning. The attention which is required to trace the connection betwixt words so variously transposed, as they are in Greek and Latin, exercises at once the reasoning powers and fixes the habit of industry, which in every profession is of the utmost consequence. His leisure hours are spent in a manner

[1] Thomas Staniforth Esq. Mayor of Liverpool in 1797, died in that town in December 1803, and Mr. Wilson keenly felt the loss of a man "whose virtues, unaffected piety, amiable disposition, disinterested friendship, and general philanthropy, he was assured would not soon be equalled," and in saying this he believed he merely expressed the general opinion. As the death of Mr. Staniforth was concealed from his wife for some days after it had taken place, he had probably died suddenly. His eldest son Charles died of consumption in January 1795, and Mr. Wilson wrote a dull paragraph on the occasion, which he sent "to Mr. Gore for his newspaper." The other son, Samuel Staniforth Esq., was Mayor of Liverpool in 1809, an active magistrate and a very benevolent man. He was also the Government Distributor of Stamps in that town, and an influential supporter of Mr. Pitt's administration. Through life he cherished the highest regard for his old schoolmaster, who was frequently a welcome guest in Liverpool.

more immediately suited to his future destination, and he will be now called upon to attend strictly to writing and accompts. Your son Samuel possesses a vigorous mind, and is blest with a strong share of natural understanding, but he cannot so easily submit to the labours of study. He is more inclined to gather knowledge from observation than from books. He has an eager thirst for science, but would rather gratify it by hearing than by reading; he likes the treasure but would not dig the mine. I beg, however, not to be understood as suggesting to you that he is idle, because this is not the case. I am rather describing his natural disposition than charging him with neglect of duty. He reads a good deal and remembers what he has read; but he prefers the book of nature to the writings of men, and would rather derive knowledge from the conversation of learned men than toil after it in their works. His observation of what passes before him is accurate; and his remarks are shrewd, with a zest of humour and good natured point. I sincerely congratulate you on the disposition of both your sons, and can scarcely entertain a doubt of their being good children, good men, and useful members of society.....

Yours sincerely,

Mr. T. Staniforth,
Merchant, Liverpool.

THOS. WILSON.

Rev. R. Ormerod[1] *to the Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Christ College, Camb. April 28th, 1784.

Dear Sir: Amidst such a multiplicity of employment as you are engaged in, I can easily conceive that you can find very little time

[1] Richard Ormerod of Christ College, Cambridge, was born in 1751 of humble parents resident at Goodshaw in Rossendale, his father, like Porson's, being the parish clerk. He was educated at Clitheroe School, and his abilities being duly appreciated, Mr. Wilson introduced him to the favourable notice of Bishop Porteus, by whom he was sent to Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1783, M.A. 1787. He was appointed Domestic Chaplain to his excellent patron, and collated by him 30th November 1789 to the Prebend of Neasdon in St. Paul's Cathedral, and afterwards to the Vicarage of Kensington. He published "Remarks on Priestley's Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit," 8vo, 1786, and "A Sermon preached at Witham

to devote to writing letters; and therefore I am perfectly happy to be amongst the number of those who possess so much of your friendship and esteem as to be remembered after so long an absence.

I meant to have answered the queries you proposed immediately; but was prevented by some labours which came upon me unexpectedly, requiring my particular attention. However, I now attempt to do it with much pleasure. The chapter in question is certainly a very difficult one, and has never yet been cleared up to the satisfaction of the generality of readers. And with regard to the 16th verse and the person alluded to in it, the original text appears to leave the matter in the same doubt and uncertainty as the present English translation leaves it. Some of the most learned Hebræans, critics, and commentators, are divided in their opinions; one considering it as referring to the prophet's son, another to Immanuel. And therefore instead of presuming to propose my opinion against such authorities, I must beg leave to recommend it to your friend to consult them. The best commentators on this passage I think are Vitringa, Usher, Calvin, Tremellius, Cocceius, and Bishop Lowth.

With regard to the 15th verse, I think I may venture to assert that the text would appear deficient should it be taken away. This is all that I can say in answer to your queries. There is another circumstance which perhaps may be worth mentioning, and that is concerning the number of years, &c., verse 8th. Instead of 60, there is a MS. in St. John's Library which reads 20, and Dr. Kennicott has taken notice of it in his Heb. Bible. I have seen the MS. myself.

in Essex at the Visitation of the Bishop of London, May 29, 1794," 8vo. He died May 24, 1816, æt. 64, and his parishioners erected a monument to his memory in Kensington Church; and another monument, placed by lamenting friends in the cloisters of New College, Oxford, commemorates his second son, Thomas Holden Ormerod: "Juvenis moribus ingenio, doctrinâ ornatissimus, inter suorum studia, academia plausus, immaturè abreptus A.S. M.D.CCCXVIII." — *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxxvi. part i. p. 568; Le Neve's *Fasti* (*Duffus Hardy*), vol. ii. p. 416; Ormerod's *Parentalia*, p. 6, *Note* (not published).

Harris,[1] whom you were so good as to inquire after, is very well; he makes very good use of his time and opportunities, and I have no doubt will do extremely well. He has done himself much credit in a classical and mathematical examination which he has lately undergone, and the Society has promised him a handsome reward. He is remarkably steady and industrious. I often see him and take pleasure in encouraging and assisting him. I cannot quite give the same account of Newton, though he is much steadier than he was, and I hope will now go on better. I sometimes give him a little advice, and he seems obliged to me for it. I was sorry to hear of William Nowell's[2] death. It must afflict Mrs. Wilson very much, but his having acquitted himself so much to his honour will be some consolation to her, and I hope her mind by this time is able "to seek for it."

The chaplaincy which the Bishop of Chester[3] has procured for me is that of Downing College, which is sometime to be erected in this University; but when, I know not; and the prospect is so remote at present, that I am in doubt whether I shall ever be benefited by it. The Society is to consist of laymen, excepting the two chaplains, whose salaries are to be £60 per annum. But the Bishop of Chester has procured for me a small vicarage about five miles from Cambridge since you saw him, which I am now possessed of. I hope it will enable me to live in the University till a fellowship or some other preferment falls out. The Bishop continues to be very kind to me; he has sent me money frequently since I came to the University. When I took my degree, which was last Christmas,

[1] Robert Harris, son of Mr. Robert Harris of Clitheroe, was educated by Mr. Wilson, afterwards of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, B.A. 1787, M.A, 1790, B.D. 1797, and in the latter year licensed to the Perpetual Curacy of St. George's, Preston, in Lancashire, where, at the patriarchal age of 91, he still continues to instruct his flock as well from the pulpit as by the eloquent example of a holy life, retaining his vigorous faculties and the affectionate regard of many friends.

[2] He was Mrs. Wilson's son by the Rev. Henry Nowell, her first husband, and died in 1783, a midshipman on board the Medea, Captain Gower, who described him as "a gallant seaman," and entitled to "a considerable share of prize-money for his bravery and success in two engagements. — *Letter*, Jan. 19, 1784.

[3] Beilby Porteus, Bishop of Chester 1777, translated to London 1787, ob. 1809.

he sent me a draught [draft] for £20. For my first acquaintance with this excellent man and good patron I know I am entirely indebted to you, and I can never forget your kindness to me at that time. I wish I was able to come into Lancashire to see my friends; but this I shall not be able to effect till I have got some better preferment.

I am, dear Sir, your very obliged
and obedient servant,
R. Ormerod.

P.S. I desire my best respects to Mrs. Wilson.

Please to make my compliments to Mr. Heaton,[1] and tell him I wish to hear from him.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, Clitheroe,
near Preston, Lancashire.

Rev. Peter Cunningham[2] *to Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Eyam, near Tideswell, 26th July 1788.

Dear Sir: You will be surprised, I dare say, to receive this letter from one who would willingly flatter himself that he still retains a place in your friendly remembrance and good wishes. The writer may very truly affirm that during the many years that have elapsed since he bade Mr. Wilson farewell at Slaidburne, he has never ceased to think of him with his wonted respect and regard, and he has sincerely rejoiced whenever he has accidentally heard of his welfare and increasing literary reputation.

It was with much pleasure that I heard my friend Mr. Hardy acquaint me with his intention of placing one of his promising olive-branches[3] under your tutelary care and cultivation. What I

[1] The Rev. Thomas Heaton, Incumbent of Whitewell and Second Master of Clitheroe Grammar School from 1775 to his death in 1806. He was twice married, and left a widow and several children, in whose behalf Mr. Wilson actively and most humanely interested himself.

[2] For some account of the Rev. Peter Cunningham, see Nichols's *Literary History*, vol. vi. p. 56.

[3] This "promising olive branch" was afterwards John Hardy Esq. M.P. for Bradford, an able and eloquent member of the Senate, and distinguished by his zeal for the English Church.

have said to him on this subject I am certain has not lessened the well-founded hopes he expresses of his son's future progress in classical and useful literature; and he seemed to feel himself very happy with the assurance I thought our former intimate acquaintance authorised me to give him of the parental attention that would be paid to his young man's health and moral conduct. Were I disposed to flatter you, I should acquaint you with what the Bishop of London said as an eulogy on your school when you were so happy as to have that accomplished prelate for your diocesan.[1] But it is needless; for I well know that superior minds, intent upon the conscientious performance of very arduous duties, enjoy a much sublimer reward than what is to be derived from the evanescent nature of all human praise.

Having been more stationary in my curacy of Eyam during nearly these thirteen years, than I used to be in the former variegated and adversely-shaded part of my life, I have few eventful stories to tell you relative to myself. That I have thoroughly reconciled myself, however, to the obscurity and sequestered nature of my situation, and that I am proof against the most specious allurements of ambition, you will allow, when I acquaint you that I would not avail myself of my Lord Rodney's[2] kind overture to recommend me to his friend the late Duke of Rutland,[3] when Viceroy of

[1] Porteus.

[2] George Brydges Rodney, born 1718, promoted in 1762 to the rank of Vice-Admiral, created a Baronet in 1764, and elevated to the peerage as Baron Rodney in 1782 for his naval victories, with £2000 a year to himself and his successors. He died in 1792.

[3] Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland K.G., nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1784, in which important government he died at the early age of 33 in 1787. Bishop Watson's eulogium of his Grace in the House of Peers was an admirable tribute from an old college tutor to the memory of a favourite pupil, and well merited. The Duke was the early patron of Crabbe, whose concluding lines of "The Library" are familiar to all: —

> "Some generous friend of ample power possess'd;
> Some feeling heart that bleeds for the distress'd;
> Some breast that glows with virtues all divine;
> Some noble RUTLAND! misery's friend and thine."

Ireland; and that I have more recently declined availing myself of an opportunity afforded me by other friends, of filling the chaplaincy to the British factory at Smyrna. The Duke of Chandos, who is the present patron of Eyam, and has lately disposed of the reversion,[1] has, with peculiar condescension and benignity, interested himself to render my request to his Grace effectual, that I may not be disturbed in my curacy by the future rector; and that is all the favour I desire.

It was the poem of "The Naval Triumph," transmitted to my Lord Rodney soon after his return from the West Indies, that first introduced me to the notice of that gallant, ill-requited veteran commander; by whom, when I was in town about four years since, I had the honour and the happiness of being twice entertained with the most flattering tokens of respect and attention. An incorrect and mutilated edition of the "Naval Triumph" was printed in London. If ever the poem should live to a second impression, or should be collected among the trifles I have composed of late years, and which I am much encouraged to publish, you may depend upon receiving a copy.

The little poem of "The Russian Prophecy" that solicits your acceptance ("parvum non parvæ amicitiæ pignus") has, by this time, through the favour of the Russian Secretary Monsieur Lisakewitz, embarked with several of its fellows to St. Petersburgh; but I am far from expecting any beneficial consequences will be derived to the author from this circumstance.

The other copy of the "Russian Prophecy" I must beg the favour of you to transmit, the first opportunity, to Dr. St. Clare.[2] You will add greatly to the favour, Sir, if at the same time you would express my anxious wishes to the Doctor that he would immediately transmit to me a box entrusted to his care by Mrs. Parker of Storth. It may be directed to me to the care of my printer, Mr.

[1] To the Duke of Devonshire, in whose family the patronage is still vested.

[2] William St. Clare M.D., a native of Nottingham, settled in Clitheroe as a general medical practitioner in 1772, and afterwards removed to Preston in the same county, where he had an extensive practice; and where he died full of years and honours.

Gales, bookseller at Sheffield. The box contains, besides some books, forty-eight manuscript sermons, and some family letters from the West Indies. The sermons will be a great relief to me, considering the literary exertions I shall be obliged to make between the present summer and the next. . . . . .

I remain, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Thomas Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, October 31st, 1788.

Dear Sir: Give me leave to recommend to your notice and kind reception two strangers, and [to] solicit for them a place at your table, where, I doubt not, they will contribute something to your entertainment. They were once lively to an extreme, and had a certain agreeable wildness about them; but, having suffered much undeserved persecution in the world, they contracted a remarkable degree of timidity. They will set their faces towards Liverpool to-morrow; and, though they are famous for doubling, shifting, and tacking about, I hope, in this instance, they will keep the direct road and be with you in due time. This I believe is the first time they ever travelled in a stage coach; but, as the weather is cool, this mode of conveyance, I trust, will have no bad effect upon them; and should it be intensely cold, they are pretty well defended against it, as they are both clothed in fur. They are of the family of the *Hares*, who are remarkable for living much upon *form*. They have resided chiefly in the country, sometimes at their *family seat*, and sometimes visiting about in the neighbourhood. One of the same name, but not of the same blood, I conceive, rose to great eminence in the Church, and was held in high esteem for his piety.

The two West Indians whom you recommended to my care are both very well, but begin to shudder at the approach of winter. They are very well-disposed and well-behaved boys. As their names are *Callender* and *Weekes*, I consider myself as almost provided with an almanac for the new year. Mrs. W. and Miss

Nowell join in general compliments to yourself, Mrs. Staniforth, and the whole fireside, with,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

Thomas Staniforth Esq. T. Wilson.
Ranelagh-street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Staniforth.

Clitheroe, April 12th, 1789.

Dear Sir: Your annual donation came seasonably to hand, and was received safe and sound: I wish I had any other return in my power to make besides thanks; but, as this is not the case, you will be kind enough to accept them by way of composition for the debt. Your regularity in sending lamb to Clitheroe has been such that there is some danger of my claiming it in future under the idea of an Easter due; for an unceasing round of favours is very apt to wear away the sense of obligation: this at least takes place in some minds, and gratitude rarely keeps pace with generosity.

I was much pleased to observe, from the papers, that Liverpool distinguished itself so greatly in expressing its joy on his Majesty's happy recovery. The town caught the flame of patriotism, and seems to have exhibited a full blaze of loyalty. Clitheroe sympathized with the nation at large, and was not sparing of farthing candles on the occasion; nay, it even went to the expense of a tar-barrel. I look upon the restoration of the King as one of the most providential events this country ever experienced; I may even say his indisposition itself was a fortunate circumstance; for it has unmasked some of our mock patriots, and has produced an instance of the most genuine public spirit. The steady conduct of Mr. Pitt, my Lord Chancellor, and the glorious majority of both Houses in support of the people's rights in appointing a Regency, cannot be too much applauded; especially as their votes must make them obnoxious to the Prince, and consequently cut them off from any expectation of sharing the loaves and fishes in a new administration. The King's temporary incapacity has likewise had this beneficial effect — it has carried the Revolution principles to their

full extent, and perfected what was left deficient by our forefathers. Thus the ways of Providence, though to us dark and mysterious, terminate in goodness, and good is educed from ill; the root may indeed be bitter sometimes, but the fruit is excellent.

Liverpool I suppose will again be alarmed for the slave trade; but I cannot suppose an abolition will be effected. The many sensible pamphlets on the subject, I think, must have opened the eyes of the nation, and taught the senators wisdom. Humanity must have recovered its senses, and see the absurdity of throwing away the property of thousands to remove an imaginary evil; for many of the evils complained of seem only to exist in the pamphlets of speculative writers.

I hope Mr. Charles continues stout and well, and that Samuel is no worse for his excursion. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell join in compliments and every good wish to yourself, Mrs. Staniforth, the young ladies and your sons, with,

Sir, yours sincerely,

Thos. Wilson.

I hope to drink tea with Mrs. Staniforth at her villa on my next visit; come see, rural felicity!

Thomas Staniforth Esq.

Ranelagh-street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Staniforth.

Clitheroe, May 3rd, 1789.

Dear Sir: As you have frequently expressed your intention of making an excursion to Clitheroe and Whitewell, upon an angling scheme, and have as frequently deferred the execution of it; the fish of Ribble and Hodder have taken your behaviour into consideration, and resolved nem. con. that if *you* will not visit *them, they* will visit *you.* A party of respectable trouts from both rivers have accordingly been selected, and are commissioned to wait upon you as delegates in the name of their whole community, to remonstrate with you on your dilatory conduct, and to solicit a more favourable attention in future. As they have laid their *heads together* upon

this occasion, I hope what they have to offer will be worth your notice, be graciously received, and permitted, at least, to *lie upon your table.* You will make every allowance for them when you consider how much they are at present out of their *proper element.* They only wish to be estimated according to their *own scale.* I trust you will find them *nice,* perhaps a little *fini*cal. As their errand was to a respectable member of a respectable corporation, you will observe that the *mace* has been well remembered; they attend you, therefore, in good style as well as *proper season.*

I have seen Cross since his visit at Liverpool, who seems greatly pleased with his excursion, and astonished at the loyalty of the people, their sumptuous manner of expressing it, the magnificence of the ball, and the regularity with which the numerous meeting was conducted. His companion Miss Rigby, on her return to Preston, began a detail of what she had seen, has been incessantly talking ever since, and had not finished her description when the last advices came away.

I was glad to hear your family were all well. Cross indeed told me that Charles complained of a tooth; I am sorry any offence is found in his mouth, but hope he is in good health in spite of his teeth.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell join me in compliments to Mrs. Staniforth, yourself, and Co.

Yours sincerely,

THOS. WILSON.

Thomas Staniforth Esq.
Ranelagh-street, Liverpool.
With a pot of fish, car. p^d.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Staniforth.

Clitheroe, May 13th, 1791.

Dear Sir: Your kind letter was duly received, as was your annual offering; and my acknowledgments are due for both.....

I wish to be with you just now, as the pleasantest season of the year to those who have any taste for rural scenery. Nature, that most exquisite painter, has now all her colours ready for laying on,

and every day presents you with fresh improvements of the piece, which is formed upon the most magnificent plan and is executing with the most desirable skill. The east winds, however, in this country at least, had lately thrown dame Nature into the dumps, her painting was obstructed, and her rich carpet-work was at a stand-still. But the weather is now become seasonable, and her fruits, flowers and foliage are in a most promising state again. My eye has just caught, through the window, the charming view of a little flock of lambs, taking their gambols and running their evening race, as if they meant by their cheerfulness to express their gratitude before they go to rest for the plenty which their pasture affords them. I hope Broad Green is not without a prospect of this kind, which I think is the most pleasing which the country can exhibit, and puts me in mind, for the moment, of the happiness of the golden age, whilst the world was young and innocent. But yonder goes a little urchin of a schoolboy, with an eye keenly bent upon the hedge-row, and busily peeping for a bird's nest. This is nature too, but in a less pleasing view. From what I can observe this fine evening from my window, I can form a very amusing idea to myself of that variety of pleasing objects which will meet the inquisitive eye of Mrs. Staniforth in her retreat, and have a strong tendency to soothe the mind into cheerful tranquillity.

I have just seen Tarleton's[1] pamphlet, or rather his speech, upon the slave trade. It proves that he has taken some pains upon the subject, and that he does not want talents if he will only put them out to usury.

What is the opinion of your politicians concerning a war with Russia? Does the cloud seem to thicken, or will it vanish without a burst of thunder? The sentiments of our borough *quid nunc's* are that Mr. Pitt has timed his interference so well that, instead of involving us in a war, he is certain to ensure a continuance of peace; and what signifies the expense of an armament, if looking fierce for a few weeks can bring about a general pacifi-

[1] See ante, p. 42, *Note* 8.

cation, and produce a long series of tranquillity and national prosperity? Manchester, you see, is obtruding itself again upon public notice, by resolutions and counter-resolutions, and deciding upon the minister's motives before they know what they are, and censuring his conduct where, perhaps, he will deserve their thanks.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell join me in compliments and best wishes to you and yours, whether in town or country.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

Thos. Staniforth, Esq., THOS. WILSON.
Ranelagh-street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Staniforth.

Clitheroe, December 1st, 1791.

Dear Sir: We are much obliged to your attention and kindness in sending us the bears and biscuits and procuring us the coffee. Everything came safe to Clitheroe, and the bears behaved [as] quietly upon the road as could be expected; they broke the head indeed of the bread barrel, and crushed a few of the biscuits, but the fragments came *clean* to hand, and nothing was lost. The bruins have now taken their places as sentinels at the two different doors, and are so perfectly gentle that we several times a day tread and trample upon them with the greatest ease and safety.

I should have written to you immediately after the receipt of the different articles, but was in hopes I could have sent you a brace of hares in return for the bears, but have not been able to accomplish my purpose. The Philistines have been upon us from Manchester,[1] and, in defiance of the laws of the land and the rules

[1] My old and excellent friend, the Rev. John Henderson, Incumbent of Colne, informs me that forty years ago he heard the following anecdote related at Clitheroe: A young gentleman from Manchester, of the "Verdant Green" class of "Philistines," having visited the neighbourhood of Clitheroe for the purpose of shooting woodcocks, spent his evening at the Swan Inn, where he found in the traveller's room an amusing old gentleman enjoying his pipe, and, rich in conversational powers, displaying keen wit and wonderful acuteness of observation. Mr. Wilson—for it proved to be he—gravely professed to sympathise with the young sportsman on his bad day's sport, for he had not bagged a single woodcock, which was considered ill luck, as the old gentle-

of politeness, have swept off, *vi et armis*, a great quantity of that species of game. When they show such a violent inclination to invade the *manors* of others it is a pretty strong proof that they have *no manners* of their own; they seem no less fond of *fur* than of *cotton*, and are determined to *force* a trade with us for that commodity. I wish them at Nootka Sound. If I might be indulged in another pun, I should say that these gentlemen come to look for hares amongst us, because they suppose that here they are *thick-set*; but, be the case as it may, they show us what their ideas are of the *rights of man*. Their invasion has introduced a new kind of amusement amongst us, for instead of pursuing the game we hunt the poachers, and beat the beaters instead of the bushes. In short, we differ little from the situation of the Scots and English who lived upon the Borders in former times; for we have depredation on one side and retaliation on the other.

So much for intelligence; now for business. Mrs. Wilson begs you will inform her how much per cent on good security will be given at Liverpool by way of annuity for two lives,[1] and the survivor of the two — one of which is sixty and the other thirty-three; and likewise how much per cent will be given as an annuity for the older life only. If you recollect that she had some conversation with you on the subject, when at Clitheroe, it will need no farther explanation.

The papers will by this time have informed you of the conflagration at the factory of Edisford, near Clitheroe. The loss is said to amount to £15,000, £5,000 of which was insured in London. Not a single article was saved; even the books were consumed. I cannot help congratulating your office on this occasion. The many misfortunes of the very same kind which have

man remarked that, to his knowledge, such were prolific in the neighbourhood. He courteously added that, if permitted, he should have much pleasure in sending him half a dozen. The offer was gratefully accepted. Shortly afterwards a hamper arrived in Manchester, carefully packed and duly addressed. On examining its contents, the young sportsman discovered half a dozen spigots and faucets, *alias* WOOD-COCKS!

[1] These lives were her own and her daughter's — Miss Nowell.

so recently happened will deter every office from being concerned with cotton mills; a burnt child will dread the fire.

I observed your name the other day in the firm of a new bank at Liverpool. I sincerely wish you success in your new undertaking, as well as your old engagements. Should you not have your full complement of clerks, a nephew of mine, I dare say, would be happy to be employed. I believe him to be pretty well qualified either for this kind of office or for a merchant's counting-house; he is however very raw, and wants a little practice to perfect his theory. He is, I think, about eighteen or nineteen, and has the character of being sober, tractable and industrious.

While I am speaking of banks, I must not omit mentioning that a bank is just opened at Clitheroe, by J. Parker, J. Parker and Co.; they draw upon Bolders, Adey, Lushington and Co. Thus you see the borough of Clitheroe follows close upon the heels of Liverpool. We exhibit not, however, so ludicrous an imitation as the corporation of Sefton; what we do, though little, is substantial — not a mere echo.

On my remaining page I shall give you a few rules for the regulation of your intended school at Wavertree.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell join in best wishes to you, Mrs. Staniforth, the nymph and the swains, with, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,
THO. WILSON.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Charles Staniforth.

Clitheroe, Feb. 12th, 1792.

Dear Sir: Though you have not heard *from* me since I took my departure from Liverpool, yet I presume you have heard *of* me by your friend Mr. Park,[1] who spent two or three days amongst us

[1] Afterwards the distinguished Judge, whose elegant oratory, scholarly graces and literary attainments induced Mr. Wilson to predict, in the early period of the young lawyer's life, that he would attain the highest dignities of the law. Judge Park was a frequent and welcome guest at Browsholme, where he generally found Mr. Wilson the loadstone of convivial attraction.

very lately with Mr. Harrison. It is needless to inform you that I had a very pleasant trip in the coach from Liverpool, because, you know, I travelled with Cross.[1] We had a great deal of interesting conversation in spite of the rude rumbling of our vehicle, as soon as the tender tear was wiped away which the signals of distress had excited at so early an hour. Our fellow traveller was an American, from Baltimore in Maryland, with a child about six months old upon her lap. The poor creature was ricketty and stupid, and consequently very quiet; at least there was no offence in his mouth, but in other respects I cannot say so much in his favour, for he did every thing in the coach but cry. We made many enquiries of the mother concerning her country, and derived some knowledge from her answers. A man must be a very incurious traveller indeed that does not return home wiser from every journey, or at least derive amusement from every occurrence on the road. At Burscough Bridge we received another female, with pleasing features enough, but very shy in conversation. Her we placed opposite to us, and contemplated her person as a tolerable picture stuck up for our examination. At Hoole we met with *one of the natives*, who is truly a character, and entertained us mightily. His name is Manly, brother to a Mr. Manly eminent in the profession of law in the metropolis. The old gentleman had a great deal of gall in his constitution, professed himself a misanthropist, and would have made no bad figure at the head of the sect of the Cynics. We soon found the hobby horse which he

[1] William Cross of Red-Scar near Preston Esq., a gentleman of high reputation in the legal profession, and warmly interested in all that concerned Mr. Wilson, whom he consulted and confidentially trusted on many occasions, whilst Mr. Wilson had equal confidence in his good sense and integrity, and considered his advice in matters of law safe, having sometimes found that the advice of others was "a sad jumble of blatant contradictions." Mr. Cross was one of the political members of the "Parched Peas Club" (see p. 100) a loyal Church and King association in Preston, a supporter of the famous party races on Fulwood Moor, and an adherent of the Derby family against the Corporation interest. He was the only son of "honest John Cross," an attorney at Preston, who married one of the Assheton family. He was born in 1771, and married in 1813 Ellen, daughter of Edward Chaffers of Liverpool, merchant, a

chose to ride, and set him on accordingly. He abused the world in general, fell foul upon professions, and vented his spleen against individuals; but the law, the church and the magistracy came in for the largest share of his invective. We played him off, however, in such a manner as to make him, in spite of himself, contribute to our entertainment, and fetched as much music out of him as it is possible to draw from a fiddle out of tune. Yet, with all this man's acrimony, I am certain there is blended no small share of benevolence, and his tongue, I doubt not, belies his heart. Such was our stage coach party.

It is now time to enquire after your health, as I left you on the list of invalids. I hope you are now amongst the convalescents, and feel the beneficial influence of returning spring. If I may be allowed to step out of my profession and venture a prescription, I order you to Broad Green immediately; to take large draughts of country air, and frequent potions of your own cow's milk. I also require you to get a spade for yourself, to turn up the soil of your garden with your own hands; to feed upon the vegetables of your own raising, and feast upon your own fatted calf. Let air, exercise, and the simple produce of the earth be your physic, and a horse and a cow your *physicians in ordinary*. By this regimen you will inhale a pure atmosphere, derive from the ground the salubrious effluvia which yield health to the farmer, give moderate exercise to the whole system, and particularly give enlargement to the chest and free play to the lungs. This is my prescription, and you have it without a fee, and with the strongest assurance of its success.

man of great scientific attainments. Mr. Cross was in the Commission of the Peace (although he never qualified), also a Deputy Lieutenant for the county, and succeeded his father as Deputy Prothonotary. Of his six children, three sons survive—1. William Assheton Cross Esq. his successor, now of Redsear, who married Katharine Matilda, daughter of Charles Winn of Nostell Priory co. York Esq.; 2. John Edward, Vicar of Appleby co. Lincoln, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby C.B.; 3. Richard Assheton Cross, Barrister-at-Law, M.P. for Preston, who married Georgiana, daughter of Thomas Lyon of Appleton Hall co. Chester Esq. There is a beautiful view of Red-Scar, a large Elizabethan house, built by him, in Baines's *Hist. of Lanc.* vol. iv. p. 372.

But if you could venture upon an excursion to Clitheroe, and spend a few weeks with your new doctor, I do believe you would find this air restorative; and be assured I should feel the highest satisfaction from the experiment.

I have written to *you* particularly as to one who ought for awhile to be an idle man, that I may not give a moment's interruption to business; yet I should be sorry to impose upon you the task of answering. Your brother Sam, however, will oblige me much if he will inform me how you all are; let him be for the present your amanuensis. My orders to *you* are peremptory, that you hang up your pens in the garden to frighten sparrows, convert your penknife into a pruning hook, oil all your paper to make covers for cucumber frames, change your writing box into drawers for garden seeds, and make your rulers into sticks to tie up your carnations.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell join me in every good wish to you all. Please to present my respectful compliments to Miss Greaves, if she is still a part of your live stock. And let Mrs. Staniforth know that I think of her a hundred times a day, for every pinch of snuff I take, the idea flows along with the effluvia, through the nose, passes the *os cribriforme*, and thus enters the brain, which is the seat of memory. I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

THOMAS WILSON.

Mr. C. Staniforth,
Ranelagh-street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to John Blackburne Esq. M.P.

Clitheroe, April, 1792.

Sir: Being fully convinced that you will consider no address as obtrusive which has for its object either the advantage of individuals or the public good, I shall therefore have no need to apologise for soliciting your attention to Charitable Clubs or Benefit Societies.

The utility of such institutions is obvious, as they gather up the fragments even of scanty earnings and render them a competent supply in the season of sickness, casual confinement and the in-

firmities of old age. The relief, too, which is derived from hence has an additional relish, as it depends not on the caprice of precarious charity, nor on the churlish dole of an unfeeling overseer, but as each member only calls for his own, which he had prudently deposited out of the reach of his own occ:[asional] extravagance. Thus charity, in such cases, begins at home, but extends through a numerous circle of individuals. Such societies tend also to render men more frugal, more sober, more attentive to character and more benevolent; for they are called upon to provide for themselves, and at the same time to contribute to the relief of each other; and what is a consideration of great importance, such societies, should they generally prevail, would greatly alleviate the burthens of the public in supporting the poor. Yet, beneficial as such institutions are, it unfortunately happens that their funds cannot be secured from embezzlement, nor, should the money of such societies be purloined, can a criminal prosecution be supported; and even when the money is lent with or without bond or other security, many difficulties, inconveniences and disabilities occur in maintaining actions, for want of incorporation and common seals. From these considerations, the united Benefit Societies of London and many other parts of the kingdom have determined to apply to Parliament during the present session for an Act to secure more effectually their stocks or funds, but to the exclusion of such societies from all benefits of the intended Act as have not subscribed to the proposed application. Now, I humbly conceive that the matter is of so important and public a nature, and promises such beneficial consequences to this county in particular, that an Act should not be suffered to pass in such a partial form as to relieve any particular societies, but to give protection to every society of a similar description, and be introduced as a public, rather than as a private, bill.

If I have made myself sufficiently understood, I doubt not but your sentiments upon the subject will concur with mine, and I assure myself of your endeavours to obtain a measure of general relief. It may not be improper, perhaps, to hint that a strong line

of demarcation should be drawn to separate these societies, which are instituted for the purposes of seasonable relief in the hour of need, from those clubs of confederacy which are sometimes formed by manufacturers to support their conspiracies against their masters for the raising of their wages.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your humble servant,
John Blackburne Esq. M.P. THOS. WILSON.

J. Blackburne Esq. to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

London, April 25th, 1792.

Dear Sir: The letter with which you favoured me some days since is on a subject which requires the maturest consideration, and I have spoken with several well informed gentlemen upon it. Some years since Mr. Rolle brought in a bill for the regulation and incorporation of these societies, which passed the Commons, but was thrown out in the Lords on the ground that it was an encroachment on the royal prerogative, with which the power of granting incorporation is vested by the constitution. At present that same gentleman is paying every attention to the business, and some plan will be matured against another session as the groundwork of a bill. I shall give him every assistance in my power, and shall be glad of any information that can be conveyed to us.

The two objects of this bill seem to be *security to the funds* and *permanency to the Society*. The former it is proposed to effect by making either the members for the county or the treasurer a trustee and giving him the powers of a common trust; and the latter by preventing any of the clubs from changing the funds to different purposes from which they were first subscribed.

This is a most difficult matter, and nothing as yet can I say upon the mode of effecting it; but all must agree it will be a good thing to effect.

No bill of the purport you mention as yet appears, but I have heard the same rumour yours stated, that there would. I think the

session is now too far advanced to permit such a one to pass, and I certainly agree with you, that whatever is done in this business ought to be of a general, and not partial extent.[1]

I am, Sir,
Your very faithful, humble servant,
J. Blackburne.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Thomas Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, December 21st, 1793.

Dear Sir: I cannot with propriety let slip the opportunity which is afforded me by Mr. Weekes, of signifying to you my intention of tasting your goose-pie this Christmas. When I shall have it in my power to reach Liverpool I cannot precisely inform you, as my determination depends upon such circumstances as cannot be immediately reduced to absolute certainty. But it is sufficient thus to announce my purpose in general, that, when I arrive, you may be prepared to receive me in due form and with such ceremony as a personage so distinguished must ever require.

Liverpool I see stands nobly forth in contributing liberally towards furnishing winter clothing for our gallant seamen and soldiers; and let me not forget to tell you that the ancient and respectable borough of which I have the honour of being a member, will yield to no corporation in the kingdom in loyalty to the king and in liberality towards those brave fellows who are gathering laurels on the tented field, and cropping the pale lilies of France. We shall send up as our contribution about twenty guineas!

[1] Mr. Wilson also endeavoured to enlist the parliamentary services of at least one of the Clitheroe borough members in the same important cause, and received a somewhat laconic reply from Mr. Assheton Curzon, informing him that a petition had just been presented to the House of Commons from Bradford respecting the incorporation of benefit societies, but that nothing had been, or was likely to be, done. The case was subsequently met by the establishment of savings' banks. John Blackburne of Orford and Hale Esq. F.R.S., &c., Sheriff of Lancashire in 1781, which county he represented in Parliament with singular attention to its local interests for forty-six years, died 11th April, 1833, æt. 79; and was succeeded by his son, Colonel Ireland Blackburne, M.P.

Please to present my best compliments and wishes, with those of Mrs. W. and Miss Nowell, to all around your fire.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Staniforth Esq. THOS. WILSON.

Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Per favour of Mr. Weekes.

Lord Southwell[1] *to the Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Standen, June 28th, 1795.

Dear Sir: I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in pleading the cause of a poor young man, who, I freely confess, has too glaringly and presumptuously violated the laws of this kingdom, and abused the toleration and indulgence granted by the Government to his Majesty's Catholic subjects. I heard of it with sorrow, and, knowing your goodness of heart, I dared not to mention it to you the day I was at your house, because I was sure it would distress you to be obliged to give pain to any man.

I received this day a letter from Mr. Stone, the head master of the academy at Stonyhurst, which tells me that you have wrote to Mr. Rault to complain of his conduct at the funeral of James Place. I can assure you that we were concerned at it here when we knew it. Mr. Stone adds, that he and the gentlemen of Stonyhurst were as ignorant of it as we were, and would, I am sure, have prevented it if they had known anything of it. Poor Mr. Rault is a foreigner, and entirely ignorant that what he was doing was totally contrary to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of this kingdom, and I am sure never intended to give any offence, and if he had apprehended any I am sure would not have done it, and is ready and willing to make you every apology and excuse that you shall desire.

[1] Thomas Arthur, second Viscount Southwell, born 1742, married in 1774 Sophia Maria Josepha, third daughter of Francis Joseph Walsh, Count de Serrant in France (she ob. January 6th 1796); and his Lordship dying 15th February, 1796, having nevev recovered his deep sorrow for the loss of his wife, was buried in Clitheroe Church, where a monument was placed to his memory, the elegant Latin inscription on which is said to have been written by the Rev. Thomas Wilson. Dr. Whitaker observes, that "these amiable persons lived for some time, and died, at Standen."

I hope, dear Sir, that you will excuse the trouble I have given you and my bad writing, for I write in a hurry in order to catch you at Blackburn. Lady Southwell, Mr. Simpson, and my son unite with me in respects and best wishes for your good journey and safe return. And

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble Servant,

Rev. Mr. Wilson, SOUTHWELL.
Blackburn.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to the Rev. —— Rault.

Clitheroe, June 27th, 1795.

Rev. Sir: The liberty you took in Clitheroe Church-yard on Tuesday evening, of performing the funeral ceremony over the corpse of a Roman Catholic, has given very great and just offence, and exposes you to a heavy penalty, of which I have reason to believe you will hear more from higher authority. The Act of the 31 Geo. III. c. 32, which grants relief to Roman Catholics, does not extend to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics officiating at any funeral. And by the 3rd J. c. 5. s. 15: "The executors or administrators of every such person so buried, knowing the same, or the party that causeth him or her to be so buried, shall forfeit £20; one-third to the King, one-third to him that shall sue in any of the King's Courts of Record, and one-third to the Poor of the Parish where such person died." I am far from disapproving the relief which the laws have lately given you; but I caution you not to abuse indulgence by unwarranted innovations or ministerial officiousness, and not to step beyond those enlarged limits which the wisdom of our Legislature has thought proper to prescribe.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

THOS. WILSON.

Lord Southwell to the Rev. Thomas Wilson.

July 23rd, 1795.

Dear Sir: As I know I can speak with confidence to you, I beg leave to ask your advice on the following head.

Mr. Rault's business has been printed in the Blackburn paper, and in such a manner as to call upon some magistrate to punish him. The poor young gentleman is sorely afraid that Mr. Whalley[1] may take it in hand, and wishes me to go to him to make his excuse for the past and to assure him that no such thing shall happen in future.

Now, as I know your good sense and good nature, I beg your advice — if you think I shall do better to go or to let the matter sleep. You may rely that no person shall know that you have advised me or what you shall advise me. I beg your answer as soon as convenient. I beg respects and best wishes to your amiable lady and to Miss Nowell.

I am, with great gratitude for all favours,

Dear Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

SOUTHWELL.

I beg you will name any day next week, except Friday or Saturday, to do me the honour to eat a bit of mutton with Mr. Rault, Mr. Stone, &c.

Rev. Mr. Wilson,

Clitheroe.

Rev. Dr. Francis Barnes[2] *to Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Pet. Coll., Cambridge, Dec. 20th, 1795.

My dear Sir: I have this morning received a letter from my friend Mr. Hutton, proposing to me as the three most eminent

[1] See p. 70, *Note* 26, ante.

[2] Francis Barnes D.D. the son of Mr. Joseph Barnes, a respectable yeoman, was born at Bolton le Sands near Lancaster, in 1743. He received his education at Eton, where he was placed in 1757; and in after life, when taking a retrospective glance at old times, he jocularly related his perilous adventures on horseback with his grandfather from Lancashire to that royal seat of learning, and admitted that he had no better equestrian success than attended Paley when on a similar journey to Cambridge.

schools in the county, St. Bees, Hawkshead, and Clitheroe. I cannot hesitate a moment in my choice — and I write now, not so much to recommend, as to desire the favour of you to take under your care, for a year or two, a scholar, a nephew of mine, who is now of age to be dismissed rather than admitted into school, but who has from difficulties of situation and circumstances been much neglected. He is twenty years of age, but yet I hope you will not make that an objection to him, as, if you do not find him as tractable and docile as a boy of ten, you will do right to turn him out. His master, Widditt of Lancaster, speaks well of him, and I hope, does not flatter him.

I write now to ask what are your terms, of a parlour boarder, as I have as much concern for the outward uncouth man, as the inward. I should wish to have all I can for my money, a little cultivation in the modern language as well as the ancient. You have corrected the barbarisms of the North, and was he but to hear you, he might in time learn to do the same.

His great wish is to enter into Orders, but without the least

From Eton Mr. Barnes removed to King's College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow, and graduated B.A. 1766, M.A. 1771, B.D. 1784, D.D. per Lit. Reg. 1789. He was appointed Proctor (1779) and Taxor (1780) and elected Vice-Chancellor (1788 and 1807) of the University. In 1788 he was also elected Master of Peter House, and appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1813. He was twice members' prizeman (1769 and 1770,) and a successful College Tutor, his earnest and long continued study having incited him "to scorn delights and live laborious days." His life indeed was spent within the walls of his College for the advancement of the interests of religion and learning, and men of every class and opinion respected him for his great simplicity, gentleness, and fairness of character. The Professor died at the Master's Lodge of St. Peter's College, 1st May 1838, aged 95 years. His younger brother, the Rev. John Barnes, Vicar of Huyton, and Chaplain to the Earl of Derby, was educated by him; and it appears that his nephew James (son of Mr. William Barnes of Bolton le Sands, farmer) was educated at his expense by Mr. Wilson of Clitheroe. This worthy man died in 1828, Incumbent of Samlesbury near Blackburn, where he had been 24 years, and his son the Rev. W. L. Barnes M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Curate of Bingley, was appointed to the Incumbency of Smallbridge in Rochdale in 1836, which he resigned in September 1837 for the Rectory of Knapton in Norfolk, to which he was presented by his great uncle the Rev. Dr. Barnes.

prospect of preferment: I am willing to do what I can for him, as his father is unable. One thing I must mention, that if my nephew should come to you (for it will depend upon the expense) I shall not be able to remit money to you, except half-yearly, at Lady Day and Michaelmas.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, with the greatest esteem,

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, FRAS. BARNES.

Clitheroe, Lancashire.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Rev. Francis Barnes, D.D.

Dear Sir: Your letter was duly received, with the draft for £30 for the discharge of the bills of your nephew from June the 24th 1796 to March the 26th 1797, which will be immediately paid. My acknowledgments are at the same time due to you for that part of the above sum which, by the custom of the school, I took the liberty of stating as a perquisite to myself.

Your nephew deserves whatever I can say on his behalf for regularity and propriety of conduct to the full extent of these terms; and though he does not possess much vigour of mind or sprightliness of imagination, yet I entertain no doubt of his becoming competent to pass a respectable examination for Holy Orders in the course of two years. I must also observe that the decency of his deportment and the steadiness of his temper are particularly suited to the clerical character; and though he may not shine as a critical theologist, I am convinced he will not be deficient in the qualifications of a worthy man and a good Christian.

I had the honour of dining last week with the Bishop of Llandaff on his return from town, and was much pleased with his affability and communicativeness. I felt myself quite at my ease in his company, and was politely asked to visit him at Calgarth. He is full of politics, and I dare say expects a change of Ministry, and of course a translation from the Welsh into English with some improvements.

A very handsome offer of a Living in the neighbourhood of

Liverpool was made to me the other day by the Bishop of Chester[1] on condition of residence, but for certain reasons I thought proper to decline it.

Nothing I think has taken place in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, which to one who has been so long out of the county can be very interesting.

I am, dear Sir,

Rev. Dr. Barnes, Yours truly,

Cambridge. Thos. Wilson.

Thomas Lister Parker Esq.[2] *to Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Christ College, Cambridge, November 28th, 1797.

My dear Sir: I hope you will excuse my not answering your last kind and interesting letter until now, although well meriting an immediate reply; but the continued bustle I have been in since my arrival here has left me little time for writing.

To make up for my past negligence I will endeavour to give you a short journal of a fresh academic's life, which hitherto to me has proved very agreeable. The first thing necessary is good rooms, which, being the only home and resort, ought at least to be comfortable. Here I am particularly fortunate. The next necessary to make college-life agreeable is society. Here, too, I flatter myself I am fortunate, as there are so many North countrymen here, with many of whose connexions I am acquainted, and with some of whom in all probability I may hereafter live. Buck[3] of Mag-

[1] William Cleaver D.D. Bishop of Chester 1788–1800, ob. Bishop of St. Asaph in 1815, and was buried in Brasenose College, Oxford, of which he had been the President.

[2] For some account of Mr. Parker, see p. 20, Note 1 ante.

[3] The Rev. Richard Buck, Fellow of Magdalene College, B.A. 1783, M.A. 1786. He was the descendant, and ultimately the representative, of the Langleys and Daunteseys of Agecroft Hall, near Manchester. He was a man of refined tastes, and his small collection of paintings by the old masters was considered by a select few to be unrivalled. His son, Robert Buck Esq., is the present possessor and occupier of Agecroft. See Gastrell's *Not. Cestr.* vol. ii. p. 52; Booker's *Memorials of Prestwich*, p. 227.

dalene, Clowes[1] of Trinity, the Master[2] of Kinnaird, Lord Henry Petty,[3] and Lord Grantham[4] will make college-life very agreeable.

I must, however, refer to the most necessary part of an academical life, although I am sorry to add I cannot say much either *pro* or *con* from experience; but I still hope to pursue those wise plans which your mature experience and superior abilities have already recommended. I feel that method and systematic reading can alone fix the attention and impress facts upon the mind, and yet here I find nothing more difficult than system, and scarcely a possibility of studying closely, so many things occur daily to engross the attention and to drive away learning.

At present I attend my private tutor in Mathematics, which to me, as you know, are not so agreeable as Classics, although, doubtless, almost as useful in their end. The public tutors I do not attend, as Fellow Commoners are not obliged to do so unless they please, and, at present, my pleasure is not to attend any Public Lectures, although I have some intention of attending Christian's[5] Lectures, which are solid and useful, as I find even at my time of life that some knowledge of the intricacies of the Law is necessary.

I shall always feel myself deeply indebted to you for your good advice upon this important subject, as well as for your Lectures on Natural Philosophy, the little which I know respecting Law and Philosophy having been derived from one who thoroughly understands both. I am equally obliged to you for your friendly offer, and shall ever be thankful for your past attentions, but I

[1] The Rev. John Clowes of Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A. 1799, M.A. 1805, elected Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester in 1809, which dignity he resigned in 1832, having previously succeeded to the large estates of his family on the death of his eldest brother, Samuel Clowes of Broughton Hall Esq. He died unmarried 28th September 1846 in his 70th year.

[2] Charles, afterwards eighth Lord Kinnaird, ob. 1826, æt. 46, leaving by his wife, a daughter of the second Duke of Leinster, the present peer.

[3] Henry Petty Fitzmaurice, now Marquess of Lansdowne K.G.

[4] Thomas Philip, now Earl de Grey K.G.

[5] Edward Christian Esq. Fellow of St. John's, B.A. 1779, M.A. 1782, first Downing Professor (1800–1823) and Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely. He married at Rochdale, 11th October 1809, Mary daughter of John Walmsley of Castlemere Esq. but ob. s.p.

fear that many things will engross my time to the exclusion of Natural Philosophy.

Of the many Northern men I have met here, known to you, a pupil of yours is one of the pleasantest and best informed — I mean Mr. Jackson.[1] He is tutor to my friend Yorke of Bewerley, and the pupil cannot fail to profit by such a tutor. He dined with me the other day, and of course we talked of past scenes and old friends with no small degree of pleasure, often recalling the halcyon days we both had spent under the towering cliff, although both at different times. We are going soon to call upon your friend Buck, and Kerrich[2] the antiquary, both of whom have so many fine paintings. I cannot conclude without admiring your smart pun[3] upon the *ships* of his lord-*ship*, and agree with you that the last mentioned is the *worst-ship* in the *sea*, and I hope he has a long voyage to make before he arrives at the wished-for *lawn* .....

[1] Rev. Thomas Jackson (afterwards Calvert), born in 1775, educated at Clitheroe School, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1797, M.A. 1800, B.D. 1807, D.D. 1823. In 1815 he was appointed Norrisian Professor of Divinity, which office he resigned in 1824, and in 1819 succeeded Dr. Fawcett as the Lady Margaret's Preacher. He was appointed one of his Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall about 1819, and was presented by the Crown in 1820 to the Rectory of Wilmslow in Cheshire, which he resigned on being installed Warden of Manchester College in 1823. He held the Vicarage of Holme on Spalding Moor, a College living (to which he was instituted in 1822), at the time of his death, which occurred in Manchester in 1840 in his 65th year. He married in 1824 Juliana, daughter of Sir Charles Watson of Wratting Park co. Cambridge Bart., by whom he had surviving issue. Dr. Calvert's tastes were scholastic and academical, and he possessed little of the pastoral character. He was just the man for a Deanery or for the Headship of a College, his grace of manner adding much to his authority, and his conciliatory deportment rendering him highly popular with the Clergy. His published sermons are distinguished by simplicity of diction and soundness of principle, and never failed to impress and delight his hearers. — *Fasti Mancun.* a MS.

[2] Thomas Kerrich, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, B.A. 1771, M.A. 1775, and the University Librarian in 1797.

[3] The pun referred to the writer's uncle, Lord Ribblesdale, and to his Lordship's worshipful clerical friend, the Rev. Dr. Collins, Incumbent of Burnley, whose onerous magisterial duties were *not* rewarded with a mitre by the Duke of Portland.

I am, dear Sir,
Your much obliged and sincere
The Rev. Thomas Wilson, THOS. LISTER PARKER.
Clitheroe, near Blackburn,
Lancashire.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Thomas Lister Parker Esq.

Clitheroe, January 31st, 1798.

Dear Sir: Accept my thanks for the very nice brawn which I have *now* received. You announced to me its departure from Cambridge on the 11th of January, but it did not arrive till the 29th. I began to suppose that I should be in the predicament of the Irishman who *found* a present of game in his friend's letter, but saw no more of it. In *this* case undoubtedly it would have called for acknowledgment, as being *literally received*, though it had not *come to hand;* but I should have looked upon it not as *brawn*, but a confounded *bore*. I had begun to account for the delay in a variety of ways. I conceived, in the first place, that it might quit the vicinity of *St. John's* with some kind of reluctance, arising from a fellow-feeling and kindred sensibility. I next supposed that the Devil, who looks so sternly over Lincoln, might have possessed him, and that he, like his brethren of old, might have run down some steep place into the fresh-water seas of that county; or that, from instinct, he had chosen to dwell and wallow in the mud of those dirty fens. I likewise thought it possible that he might have fallen into the hands of the *swinish multitude*, somewhere upon the road, who might choose to detain him, on the principle of *fraternity*. It then occurred that he had perhaps eluded his guards; for though he was *collared* and firmly *bound* to his good behaviour, yet his craft might after all elude his keepers, for the *cunning of a dead pig* is become proverbial. I likewise remembered that hogs in their motions are the most obstinate, capricious and perverse of all animals, and from this consideration endeavoured to account for his delay; but the true reason of his tardy movement may probably be better deduced from his pre-

sentiment of the furious attack he would meet with whenever he might come within my reach. At last, however, he made his appearance, and I cannot but admire your practical pun in the vehicle in which he was confined. He came in a *cask*, which bears an affinity to a *hogs-head*; and as the cask was of *oak*, it was the more ingeniously chosen, as savouring of the *acorn*, his favourite fruit. I turned the *boar* immediately out of the *wood*, and was highly gratified by the beauty of his mottled, marble body. I have encountered him *fulmineo ictu*, and find my *tusks* a match for him. The attack was furious, and fell chiefly on the *horn-work*. He is already reduced to a *miserable pickle*, and, if it *please the pigs*, I will not desist till I have conquered this *boar;* the conflict may be obstinate, but the parties have met before, *sus atque sacerdos*. I shall call in Mr. Smith, as an auxiliary; he owes the family a spite, for a *sow*, about fourteen years ago, eat up his *surplice* — this is a fact — he will therefore labour for revenge *dentibus et unguibus*. Whatever may be our success in the engagement we shall not fail to remember you at every onset.

We have no news in this part of the country worth telling. Please to present my best respects to Mr. Jackson; you will find him a well-informed, worthy man. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell present their best wishes.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours, most sincerely,
T. Wilson.

P.S. You have seen or heard of the Bishop of Llandaff's Address to his Fellow Countrymen on the present alarming crisis; the work does him great credit as a man of public spirit and a politician; but the sacrifice which he calls upon individuals to make, in order to extricate their country from its present pecuniary embarrassments, is such as will not easily be complied with in these degenerate days. The plan which he has now publicly proposed I had the honour of hearing stated by him in person at your house. The Staniforths are all well and full of engagements and company during this season of the mayoralty. Their public

days are Wednesdays throughout the year, on which days they fill their dining room; £700 per annum is the allowance which the corporation make to their chief magistrate for keeping hospitality, &c., but it will fall miserably short of the expenses. I hope you have met, in all your excursions during the recess, all the gratification you expected. You would see by the papers the promotion of Major Wright[1] to the rank of L. Colonel.

Thos. Lister Parker, Esq.,
Christ's College, Cambridge.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mr. Staniforth.

Clitheroe, May 21st, 1798.

Dear Sir: That I arrived safe from Liverpool after my very agreeable Christmas visit, it is needless to inform you, though my journey was not without its difficulties and delays, for we halted more than two hours upon the passage. The driver of the coach, after he had got under weigh and proceeded about two miles, finding the road very slippery in consequence of the frost, and not having taken the precaution of getting his horses sharpened, thought it necessary to slip them out of their harness and return with them to Liverpool to a blacksmith. We imagined that he had stopped only to take in part of his lading, and remained for some time without murmuring; but finding the delay continued beyond the usual length of ordinary patience, we thought proper

[1] Henry Adderley Wright Esq., fourth son of the Rev. Henry Offley Wright M.A. of Mottram St. Andrew, co. Chester, was Lieutenant Colonel of the 25th regiment, and married Alice, daughter and coheiress of Robert Sclater of Roefield, near Clitheroe, Esq., and widow of Major General Rigby. Mr. Sclater, in Mr. Wilson's early days, (he ob. 1778,) was a magistrate, bailiff, an attorney, and, according to Wilson's sarcastic statement,

"———— King of the little borough—
At once poor Clitheroe's grandeur and disgrace."

He seems, in the poet's opinion, to have suffered alike from the influence of gout and gold, whilst his daughters —

"———————— girls of every grace,
Enjoy'd the gifts of fortune and of face."

to look out, to make an observation, and to remonstrate. But how great was our surprise when neither horses nor driver were visible; we began to think that we'd either found a coach or lost our cattle. Thus we continued stationary till the Liverpool Vulcan had kindled his fire and made the necessary alteration in sixteen horseshoes. However, we filled up our time pretty well with conversation, and did not much regret the adventure. A majority of my fellow travellers were North Britons, and consequently very intelligent and communicative people.

Since my return home, my time has been entirely engrossed, as usual, by the drudgery of my situation and the cares of my government. I feel in epitome what it is to be a king, and have made up my mind upon the subject, that I will never be prevailed upon to make an exchange with George the Third.

I put a hare in commission some time ago for your worship's table; I hope she was received, and was in a fit state to contribute to the entertainment of her kindred of the *Fur*.

I hope to be with you at midsummer; in spite of assessed taxes I can extend my tether so far.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
THOS. WILSON.

Thomas Staniforth Esq.,
Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth, Esq.

Clitheroe, February 3rd, 1800.

Dear Sir: Upon my arrival at proud Preston I had the satisfaction of seeing our friend Cross. He was in good health and excellent spirits, and said he was engaged to meet me at Mr. Assheton's, of Cuerdale.[1] He came; it was the first time of his dining in public since the event took place, which we all deplore,

[1] William Assheton of Downham Hall and Cuerdale Esq. the head of one of the oldest and best descended families in the county, was born in 1758, High Sheriff in 1792, married in 1786 Letitia, daughter of Sir Richard Brooke of Norton Priory in the county of Chester Bart. and was father of the present William Assheton Esq.

and he was the same Will Cross in company that we have found him on all other occasions. I said to him what you requested me to say, and assured him that your silence proceeded from a delicate embarrassment which he would easily account for, from a knowledge of *your* sensibility, and easily excuse by an appeal to his *own*. Mr. Assheton had sent to Whalley Master[1] to meet me, saying that he hoped he would have no objection to showing his face in the company of his old master. Whalley accepted the invitation by observing, that he could not be afraid of showing his face in the presence of one to whom he had so frequently ..... What a piece of insolence! We had Harry Hulton[2] of the party, and spent a very convivial and a very rational afternoon. Whalley Master is not in the least disappointed by the appointment of Sir —— Head to Mr. Bristow's living;[3] this I inquired into for the satisfaction of Mrs. Staniforth. Mr. Assheton attended me on the

[1] See p. 65, *Note* 1, ante. He was afterwards of Brasenose College, Oxford, M.A. 1794, B.D. 1803, and died Rector of Chorley. Owing to his delicate health, he was removed for change of air from Clitheroe School about 1785, and placed with Mr. Lloyd of Warrington; a step which greatly mortified Mr. Wilson, who in a letter to Dr. Master observed, "I feel much reluctance and keen regret in parting with your son. He possesses so much docility, ingenuity, and goodness of disposition, that I always feel myself happy in my attentions to him, and the drudgery of my employment was much relieved by seeing that my labour was not in vain. I think it in some degree hard that the plant I had watered, pruned, diligently cultivated and loved, should be removed at the very season when it was beginning to blossom. I am forbidden to taste the fruit, and the bitters are not to be followed by the sweets. I cannot but adopt, with a trifling alteration, the complaint of Virgil — Ille ego qui primus puerum institui tulit, alter honores,

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves." *

[2] Henry Hulton, second surviving son of William Hulton of Hulton Park Esq. born 1765, Captain 1st Royal Dragoons (1800), Major of the 8th West Indian Regiment (1807), Lieutenant Colonel of the Blackburn regiment of militia (1809), and Treasurer for the County of Lancaster. For a notice of his eldest brother, see p. 67, *Note* 12, ante. See pedigree in Baines's *Hist. Lanc.* vol. iii. p. 40.

[3] The Rev. Sir John Head, the seventh baronet of that family, was presented to the valuable Rectory of Rayleigh in Essex by R. Bristow Esq. in 1800, and died in 1838. His grandfather, John Head, was a Liverpool merchant.

* Vide *P. Virgilii Maronis Vita*, where the lines, "Ille ego, qui quondam," &c., occur; and afterwards the celebrated lines, "Sic vos non vobis," &c.

Thursday after I quitted Ranelagh-street to dine with the justices, and the next day we were engaged to T. Shuttleworth's.[1] On Saturday I set my face towards Clitheroe, and found all here pretty well, except Miss Nowell, who has been for some time, and continues to be, in a very indifferent state of health. We have had a little of the Christmas festivity here since my return, by way of letting me gently down; and I am now reinstated in my uneasy throne, promulgating laws which my subjects do not fully comprehend, and punishing them for offences of the head, in which the heart has no concern; but such is the misfortune of every government! the innocent are involved with the guilty, and to make proper discriminations is not possible. I hope Miss Martha Pickering will incur no forfeits to the library on account of Longinus; should this be the case I shall willingly repay her, though it will redound much to her credit as a literary lady, and give her a right to associate with the *Bas bleu* Society, the Montagues, the Carters, the Hannah Mores, &c. &c.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Samuel Staniforth, Esq. THOMAS WILSON.

Ranelagh-street, Liverpool.

Rev. T. D. Whitaker LL.B. to Rev. Thomas Wilson.[2]

Holme, February 6th, 1800.

Dear Sir: Accept my sincere thanks for your two last favours, and my apologies for the delay which has taken place in answering the former; but the truth is that I have sat so close of late, and have received such a multitude of favours from different corres-

[1] See p. 41, *Note* 1, ante.

[2] Thomas Dunham Whitaker of St. John's College, Cambridge, LL.B. 1780, LL.D. 1801, Vicar of Whalley (1809) and of Blackburn (1818), died January 15th 1822, in his 63rd year, Of Dr. Whitaker I may truly say as his great kinsman Dean Nowell said of Bucer — "He was known to Britain by the sanctity of his life and eloquence of his tongue, and known to the world by his learned writings. He is not extinct, since his fame lives, and his writings live, and he himself lives to the world and to God." Churton's *Life of Nowell*, p. 14.

pondents, that I have incurred a frightful literary debt, which I am paying off by instalments.

Having taken a survey of your Church in the dark, it will be no great matter of wonder if I did not take an accurate survey of the font, which, as I remember, stands in the darkest corner of it; will you therefore allow me to request an answer to the following queries:—Is it angular or cylindrical? If the former, has it any arms, cyphers, instruments of the passion, &c.? If the latter, is it charged with any rude sculptures in bas relievo?

May I also request *your* etymology of Clitheroe, and your grounds for supposing the word *Blake* to signify yellow?

Mr. Basire is now at work on the plate of Clitheroe, which he says will deserve twenty-five guineas. I shall by this post write to Mr. Parker, requesting some information from Mr. Oddy on the descents and passages of the honor of Clitheroe since the grant to General Monk. For from that time to the memory of persons now alive there is an interval, to use the beautiful words of Grotius, "Quale est quod ex obscuro specu enitentibus paulatim se ostendit inter lucem tenebrosque medium," and this period has embarrassed me throughout the work.

Yesterday I sent to Hemingway a MS. of the first book,[1] some parts of which will exercise both his optics and his sagacity.

I have just now a ludicrous dispute to settle between Mr. Townley, myself, and Turner the draftsman. Mr. T[owneley] it seems, has found out an old and very bad painting of Gawthrop at Mr. Shuttleworth's house in London, as it stood in the last century, with all its contemporary accompaniments of clipped yews, parterres, &c.; this he insisted would be more characteristic than Turner's own sketch, which he desired him to lay aside, and copy the other.

[1] The "History of the Original Parish of Whalley and Honor of Clitheroe," with plates and maps, was published by subscription in 4to in 1801, 63s. J. Hemingway of Blackburn was the printer, and Hatchard of Piccadilly the publisher. Hemingway afterwards removed to Liverpool, and with his partner, Nuttall, joined their former apprentice, Henry Fisher, afterwards of the Caxton printing office, Newgate Street, London. Nichols, the learned topographer, was afterwards Whitaker's publisher.

Turner abhorring the landscape, and contemning the execution of it, refused to comply, and wrote to me very tragically upon the subject. Next arrived a letter from Mr. Townley, recommending it to me to allow Turner to take his own way, but while he wrote his mind (which is not unfrequent) veered about, and he concluded with desiring me to urge Turner to the performance of *his* requisition, as from myself. I have, however, attempted something like a compromise, which I fear will not succeed, as Turner has all the irritability of youthful genius.[1]

Mrs. Whitaker begs her respects, and desires me to say how much she thinks herself indebted to you for the precious relic of Burke. I beg my respects to Mrs. Wilson, and remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

T. D. Whitaker.

If Mr. T.'s delicacy will allow, I propose the following inscription for one of the plates of Roman antiquities which he gives me: —[2]

"Carolo Townley Arm. S.S.A. artium et elegantiarum arbitro eximio hanc tabulam sumptibus ejus ære incisam in animi gratiæ testimonium, D.D.D. — T. D. W."

I was happy to hear that you had met with Mr. Carr at Liverpool; he is a lively, pleasing man, with a great deal of taste in landscapes.

Rev. Thomas Wilson,

Clitheroe, Blackburn.

[1] After all, the old house, with its quaint Dutch landscape gardening, appeared in the History of Whalley, proving Mr. Towneley to be, in this instance at least, an antiquary rather than a man of refined taste, and "Turner's own sketch" has never seen the light! A view of Gawthorpe Hall as it now appears has just been engraved in the *Shuttleworth Account Books*, ably edited by Mr. Harland for the Chetham Society, part i.

[2] The inscription does not appear on the plates of Roman antiquities in the third edition of Dr. Whitaker's *History of Whalley*; but Mr. Towneley having died in 1805, in the following year a plate of Towneley, embracing the park and surrounding country, was engraved by James Basire, and thus inscribed —

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Thomas Lister Parker, Esq.

Clitheroe, February 28th, 1800.

Dear Sir: My thumb is greatly obliged by your kind inquiries after it, and feels no small degree of pleasure in assuring you that it is in a state of convalescence. The fingers are rejoiced at its recovery, especially its two next neighbours, as they were obliged to perform its work during its severe indisposition, though they were willing substitutes, and showed themselves to be *dexterous* and *handy* upon every occasion.

I found Liverpool gay, though grumbling at the times. The speculations of the merchants have occasioned great distress and inconvenience. They have their warehouses full, and their pockets empty, long faces and short purses; for they cannot convert their goods into money without considerable loss, as their vast importations have produced a glut and stagnation. Liverpool may cry out with Narcissus, *Inopem me copia fecit,* and this is actually the case, her disease is a *plethora,* and yet she cannot bleed.

I met with Mr. and Mrs. Hext[1] at Mr. Staniforth's. The lady looks *thin,* but perhaps she may assume her present appearance to show her *breeding*. We had a good deal of visiting, and I was

"Desideratissimo capiti, Carolo Townley nuper de Townley, artium et elegantiarum arbitro eximio hoc *μνημοσυνον* pio gratoque animo vovet

T. D. W."

Who that has once read, will ever forget Dr. Whitaker's vivid sketch of Mr. Towneley's character as a man of letters, refinement, and social worth (*Whalley*, p. 484 et seq.) and who does not regret the suppression of the exquisite Dedication to that gentleman of the *first* edition of the *History of Whalley*, glowing with taste and affection, in order to admit the cold and formal inscription which appears in the last edition?

[1] Captain John Hext of Trenarren in Cornwall, born 1766, married October 14th 1799, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Staniforth of Liverpool, and of Darnall in the county of York, Esq., by whom he had what Mr. Wilson called "many little *Cornish Cyons.*" In alluding to her marriage, Wilson facetiously observed to her brother, "Miss Staniforth is *defunct*, having departed *this single life* on the 14th instant; so that in writing to her I shall have a *ghost* for my correspondent; but being a *spiritual person* myself, I may with some degree of propriety hold converse with her still." (Letter, October 19th 1799.) Mr. Hext died in 1838.

generally included in the matrimonial party. I inquired of Mrs. Hext if she had drank at the well of St. Keyne when she was in Cornwall; she said she had not, but intends to take a good swig when she returns. To explain what is meant, I shall transcribe the ballad; and here it is.[1] * * * * * *

This well is in the parish of St. Neot, Cornwall. When I related to a company of young ladies at Mr. Staniforth's the virtues of the well of St. Keyne, each, for herself, desired Mrs. Hext to send a bottle of it, which they wished to keep corked up till the nuptial hour; and I conceive it will make a very material article of importation amongst the Lancashire witches. I foresee also a strange revolution, as the consequence of this trade, in *domestic* governments, and a vast advantage to the breeches-makers of the county. The gentlemen must pull in their *horns,* and the *horns* of the ladies will be exalted.

I dined with the Mayor of Liverpool, with a very pleasant and respectable party; the chief magistrate acquits himself with spirit, propriety, and elegance. The son of the *mayor,* the *colt,* is very well. I delivered your message, but he was disappointed in not hearing from you as soon as you had promised. I wrote to our friend Whitaker, as requested, and have had no answer, but suppose you have by this time heard from the antiquarian himself. Nothing can be learnt from the castle respecting the badge of the

[1] The ballad beginning,

"A well there is in the west country,"

has often been printed, and is therefore omitted here. The point is conveyed in the last stanzas, the water being supposed to impart supreme marital authority for life to the bride or bridegroom who might *first* drink of it on leaving the church: —

* * * * * *

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
To the countryman he said;
But the countryman smil'd, as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head:

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was o'er
And left my wife in the porch;
But, 'faith, I found she'd been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church!"

bow-bearers.[1] Mrs. Wilson and Miss Nowell join in their kindest wishes and respects with,

My dear Sir, yours sincerely,

Thomas Lister Parker, Esq. THOMAS WILSON.

Christ College, Cambridge.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth, Esq.

March 19th, 1801.

Dear Sir: I was the other day informed of an accident you had met with in Cheshire, on winding up your business of hunting;—I call it business, because I am so stupid that the idea of hunting never occurs to me as a diversion. It is my sincere hope that the fall you have had only occasioned a temporary confusion or slight contusion, and [I] shall be extremely glad to hear that you are perfectly recovered from all its ill effects; and let me at the same time tell you, that your life is now become of too much consequence to be put in competition with that of the most sagacious foxes, or the most shifty hares that ever ran before their own brushes or scutts. Sport with the *lion* and encounter the *whale* as long as you please, but abandon the vermin and the fur trade.

When I quitted your house for the long coach,[2] I waited at

[1] Mr. Parker was the hereditary Bowbearer of the ancient forest of Bowland.

[2] This "long coach," or, as Mr. Wilson humorously called it, his "coach and four," by which he often travelled between Liverpool and Preston, was the precursor of the omnibus, and afforded him and his friends great amusement. The year before he had informed his pleasant Liverpool correspondent, that "after being closely jammed in the coach, and almost incorporated with eleven fellow travellers for near seven hours together, I arrived at Preston, *in part*, on the day I set out from Liverpool; I say in part, for being in a state of complete liquefaction all the way, a considerable portion of my person was left upon the road, the grosser part mingled with its kindred dust, while the more subtle particles mounted into the atmosphere to make the grand tour of the lungs of the several mortals who were happy enough to take in such precious exhalations. We had no fewer on the top than in the hold of our machine. The outside gentry were fried and roasted, and the inside passengers parboiled and stewed, so that the vehicle might be considered as a travelling kitchen, where different kinds of cookery were carrying on at once, and every thing was sufficiently done, I assure you. If we gasped for breath we were scalded with an influx of hot air; and when we shut our jaws we were sure to bite the dust."

the inn for about a quarter of an hour, and perused the faces of those who were to be my fellow-travellers to proud Preston, and just at the time of starting I was surprised to see a long, lank, languid figure enter the room where I was sitting. The phantom addressed me; I solemnly demanded its name; it replied, "Edward Master."[1] As I had seen him so very lately, I could not help inquiring into the cause of his journey. He told me he had been at our friend Cross', at Preston fair; that he had stayed with him two days; that he meant to return on the third day to Tarleton Bridge; that he accordingly embarked in the long coach, and that in that happiest of all vehicles he had met with a couple of Caledonian nymphs, beautiful as angels, whose pretty mouths had pronounced the Scottish language with such fascinating accents, that when he arrived at Tarleton he found it impossible to tear himself away from such delightful company; his head was all turned to mercury, by a wonderful kind of alchemy, and he spoke of them in raptures. When I got to Preston I informed Cross of the strange metamorphosis of our friend Master; he wrote to him to be of our party during my stay, and this adventure, I assure you, afforded us a great fund of entertainment and elegant raillery while Ned was with us. Cross was in charming spirits during my stay with him, and I just recovered voice enough to be heard in the company he introduced me to. Be so good as to inform your father that I put the bread-fruit upon its trial at Preston Sessions, and that it was every morsel of it condemned and executed: the justices would not give it a fair chance by putting it upon the country, for it never reached the jury, nor was I permitted to carry a single particle of crust or crumb to Clitheroe.

Let Mrs. Staniforth know that Master Oates is very well, and that I find him a very tractable, ingenious, and well-behaved boy. With compliments from *all here* to *all* with you,

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

THOMAS WILSON.

Samuel Staniforth, Esq. Liverpool.

[1] Edward Master M.A. afterwards Rector of Rufford in the county of Lancaster, fifth son of the Rev. Dr. Master, Rector of Croston. He died unmarried.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth, Esq.

Clitheroe, October 5th, 1801.

Dear Sir: Our school meeting on the 29th was very respectable, and we spent the day in great harmony and festivity. The Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy, who had been a pupil of mine at Sedbergh, gave us the honour of his attendance. We had the Rector of Slaidburn[1] also in good health and spirits, and I was glad to see Mr. James Wiglesworth in the number, who seemed to enjoy the gaiety of the day with sympathetic glee. Mr. Ridsdale acquitted himself in the chair with great decorum and propriety; Harry Aspinall was vociferously pleasant, as usual, and his cousin of Standen made one of the party. Jack Swale was voted into the chair as Mr. Parker's proxy. Mr. Cross brought his uncle Ralph Assheton in his hand, who, after a suitable examination, was admitted as a sufficient scholar;[2] though, I am

[1] The Rev. Henry Wiglesworth of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, B.A. 1781, M.A. 1784, commonly called "the bold Rector of Slaidburn," of which living he was the patron, and had also a large estate in the parish. He was, moreover, fortunately for the Church, the last of the few clerical Nimrods of the West Riding of Yorkshire, having kept a pack of harriers for his own diversion as well as for that of his friends. The daring exploits and redoubtable achievements, of himself, his horses, and dogs, are celebrated in several hunting songs still remembered, and some of which I have seen in print. One of these, lacking the classical taste and poetical fire of the hunting ballads of Mr. Warburton of Arley, but minutely describing a fox chase in Craven of thirty miles in three hours in the last century, thus concludes: —

"Old Reynard had oftentimes play'd us the cheat,
Till Mr. Wiglesworth's harriers found out his retreat,
Many sportsmen before having run him with care,
But losing him quickly they thought him a hare!
The day's sport being over let each jovial soul
Drink success to the chase in a full flowing bowl.
Long life, peace and plenty may heaven now dispense,
And may foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence!
And at Burnsall we'll call
And drink the fox down in a full flowing bowl!"

The "bold Rector" was twice married, but left no surviving issue. His father died in August 1807, and at Christmas in that year Wilson visited his "agreeable friend" at Townhead, "found him in excellent spirits, and doing much credit to the old family mansion."

[2] "Sir," said Mr. Wilson, with as much gravity as he could command, "there is

persuaded, he would have experienced a good deal of difficulty in going through one of our *quartos*, or perusing a *port*-folio from the title page to the *finis*. We had not the pleasure of a song from Mr. Cross, as he left us before the music began, and before the performers had found their proper pitch, or had sufficiently *rosin'd*. From Preston we had likewise Mr. Shuttleworth, Captain Watson, Mr. Pilkington, and Mr. Blanchard, and from Blackburn Mr. Carr. Mr. W. Feilden meant to have been with us, but was unfortunately called away to Manchester on business of importance; but by way of securing him for another year he was appointed steward, together with Blanchard, for the next meeting. Mr. Heaton gave us "God save the King" in his best manner; and Ridsdale, Swale, and Blanchard favoured us with a good many convivial songs. In short, we sat down twenty, and had much merriment and moderation. Your health was proposed by Mr. Shuttleworth, who prefaced his motion by an apposite speech; and it was drunk with peculiar marks of personal respect, at the time when we supposed you might be remembering *us* in the same manner. We had not a single soul from Liverpool! Mrs. W. joins me in compliments and every good wish to yourself, Mr. Staniforth, and the family in Ranelagh-street.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

T. Wilson.

Samuel Staniforth, Esq. Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Thomas Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, December 16, 1802.

Dear Sir: You may boast, and with justice, of the feat you have performed, in travelling from Liverpool to Cornwall, and from Cornwall to Liverpool on horseback; but what will you say when I tell you that *I* travelled every day on horseback, without boots

always a literary examination on these occasions, and when our candidates are not far advanced in the Classics, we begin low: let me ask, Sir, *can you decline* Hoc[k]?" In this instance the ready reply was — "*Not if it be good, Sir,*" and the candidate "was admitted as a sufficient scholar" by his lenient examiner.

or spurs, from my own house to school, and from school to my own house, twice a day for two months together, in grinning agony, and went through the duties of my profession with the firmness of a hero and the obstinacy of a stoic. It was this resolute perseverance which impeded my recovery and prolonged the *paroxysm* — what a fine word! Days of ease and heaps of flannel would have been much better for me; but the feelings of duty induced me to forego the usual indulgences which the gout requires, and to consult the good of the public rather than that of the individual; in doing which, I hope the unwelcome guest has met with such a cold and comfortless reception as to desist from any future visit.[1]

Master Molyneux brings you this scrawl, so that you see I consult the pocket of my friend in saving postage. You may say perhaps that I am an economist in the article of pens, ink and paper, because I have not written to you before — but to this I plead not guilty. My greatest want is want of time, but my hurry is now over, and I mean to enjoy a little respite and indulge in that greatest of all comforts — ease of body and indolence of mind. You may think, perhaps, from my silence, that the gout prevented my writing to you, but that was not the case; my *toes* were all memen*toes*, but my *fingers* did not suffer,

Witness my *hand*,

Thomas Staniforth Esq. THOS. WILSON.

Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

(By favour of Mr. Molyneux.)

[1] Such, unhappily, was not the case; Mr. Wilson afterwards writes to his friend, whose house he had just left (February 5th 1806): — "My gout still continues, my feet are in cloth shoes, and my legs stuffed into two pairs of woollen stockings; so that nobody will exclaim, "How *beautiful* are the feet of him that preaches the Gospel," or assert that *my legs* are like the *Legs of Man*. I have been fagging at school near a fortnight; and stumping along the streets in spongy, thin soles, I believe has done me some harm, especially while the snow was melting on the ground; and this has led me to a discovery, viz. that *snow broth* is a very nourishing thing to gouty feet, for mine have increased considerably in bulk by the application and use of that article. But I am now obliged to give up walking, and *ride* to school. My general health, however, is good, and my spirits preserve their wonted tone."

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, May the 9th 1803.

My dear Sir: It is a rule amongst the learned, if they have prudence equal to their learning, not to write upon any subject before they have *ruminated* upon it and thoroughly *digested* it; wishing, therefore, to preserve my station amongst the *literati*, I purposely deferred making my acknowledgments for your fine side of lamb till I was quite sure the digestion was complete. It arrived in this borough in charming order, and regaled both the senses of sight and taste on Easter Sunday in a high degree. It was held at *bay* by *sixteen* persons, all hungry as hunters; and in *sixteen* minutes not a remnant was left. They all seemed particularly affected on seeing the lifeless remains of a creature so *innocent*, and showed their compassion by removing from their view so mournful a spectacle: and, to prove their extreme sensibility, they treated it with the same marks of tender affection with which Artemisia honoured the remains of her husband Mausōlus, by consigning it to their own bowels as its properest grave, that they might show how *dear* and *near* it was to their *hearts*. A dead silence prevailed during the solemn ceremony, though I cannot say their arms were reversed; yet the scene, I assure you, was truly *lamb-on-table*.[1]

[1] The year following, the annual present, by some mischance, did not arrive in time for the Easter-day dinner, which led Mr. Wilson to write — "I concluded that the *Passover* had *passed over* from Preston to Lancaster, and assured myself that if my poor lamb should have happened to find its way to the high sheriff's table, and be *presented* in the *bill* of fare before the grand jury, the *bill* would certainly have been found against it, notwithstanding its *innocence*. I was also convinced that should it have wandered to the lawyers, although there is one *Lamb* amongst them, it would find no advocate on its side, not even its *namesake*, but be hunted down by the whole pack, with *open mouth*, as if it had fallen amongst wolves, especially as it had no *wool* upon its *back*, nor could exhibit a *golden fleece*. Nay, should my poor lamb have been conveyed to the table of the *judge* himself, I conceive the chance would have been full as bad; for its cause would have been totally undefended, and judgment must have gone by *default*. Besides, the judge is in the habit of *sitting* upon a *woolsack*, and would have sat without compunction upon the *body* of the animal which produced the wool, and have had a fellow-*feeling* for the *carcase*, that *both ends* might fare alike. But after all these perils, I rejoice, and you will rejoice with

Having thus detailed, at full length, the fate of the poor lamb, it is high time to return you my thanks for your kind remembrance, and to enquire after the Liverpool *flock*.

On leaving Liverpool I had the good luck to embark in the long coach with Mr. Dixon, and our previous acquaintance, by meeting at Mr. Bolton's, rendered the passage very agreeable. I arrived in time enough at Preston to receive the two Miss Kings[1] and put them into the hands, and under the care, of our good friend Mr. Cross. Our friend's attention to them was civil, familiar, affectionate, friendly and *all that*, and continued so during their visit; his attention indeed was so marked and *re*marked, that the *cats* of Preston supposed he *must* marry one of the princesses, and one of them *must* of course have a *Will* of her *own*; but Will's secret was so well kept that it is a problem whether of the two was the object of his preference.

The day after my arrival in Preston I dined, as a matter of course, at the Bull, with the Bench and the Bar; where Mr. Raincock and your humble servant, sitting opposite to each other, got into long etymological discussions, to the great annoyance of the bench. Having spent our afternoon at the Bull, we then adjourned to Mr. Cross's, my head quarters, to spend the evening, and a very pleasant evening we had. Topping[2] was in very high glee, and, in spite of the Muses, gave us two or three songs; amongst the rest he favoured us with one which was composed at Lancaster

me, that it came safe to hand, and from hand to mouth, to as grateful hands and to as good mouths as any of the suspected persons can boast of, and to a court where it met with as much justice as it would have experienced from judge, jury, or counsel. We sat upon the body, and the verdict was unanimous."

[1] Edward King of Hungerhill in Craven Esq. fourth son of the Dean of Raphoe, was Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (see p. 41, *Note* 6, ante,) and had issue by his first wife three daughters, two of whom are probably the ladies here mentioned. It is, however, a little doubtful whether one of them was the subject of Wilson's happy pun at Mr. Staniforth's table; but Mr. Lister Parker remembers that the Rev. Mr. Parr, a short man, was engaged to be married to Miss Ann King, and when the cheese, in due course, came round, Mr. Wilson, addressing his fair neighbour and archly glancing at Mr. Parr, tenderly enquired — "*A little Parr-miss-Ann?*" (parmesan.)

[2] Mr. Serjeant Topping of Watcroft Hall in Cheshire.

when he was there last as Judge, to be sung by Counseller *Wood*,[1] at one o'clock, *Sunday morning*.

Mr. [Lister] Parker is at present in London, but has been prevented from joining many pleasant parties by the influenza. On Saturday the 30th of April he was to dine with the Royal Academicians, which to him would be a very interesting visit.[2] He has also been at Court.

Poor Mr. Smith,[3] since I had the pleasure of seeing you, has

[1] Sir George Wood of the Middle Temple, knighted in 1807, afterwards one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, died July 7th 1824, æt. 81.

[2] Mr. Parker had the honour of receiving an invitation from Mr. West, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir M. A. Shee, the Presidents, to dine with the Royal Academicians annually from this time, and rarely was absent from these delightful meetings.

[3] The Rev. Robert Smith, born near Amesbury in Wiltshire, educated at Winchester College, afterwards of St. Alban's Hall, Oxon, M.A. 1752, was licensed to the Perpetual Curacy of Waddington on the presentation of Edward Parker of Browsholme Esq. 23rd March 1764, and subsequently instituted to the Vicarage of Almondbury in the West Riding of Yorkshire on the nomination of the trustees of Clitheroe School. He resided at Waddington, where he had a small thatched house and a large family. Several of his children died young; but he presented his son, the Rev. Robert Smith, in 1802, to the Incumbency of Honley in the parish of Almondbury. He continued throughout life to cultivate his early classical tastes, so that Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, when at Browsholme, called him "the living Juvenal." His dry and caustic wit was the amusement of the hour, and ought not to have past away with it, as his good sayings, which followed each other in rapid succession, were compared by Wilson, whom he loved as a brother, to "the cataracts of the Nile." Some of his Latin poems and translations, written at Winchester, were in Mr. Wilson's possession, and are above mediocrity, although he felt conscious that his "grating reed" would be deemed "harsh" by others, if not by his too kind friend; but I have not discovered that he published anything. His temper was cheerful (notwithstanding the gout), his disposition kind, his conversation playful, and the liveliest sallies of his wit, even when amongst those whom he termed the "commilitones Clitheronienses," with their *generalissimo* at their head, firing rounds of his *grape shot*, (Letter, October 5th 1796,) were always devoid of offence. When deprived, as he said, of the "juvenilis ardor," or rather being disabled by infirmities, he could no longer attend the literary gatherings at Clitheroe, he did not forget modestly to intimate to his friend Mr. Wilson the *pars magna fui*. In his day parochial work was little known, and less practised, so that nothing can be recorded of him as a parish priest. His *sobriquet* was "Gaffer Smith." He died in April 1809, aged 84, and was buried at Waddington on the 6th. His portrait, by Romney, one of the artist's best productions, is at Browsholme Hall.

had the misfortune of losing two of his daughters, who sickened about the same time, gradually declined in health and strength, and died within three days of each other. This, added to the loss of a son about nine months ago, is a severe visitation; but he bears it with the spirit of a Christian, and evaporates his sorrow by writing to all his friends a detail of *his* sufferings and an account of *their* last agonies. This, to men who have the fortitude to practise it, is certainly an excellent remedy. Silent grief becomes corrosive from its stagnation; but if moderately *ventilated*, it grows gradually more lenient; and poor Smith's sorrows and sufferings seem to be gently *racked* off from the *nib* of his pen.

Dr. Whitaker is coming to Liverpool at midsummer to inspect the Bolton Hall papers in the possession of Mr. Dawson.[1] His head quarters will be Mrs. Taylor's of Palace House.[2] We have some thoughts of travelling together, provided my visit will not incommode either family in Rodney or Ranelagh Street: I shall accordingly wait for an answer and a billet.

Of politics I say nothing: the ministry is a mystery too deep for me, and perhaps too shallow for Bonaparte.[3] I shall therefore

[1] The result of this investigation may be seen in the *History of Craven*, p. 100 et seq., the materials for which Dr. Whitaker was now collecting, and which he published in 1805. Mr. Pudsey Dawson of Langcliff Hall near Settle, and of Bolton Hall, both in the county of York, whose very ancient archives the historian was about to examine, will always be remembered with gratitude as the noble founder of the School for the Indigent Blind in Liverpool. He was Mayor of that corporation in 1779 and 1780, and Colonel of the Royal Liverpool Volunteers. His paternal grandmother was the heiress of the great family of Pudsey, and his mother a sister of Sir Willoughby Aston, the fifth Baronet of Aston. He was born in 1752, and ob. 1817. His son Pudsey Dawson Esq. is now of Langcliff Hall and of Hornby Castle, and his daughter Mary is the relict of Anthony Littledale Esq. (brother of Mrs. Samuel Staniforth) and the owner of Bolton Hall.

[2] See pedigree of Holden of Holden in the *History of Whalley*, p. 419; and add, Frances, daughter of Ralph Holden Esq. and of his wife Mary, daughter of John Holden of Palace House, was baptized at Burnley May 1st 1746, and married there, May 1st 1784, Hugh Taylor of Liverpool Esq. She ob. 6th May 1817, s.p. Will dated 10th September 1816, proved at York 10th July 1817.

[3] Writing on the 13th November 1803 to Mr. Staniforth, he observes: "Mr. Moss informed me that you are putting Liverpool in a state of defence, and I hope of secu-

leave the administration to our friend Patten; let him ascertain the true state of the nation, find out where the fault lies, and set the saddle upon the right horse.

Mrs. Wilson has for some time been indisposed; her complaint is a cold, and teasing cough, but she is getting better. My health has been but indifferent since I left you. The fact is, I am overworked, having the constant drudgery of a full school and the care of both my churches upon my hands, in consequence of the indisposition of my curate. I have likewise had a little attack of the influenza. My eyes and nose have been *running* as for a *prize*, and it would have required attentive *tellers* to determine whether the *eyes* or *nose* had it; but the *nose* at last was *blown*, it was then a *hollow thing*, and the *eyes* claimed the victory. You will suspect my *pen* has the *influenza* too. I shall, therefore, for want of room, conclude with compliments to all *yours* from all *mine*.

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Samuel Staniforth Esq. THOS. WILSON.

Rodney Street, Liverpool.

rity, *should* our inveterate enemy pay you a visit; and the fame of your port, as the second in the kingdom, is likely enough to invite him to make an attempt upon it, and to hold out the plunder of it as a stimulus to his soldiers. But I hope the whole country is in such a state of preparation, and so far animated by a spirit of patriotism, that the threats of French vengeance will evaporate in air, or terminate in their own destruction. I deprecate, however, the event of their landing, as it must occasion great confusion throughout the kingdom, with much bloodshed, carnage, and conflagration; and view the situation of the country in the best light we can, *this* is certainly a season of peril and dismay. We have an enemy of a new character to conflict with, an enemy flushed with former successes, stimulated with envy, inured to cruelty, and prepared for every evil work. In *this* part of the country we expect the invasion with great indifference, and have softened the horrors of the event by long anticipation. Prince William [of Gloucester] I find is a very popular character amongst you, and not undeservedly so; his politeness and affability have won the hearts of the people wherever he has been. I dined with him several times at Trinity College in Cambridge, and his manners at *that age* were such as to endear him to the whole University."

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, April 19th, 1805.

Dear Sir: I spent a few days very pleasantly at Manchester after my departure from Liverpool. It was my good fortune to fall in with some very intelligent literary men, both of my own profession and in the medical department. Amongst the rest was Dr. *Toe,* whom you may remember by the epigram[1] to which Miss Hornsby's conduct gave occasion.

We have had a great treat at Browsholme, the company and conversation of the Bishop of Llandaff, for three successive days; Dr. Whitaker and Mr. Starkie were invited also, to partake of the literary feast. Mr. Parker has gone to town to attend the installation of the Knights of the Garter, and, I understand, has procured a ticket of admission from the Duke of Clarence.

I sent your own and Mrs. Staniforth's name to Dr. Whitaker as subscribers to his *Craven;* I also got the names of Mr. and Mrs. Bolton inserted in his list. I expect the book will make its appearance immediately.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours ever,

Samuel Staniforth Esq. THOS. WILSON.

Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

[1] 'Twixt Footman John and Dr. Toe,
A rivalship befel,
Which should become the fav'rite beau,
And bear away the belle:
The Footman won the lady's heart;
And who can wonder? No man:
The whole prevail'd against the part —
'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

Mr. Ormerod of Sedbury Park, and the late Dr. Holme (who was doubtless present at this meeting of Wilson and Dr. Toe) informed me that this clever epigram was, at the time, attributed to Reginald Heber, and also generally to Mr. Wilson of Clitheroe, whose fame as a wit was well known at Oxford; but enquiry has produced other candidates for the authorship. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. Dr. Toe, who had a peculiarity in his walk, was the Rev. Henry Halliwell B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose, an alumnus of Manchester School, and a Lancastrian.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to the Rev. Dr. Whitaker.

Clitheroe, February 1806.

Dear Sir: I am sorry to find you have been so severely indisposed, and sincerely hope the genial gales of spring will remove and waft away your complaint entirely. I fear you have confined yourself too closely to your study, and sacrificed your health to your book — *num tanti est Cravena?* If you would divide your time betwixt your desk and your horse,[1] I am persuaded you would experience much benefit from such an arrangement. Our very good friend Dr. Barton recommends riding to me, and I mean to follow his prescription on a hard trot, with the fullest confidence of overtaking my appetite, and restoring the balance of my constitutional powers.

I feel for the situation of our brother Thacker, and contributed my mite, last year, towards his relief, on hearing his case stated by Mr. Giles Peel; and to assist in putting him into decent trim, I have enclosed two guinea notes, half a guinea of which is Miss Nowell's donation.

My Christmas visit to *Broughton* has *brought on* a still greater shyness than existed before betwixt Cardinal Collini[2] and your

[1] Dr. Whitaker was not fortunate with his horses. About 1798, Mr. Starkie the Vicar of Blackburn, writing to Mr. Wilson, observes: "Our worthy friend Mr. Whitaker, whose time is so much occupied between his engagements at Leeds and Holme, has been afflicted with the rheumatism, and the other day had the misfortune to have his nag stolen out of the pasture, and was obliged to walk from Halifax to Holme." And afterwards, when the magistrates met at Whalley to consider what steps should be taken to erect a bridge over the Ribble at Mitton, Dr. Whitaker did not, according to his habit, appear at the hour fixed. Without him nothing could be done. At length he arrived, but in sad plight, for in crossing the river his mare, refusing to sail in the boat, had been in the water along with the Dr. Wilson exclaimed, on seeing his friend's perturbation: "Ah! Dr., why did you not follow good advice and '*æquam* memento rebus in arduis servare'"? The Doctor merely smiled. "This," said Wilson, "is just what I expected from Heraclitus *ridens*."

[2] See p. 161, *Note* 3, ante. Dr. Whitaker acknowledges his obligations to the Rev. Dr. Collins for much assistance in searching for, arranging, and abstracting Lord Ribblesdale's evidences, and also for presenting a coloured engraving of the east window of Gisburn church as an embellishment to the *History of Craven*. *Preface*, p. vi. The Rev. Thomas Collins was born at Cannock near Rugeley, co. Stafford, and was

humble servant. For on passing through Gisburn, on my return from Broughton, I saw his Reverence standing in the street, dispensing justice to some country people, *sub Dio; more majorum,* nay, *sub Jove frigido,* for it was a bitter cold day. His worship *saw me,* moved out of the road, and turned his justice-side, I mean his *blind side,* to show, I suppose, that there was a *breech* between us, if not a *rumpus.* Perhaps he had the wit to find out that as I had been visiting a [Roman] Catholic,[1] it was proper to level the *Pope's eye* at me; or he might think himself in *this* attitude better prepared for a *counter-blast* against the *Tempests,* i.e. *Papisticis oppedere paratus.* In front the Dr. was laying down the law, according to Burn, and in rear was ready to explain the *fundamentals* of justice; he was arguing on the statutes *a priori,* and *a posteriori* was prepared, I dare say, to confirm a doubtful point from *Ventris' Reports,* which he could quote in a *crack.* I passed him in a *large taxed cart,* which perhaps he might hold in contempt, and turn his back upon it from a ludicrous recollection of the humour of *Oliver Cromwell,* who, on the mention of *Magna Charta,* said, with satirical emphasis, "*Magna Charta! Magna* ——*!*" But whatever might be his meaning, or his wit, I moved on in my *magna carta* without receiving a *salute* either from his *upper* or his *nether* end. Perhaps he could not at that moment *raise the wind,* which doubtless has sometimes been the Doctor's case, and the case of greater conjurors and more learned clerks.

of Worcester College, Oxford, B.A. 1770, M.A. 1773, B.D. and D.D. 1792. He was Rector of Compton Valence, co. Dorset, and Incumbent of Burnley, co. Lancaster (1787). He was also Chaplain in Ordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and Domestic Chaplain to Thomas first Lord Ribblesdale. He published a sermon preached at Burnley, November 4th 1787, on the institution of Sunday schools there — Text, *Rom.* x. 14 — 4to, 1708. He died in 1814, unmarried.

[1] Mr. Wilson's friend was Stephen Tempest of Broughton Hall in Craven Esq., the head of a respectable historical family. He was born in 1756, married in 1787 Elizabeth, second daughter and coheiress of Henry Blundell of Ince Blundell in the county of Lancaster Esq., and dying in 1824, was succeeded by his son, Charles Robert, created a Baronet in 1841. Mr. Wilson's intimacy with several distinguished Roman Catholic families, gave great offence, at the time, to various individuals, including "Dr. Podex," the only man living he appears really to have disliked.

I had, however, no great fear on the occasion, and should have entirely routed him if my horse had been a *dun*. Besides, my vehicle was strongly built, and perfectly *bum-proof*. I consider myself, however, as victorious in the rencounter, because I compelled the enemy *tergum dare*, and might, according to the usage of Greeks and Romans, erect a *trophy* on the spot where the enemy *vertit se*; but I shall waive such an insulting privilege, and content myself with considering the third of January, when this meeting took place, as an *ani*-versary. I shall also, hereafter, assert my title to an upper place at table, because he has visibly yielded to me the *seat of honour*; the *posteriority* is clearly *his*, and the *priority* consequently *mine*. Some have contracted an awkward habit of *tergiversation* by frequent endeavours to avoid their creditors; others practise *tergiversation* from their *aversion* to *duns* — when they see a *dun*, they'll turn and run — and with many, *tergiversation* is a practical prank, for it is in their estimation an excellent joke, when they see a bailiff, *par pari referre*, that is, to turn the *tail*, and give *leg-bail*. In this they act like the Parthian heroes, and conquer by flight. Thus it seems that when a man shows himself *behind*, it is an indication that he is in *arrear*. I assign none of these as the reasons why the Cardinal exhibited his *posteriors*, and am at a loss to account for the practice. I am sure he does not turn his *back* for want of *front*, for in point of *front* he will turn his *back* on no man. I mean not to disparage him; for, considering the whole of his character, I think, *Sir reverence* is his due; and as Bishop Gibson, for his superior skill in the department of ecclesiastical law, was honoured with the appellation of *Dr. Codex*, so we have good reason to distinguish this gentleman by the title of *Dr. Podex*.

I remain yours very sincerely,

THOS. WILSON.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker,
Holme, Blackburn.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Holme, March 1st 1806.

My dear Sir: Accept my best thanks for your kind letter and £16 enclosed, the surplus of which above £14 14s. I will take care to apply to Mr. Thacker's relief. I have by this post acknowledged the receipt of £5 from Mr. G. Peele on the same account.

Your visit to Liverpool will, I doubt not, have had a favourable effect on your health and spirits; the gout will have operated in the same direction, and I trust that you have laid in a sufficient quantum of strength for the toils and confinement of the next half year.

I understood that some of the Reviews had been sufficiently civil to *The History of Craven;* if the Monthly gentry are otherwise, unless they are guilty of some very gross misrepresentation, I have determined to treat them with silent contempt.

I am now meditating a new Work, but of such magnitude and importance, that I fear you will seriously advise me to consider

——— quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri.

In short, it is no less than "A History of the Roman Empire connected with that of the Christian Church," upon a new plan. For this, however, I have large materials; the first fifteen years of my residence here after leaving college, were principally devoted to the study of the Greek and Latin Historians of this period, together with select works of the Fathers.

The great objection is the fame and splendour of Mr. Gibbon's History. This, however, will be acknowledged in its utmost extent, and the Work will be given to the public merely as one which the pious may read without a sigh, and the modest without a blush, neither of which can be said to be the case with respect to that great but depraved and mischievous performance.

It will require, I think, the unremitting attention of ten years, which at forty-seven, or indeed at any age, it would be presumptuous for a man to promise himself with any certainty; but with me to be employed is to be happy, and if I die in the harness, I

shall at least have the satisfaction of dying innocently and perhaps usefully employed.

I shall be glad to have your opinion of this bold plan, — perhaps you may feel inclined to give it a harsher name.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

T. D. Whitaker.

P.S. I waited *for* Mr. Dawson's Herald[1] twelve months. As to waiting *upon* him, I considered and do consider people of his profession as the *lixæ et calones* of the antiquarian camp.

Reverend Thomas Wilson,

Clitheroe, Blackburn.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Holme, June 29, 1806.

My dear Sir: Last night I received a requisition to write an epitaph for Dr. Paley. As it is likely to be bolted through some fine sieves, I send you the foregoing,[2] which I have struck out at

[1] The pedigree of Dawson of Bolton Hall appeared in the *History of Craven*, but its vulnerable parts are clearly not attributable to Dr. Whitaker.

[2] Gulielmo Paley S.T.P.
Archidiacono Carliolensi.

Philosophiæ Christianæ primordia vixdùm *juventutem* egressus docuit Cantabrigiæ; ubi magnâ totius Academiæ gratiâ florebat, instituendæ *juventuti* operam et prope ipsum impendens, homo in paucis gnavus, acer, διδακτικος.

Idem ruri degens prælectiones Academicas auctiores et castigatiores prælo mandavit, curiæ, foro, reipublicæ uti haud vano animi præceperat auguris profuturas.

Mox autem, Epistolis Divi Pauli et Actis Apostolorum miro ingenii acumine inter se conlatis, argumento inexpugnabili fidem mutuo conciliavit.

Scripsit etiam de "Evidentiis" Evangelii librum; quod ad rem subjectam attinet è multis quanquam perdoctis unus; ingenio autem, elegantiâ, locorum uberum delectu, summus immo prope solus.

Tandem vero, inclinatâ ætate et morbo diuturno fere confectus, integro tamen animi vigore, invictâ constantiâ, de Opificio Dei egregie commentatus est, eâ in parte, Raii, Derhami, et absit dicto invidia, ipsius Lactantii non æmulus sed magister.

Hæc omnia, sententiarum vi atque gravitate, clausularum aculeis, eloquio novo et plane suo, salium denique et leporum festivo quodam condimento, ita temperavit, ut à Paleii scriptis nemo instructior, nemo certe commotior non surrexerit.

an heat, earnestly requesting that you will examine it critically and give me your severest censures. You will perhaps observe a few peculiarities of construction which belong to the inscriptive style. It has been copied by my son, who has a fairer hand than my own. I am, dear Sir, in great haste,

Sincerely yours,

T. D. Whitaker.

P.S. It is to be sent to the Bishop of Elphin.[1]

Rev. Thomas Wilson, Clitheroe,
near Blackburn.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, September 15th 1806.

Dear Sir: I hope you will not put an unfavourable construction upon my silence, nor attribute it to want of kindness or any abatement of regard. The truth is, I could not send you so good an account of myself as either you would wish to receive, or I desired to give. After the conclusion of the vacation I experienced a considerable change in my health, though no great diminution of animal spirits: these I kept up, and found them of more use, as a stimulus, than any other *spirits* could have proved, without even the exception of *ether*. My complaint was a violent palpitation of the heart, attended, when in bed, with a suspension of the pulse, and a sinking into a state of partial insensibility, which were to me very alarming. Dr. St. Clare was, by some means, informed

Sciant autem posteri fuisse Paleio corpus procerum, vultum subnigrum, oculos coruscos et animum referentes, sermonem lepidum ac sine dicteriis facetum, artis denique halienticæ non sine valetudinis dispendio, studium atque peritiam.

Vixit annos LXII. menses —— dies ——

Veremuthæ Episcopi

Obiit —— —— MDCCCIV.

Et in hac ecclesiâ cathedrali quam vivus unice dilexerat, beatam expectat Resurrectionem.

[1] John Law D.D. eldest son of Edmund Bishop of Carlisle the friend and patron of Paley, was born in 1745, consecrated Bishop of Clonfert 1782, translated to Killala 1787, and to Elphin 1795, where he died in 1810 s.p.

of my situation, and kindly offered his assistance. I consequently took a ride to Preston to state my case to him in person, and he gave me a prescription, by following which I have received much benefit. The principal ingredients in the composition were chalybeate, digitalis, ether and other tonics; and I have, at present, so much iron in my constitution, that I think myself sufficiently hardened to stand the winter; nay, I conceive if I was to stand near the mariner's compass, I should occasion a variation of the needle, and make some degree of confusion on board a vessel, in which I might chance to be a passenger.

On leaving Liverpool I passed two very pleasant days at Manchester, in company with Drs. Holme[1] and Bardsley,[2] and from them I picked up some characteristic anecdotes of the celebrated and pedantic Dr. Parr,[3] the friend of Priestley. From Manchester I proceeded to Mr. Yates's, but he was gone to Blackpool before my letter reached Springside; I consequently paid a visit to his son Edmund,[4] at Chamber Hall, where I was received with much polite attention and hospitality. I continued there four days, and was sent home in his carriage in very capital style. This his father charged him to do in a letter which he wrote the day after he received mine at Blackpool; and added that at Christmas, when I can fix my time for a visit to him, he will fetch me himself from Clitheroe. This is a very kind and gratifying trait of attention and respect from a

[1] Edward Holme Esq. M.D., the first President of the CHETHAM SOCIETY, died at his house in King Street, Manchester, in 1848. In the Fifth Report of the Society his services to literature are gratefully acknowledged; although, like Bayle, a *helluo librorum*, he does not appear amongst the editors of the Chetham series.

[2] James L. Bardsley Esq. M.D. died at the house of his friend W. D. L. Shadwell Esq. at Fairlight in Sussex in 1850, æt. 86.

[3] Dr. Parr's pursuits as a scholar, his tastes as a politician, and probably his latitudinarian views as a theologian, induced him in 1806 to write the English inscription on Priestley's monument erected in the Unitarian Chapel, Birmingham.

[4] He was son of William Yates of Springside, and was a partner in the great commercial house of Sir Robert Peel Bart. who married his sister. He quitted Chamber Hall and settled at Tring Park, co. Middlesex, but died at Fairlawn in Kent with his daughter Eliza, widow of the Rev. —— Park of Ince Hall near Frodsham (son of Mr. Justice Alan Park). All his sons died before him.

person with whom I have so slight an acquaintance. I have also spent a couple of days with the High Sheriff[1] previous to his going to the assizes; and I am sure you will be glad to be informed that his health and spirits are greatly improved, and give him every reason to expect that his constitution will master his complaint. I have also been at Croston at the imperious request of Sir James Gardiner, to keep his birthday on the 2nd of this month. There I saw, once more, the elect lady and her sister, with all the gentry of the neighbourhood. Turtle, venison, the music of the steeple, an excellent band of performers, fireworks, and dancing, were the order of the day and night. I enjoyed the festivity for two days. Since that, on Tuesday last, I paid my annual visit to the learned Dr. Whitaker, where I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Coulthurst[2] of Halifax, and spent two days with much satisfaction. And now let me tell you that I shall have great pleasure in seeing you here on the 22nd, the day of rehearsal. Your bed is in order. Sir James will be here, and his uncle Tom Whalley, if, on examination, I find him qualified. Mr. Parker too will attend, but not on the day of rehearsal, as he has a previous engagement at Waddow for the 22nd. Muster and enlist as many as you can of veterans and recruits. Mr. Moss I hope will not fail. Harry Wiglesworth I fear is at Buxton. We have had relays of company at Browsholme, and I was generally one of the throng. With kindest respects and best wishes to both Mrs. S's, Sarah, &c.,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

T. Wilson.

Samuel Staniforth Esq.,
Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

[1] Le Gendre Piers Starkie of Huntroyd Esq.

[2] Rev. Henry William Coulthurst of St. John's College, Cambridge, second Wrangler, B.A. 1775, M.A. 1778, elected Fellow and Tutor of Sidney and B.D. 1785, D.D. 1791. In 1790 he was presented by the Crown to the Vicarage of Halifax, and died suddenly at Heath near Wakefield whilst on a visit to his friend John Smyth Esq. M.P., December 18th 1817, in his 65th year.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, December 4th, 1806.

My dear Sir: As I presume the electioneering tumult has subsided in your borough, you will have time to peruse this letter with coolness. . . . . .

I have not seen our friend Cross, nor heard *from* him since the school meeting; but I have heard a good deal *of him*. His speech at the nomination of candidates at Preston has done him infinite credit, increased his popularity to a still higher degree, and given the people an exalted idea of his rhetorical powers. Mr. Shuttleworth also distinguished himself very much; and such was the impression made upon the body of electors, that they would find no great difficulty in securing a *return* for the borough, should the impression continue till another election takes place. I have had no account of the eloquence displayed at Liverpool, but suppose that the business could not be contested so long without some specimens, especially as the two Generals have been in the habit of rising in the House of Commons, and Mr. Roscoe is neither without practice nor parts.

Speechifying seems to have prevailed to an unusual degree in many parts of the country; but the most indefatigable orators were Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paul, whose effusions I read regularly, but with an abhorrence of their principles, and not without regret that so much of the old leaven remains in the breasts of the multitude, which evidently appeared from the rapturous applause bestowed upon their inflammatory harangues. Sheridan's conduct pleased me much, it was manly; and the powers of oratory were never better displayed, than in the happy manner he adopted of addressing the mob, and extorting approbation and good humour even from his enemies; they laughed in spite of their teeth.

Poor Richardson![1] He lived but a few days after you left us.

[1] Martin Richardson of Clitheroe Castle Esq., twenty-four years Steward of the Honor of Clitheroe, ob. October 3rd 1806, in his 65th year. Mr. Wilson wrote his monumental inscription, and took the trouble of getting it engraven on a plate of brass in Liverpool and fixing it in Clitheroe Church.

I have lost a very good neighbour and a very good friend. Mr. W. Carr is his successor, and the appointment is agreeable to the wishes of us all. Colonel Wright and his lady are going to spend part of the winter in London; Mr. Parker, I believe, is in Cheshire with his cousin, Sir John Leicester, but returns to Brownsholme in a few days. Where Sir James Gardiner is I cannot tell; but he is not yet married.

I met, the other day, with a complimentary epigram on a lady who had a *blood-shot eye*, which pleased me very much; and as it may please Mrs. Staniforth and yourself, I shall insert it. The lady to whom it was addressed felt uneasy, and, ashamed of such a diminution of her beauty, took some pains to apologize:

O! let it be said that your eye is all *red*,
Dear Chloe! pray be not so moody;
For if so many die by the darts of that eye,
No wonder the *weapon* is *bloody*.[1]

With compliments and best wishes to yourself, Mrs. Staniforth, and the lady of Broad Green, not forgetting Sally,

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
THOS. WILSON.

Miss Nowell is at Marshfield.

Samuel Staniforth, Esq.
Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Holme, December 17th, 1807.

Dear Sir: I am extremely obliged by your friendly intimation with respect to the Bishop of Chester, who seems to have been disposed to a conclusion that the omission complained of was imputable to me. I wish he had done me the justice to think such an instance of neglect impossible.

[1] Jo. Clowes, when I told him that Mrs. Richardson was ill of her eyes, said it was just they should suffer for the murders they have committed. March 3rd, 1724.—Dr. Byrom's *Remains*, vol i. part i. p. 70, Chetham Society.

The truth is that I supposed at the time when the sermon[1] was published that he must needs be in town, and directed Hatchard to send a copy to his house near St. Paul's. However, I have written to his Lordship to explain the mistake, and shall by this post write to Mr. Starkie to request that he will take the trouble of addressing another copy to the Bishop at Chester.

It is certainly a compliment that he thinks it worth while to express any thing like ill humour on such a subject. I am, however, much more gratified by the kind and friendly expressions you are pleased to make use of on the occasion.

I have had a considerable loss in my literary concerns, — upwards of eighty pages of the copy of my new edition of *Craven* having been unaccountably mislaid (though I verily believe by Nichols's own people), so that I have to rummage up all the authorities I can find (for some of these too have disappeared), in order to recover the additional matter which had been written on the margins of the lost copy. It happened, however, very fortunately, in the least interesting part of the work, for Ribblesdale is nearly printed off, and Wharfdale not begun.

I am indebted to our friend Dr. Barton for a nearer approximation to perfect health than I ever again expected to enjoy. The symptoms frequently return, though always weaker than at first, but plenteous libations of his solution of natron uniformly remove them. I presume from your silence that you are free from your old complaint.

The new year is so near that I may be allowed to conclude with the old wish *multos et felices*.

I am, dear Sir,
Your sincerely and truly obliged,
T. D. Whitaker.

Inter nos, I am sorry to tell you that Mr. —— has lately offered

[1] A sermon preached at the consecration of the chapel of Salesbury in Lancashire, September 8th 1807 — text, *S. Luke* vii. 5 — a sermon which no man can read without becoming wiser and better, and in which many of the social evils of our day are combated with singular force and ability and their only remedy indicated.

the manor of —— to my relation Mr. Nowell[1] for £40,000, but the situation was much too cold for Hindoo constitutions. I believe this is no secret, but I do not wish it should be known to have come through me to you.

Mrs. W., my son, &c., desire me to make their best compliments.

Rev. Mr. Wilson,
Clitheroe, near Blackburn.

Rev. Thomas Starkie to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Blackburn, December 21, 1807.

Dear Sir: I feel much obliged by the concern you express for the indisposition under which I have been labouring during the last four months. Its attacks, though troublesome, have not been severe; they have, however, confined me to the house for the last five weeks, but, thank God! not to my bed. My greatest suffering was from the application of a blister, which for some time occasioned the strangury. I can move about the house, but am unable to walk upright, or to encounter the severe blasts of winter out of doors.

I entirely agree with you in the sentiments and feelings which our friend W.[hitaker]'s excellent consecration sermon has produced; it is certainly a very masterly performance.

Though it may not be in my power to attend the election of a new Master, yet I trust it will be in my power to receive you at the Vicarage, where you will find a bed on the evening preceding the day of election.

My Lord Ellenborough of his own mere motion has been pleased to say to the Master of St. John's[2] and [to] Mr. Wood[3] the Tutor,

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Nowell, afterwards of Underley Park, co. Westmoreland, who had spent many years with his regiment in Bengal. His mother was the aunt of Dr. Whitaker.

[2] Rev. William Craven, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1753, M.A. 1756, B.D. 1763, D.D. 1789, Professor of Arabic 1770, Master of St. John's College 1789, Vice-Chancellor of the University 1790. He ob. 1815, æt. 84.

[3] Rev. James Wood, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1782, M.A.

that he was glad to hear that my son had adopted his profession, and that he should be happy to show him any attention in his power. This compliment to my son's talents and industry will be gratifying to you as well as to myself.

Believe me, dear Sir, whether in health or in sickness,

Yours most truly,

Rev. T. Wilson, T. STARKIE.[1]

Clitheroe, Lancashire.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, January 5th, 1809.

My dear Sir: The embargo still continues upon me, without the orders of Council. The *gout* will not *go out*, my *feet defeat* the designs of my *head*, my *arrangements* are *deranged*, my *appointments disappointed*, and the *snow*, which is falling here in abundance, prevents me from bidding you *all hail!* at Liverpool. I am sitting here, moping and musing like a hermit in his cell, and watching those odious, increasing *drifts* which have set all my purposes *adrift*. I call in the assistance of books, and have more *pages* about me than the proudest monarch in the world; but vain comforters are they all, without society; to accumulate knowledge without the opportunity of communicating a particle of it, is like

1785, B.D. 1793, D.D. 1815, Master of St. John's College 1815, Vice-Chancellor of the University 1816. He died Dean of Ely in 1839, and his name will long be deservedly venerated both in Cambridge and in his native county — Lancashire.

[1] The Rev. Thomas Starkie, eldest son of Mr. James Starkie of Twiston near Clitheroe, was born in 1750, afterwards Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, senior Wrangler and senior Smith's Prizeman, B.A. 1771, M.A. 1774. His learned friends, contemporaries and opponents were Law and Lawrence, the former afterwards Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the latter Sir Soulden Lawrence Knt., Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1776 he was one of the Taxors and Moderators of the University, and in 1780 was presented by Archbishop Cornwallis to the Vicarage of Blackburn, which he only vacated by death, August 26th 1818, æt. 68. He was also Mr. Wilson's successor in the Incumbency of Downham. He was a man of unostentatious and patient habits, and discharged his pastoral duties with great conscientiousness and unvarying courtesy.

bottling moonshine, or lighting a lamp in a solitary vault. Numbers of ideas, some of them ludicrous enough, and new, shoot across my pericranium, like momentary meteors through a dark atmosphere, shine but to vanish, and are kindled but to be, in the very instant, extinguished. If I could be conveyed by a wish, that wish would immediately set me down in the circle of my friends, and when once set down, though an invalid, I should soon sympathise with the cheerful society; for though I feel an abatement of bodily health and strength, yet my spirits are the same, when excited by the presence of those I like, and kindled by the collisions of unrestrained conversation. I may reiterate the poor starling's note, "I cannot get out!" But, in a few days, I will try to escape from my cage and wing the free air amongst the birds of liberty. When you will see me I cannot tell; but perhaps I shall break out of jail in the beginning of next week, and rest upon my perch at Preston for two days, and then take wing for the borough of Liverpool . . . . . .

I shall conclude this desultory epistle with every good wish which the present festival and the opening year suggest; may it be a happy new year to yourself and family and the good old lady of Broad Green!

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
T. Wilson.

Samuel Staniforth Esq.
Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Rev. Dr. Whitaker.

No date (about 1809.)

Dear Sir: I was greatly mortified when I heard on Sunday last, from Col. Hargreaves, that you had our friends on Thursday the 10th, and mortified still more when he told me that my absence was in some degree regretted by the party. I should most assuredly have contributed all in my power to the rational conviviality of the symposium had I known the day. If the time fixed for the meeting was mentioned to me at Blackburn, *εν τῳ υδατί*

εγραφετο; for on ransacking my memory I find not the least trace of any appointment; and if any written communication was made to me, it never was received. But whatever might be the cause, the company, by my absence, have suffered no great loss, but my loss is great indeed, for *perdidi diem*; and I can, with grave sincerity, confess that whenever the time approaches for visiting Holme, I cannot help calling to mind the exclamation of Horace:

> "O Holme! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
> Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
> Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?" &c.

. . . . . .

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
THOS. WILSON.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to William Cross Esq.

Clitheroe, March 20th, 1809.

Dear Sir: I beg you will not, from my long silence, infer that I am unmindful of your kindness to me, or of my promise which I made when I took my leave of you at your own door. The fact is, that a return of my indisposition prevented me from giving you so good an account of myself as either *I* could have wished to communicate, or *you* to receive. I think, however, that I am gaining ground, though slowly, and expect that the vernal gales, which renovate all things, will infuse new vigour into my constitution. I feel myself languid, and can scarce think I am at home. Conversation is wanting, which always gives great play to my thoughts, and creates an elasticity of spirits which operates upon the bodily system and invigorates the whole frame. All my neighbours are particularly attentive to me, and exhibit a sympathising concern, as too well conjecturing *that something* which corrodes and preys upon my mind, *nisi sincerum est vas, quodcunque infundis ascescit*. I was very much pleased with the entertainment

given by Mr. Assheton on his son's coming of age,[1] and Mr. Assheton was gratified extremely, and much affected, by the honest attachment, the cheerful festivity, the sincere good wishes, and hearty congratulations of all the tenantry of the neighbourhood. Everything went off extremely well, and nothing of riotous excess appeared upon the occasion. The Rector of Slaidburn has been much indisposed by a vertiginous complaint, but, by the attention and skill of Mr. Sutcliff ["that great thwacking doctor who married poor little sister Jenny"] he is a good deal recovered. I long to see you and our worthy friend Staniforth here, and hope your visit will not be long deferred. It would give me much pleasure to hear that your uncle's health is restored, and that your aunt Assheton continues well, to whom I beg to present my compliments.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS WILSON.

William Cross Esq.
Winckley Street, Preston.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Holme, March 23, 1809.

Dear Sir: Accept my sincere thanks for your most kind and friendly congratulations on my attainment of an object which

[1] William, son and heir of William Assheton of Downham and Cuerdale Esq. (see p. 165, *Note* 1, ante) born in 1788, married in 1816 Frances Annabella (she ob. 1835) daughter and coheiress of the Honourable William Cockayne, brother of the last Viscount Cullen of Rushton Hall in the county of Northampton, and is a Deputy Lieutenant and in the commission of the peace for the county of Lancaster. He has issue two sons. "When you see Captain Assheton, who I understand is quartered in Liverpool, have the goodness to present my compliments to him, and tell him that the bells at Downham and Clitheroe were almost burst by ringing on his birthday, and that his health was drunk with the enthusiasm of three times three three times repeated by all the tenantry of the neighbourhood. Both the hotels of Downham were crowded with company, and I partook of the good cheer and festivity of the day, although I have been crawling about in a languid, uncomfortable state, and have found my chief pleasure in the performance of my duties in the school, for I have a set of fine, tractable, and intelligent lads. — *Letter, March 20th*, 1809, *to Mr. Staniforth.*

has long been very near my heart, and which after all will in a pecuniary view be, for some time at least, the gaining of a loss.[1] For the vicarage house is in a sad dilapidated state, and I fear that I am in hands from which little can be wrung without litigation. Then there is a tenant in the house who, after having given voluntary notice to quit at Easter, now threatens to hold over, when all the materials are prepared for the repairs.

I feel a pleasure and a pride in improving and adorning so favourite a spot, where I mean to reside as much, especially in winter, as I conveniently can, though I scarcely know how I can *pack* my large family within the walls. For this intention, however, I have several reasons. And first, a sense of duty — that I may be found as much as possible at my post. Secondly, that I may be nearer my friends than at Holme, though at Whalley I must receive them *presso lare,* which I trust will be overlooked if the receiver be also *dulcis amicis.* A third, and I hope a still inferior motive, is my health, as I am persuaded that the mild air of Whalley in early spring will better agree with my lungs than the harsh unkindly blasts that sweep over our eastern moors.

Whalley also is a more central situation than this for my clerical excursion through the parish; for it is my wish to preach annually in every church and chapel within it, and you, I trust, will have no objection to accept my services in course at Clitheroe and Downham. Will you do me the favour to mention the same subject to Mr. Clarke with respect to Whitewell? As I am a wretched horseman, I propose to economise distances by taking two neighbouring churches every Sunday. I hope this plan will neither be unuseful nor disagreeable to the parish. It will at least bring me acquainted with the parishioners, and *noscere exercitus,*

[1] It is worthy of notice that in his catalogue of the Vicars of Whalley the Doctor has recorded of himself that *he* vacated the benefice "*per mort.*"; and such was his deep affection for the parish which was the subject of the earliest and best of his topographical labours, that he had often been heard to say, insignificant as the living then was in its emoluments (about £120 per annum), that the offer of higher preferment should not induce him to relinquish Whalley, as it was the settled purpose of his mind to die its Vicar.

nosci exercitui may be applied to a parish minister as well as an officer. Dr. Coulthurst[1] and Mr. Haddon[2] have found great satisfaction in pursuing this plan in their respective parishes.

I mean to be at Whalley from the Saturday before Easter to the Tuesday following, but greatly fear that I shall not have leisure to ride over to Clitheroe, as I expect to divide my time not quite so pleasantly between Mr. Baldwin's[3] brother and executor (the attorney) and my refractory tenant. The time I have heretofore spent at that delightful place, without care or business or anything but the indulgence of a vagrant imagination, feels in the recollection like a dream, and I now experience that selfishness and anxiety and discord are weeds that will spring up within the precincts of an abbey as well as amidst the filth of manufactories. I find too that there is a strong party formed against me, or rather for Mr. Noble, among the lower orders in the town, and I cannot greatly blame him if a consciousness of this preference should afford him some consolation under his disappointment.[4] He has, I believe, done his duty well and conscientiously, and I sincerely respect him for it. It must be my endeavour to remove the unfavourable impression by labouring, not exactly to tread in his steps, which perhaps have leaned a little to popularity, but to walk *recto talo* in my own.

I am, dear Sir,

Ever yours sincerely,

Rev. Thomas Wilson, T. D. Whitaker.
Clitheroe, near Blackburn.

[1] See p. 190, *Note* 2, ante.

[2] The Vicar of Leeds, of whom Dr. Whitaker has given a sketch, with his usual descriptive power, in the *Loidis et Elmete*.

[3] Thomas Baldwin LL.B. died January 11th 1809, having been Vicar of Whalley from 1772. He was also Vicar and Patron of Leyland, where he died.

[4] On the death of Dr. Whitaker, the Rev. Richard Noble, the former Curate, and then Incumbent of Church-Kirk, was presented to the Vicarage of Whalley. He was succeeded at his death, in 1839, by the Rev. Robert Nowell Whitaker M.A. (son of the Doctor) the present worthy Vicar.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker to Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Holme, April 12, 1809.

Dear Sir: As Mr. Smith is actually dead, and the faithful, unremitted services of more than thirty years in the school to which the patronage of his living is annexed give you a strong claim upon the succession, I hope I may have to wish you joy of it; though I understood at Whalley that you would be opposed by the family interest of an old and intimate friend—in other words, that Mr. John Parker[1] was likely to be your competitor.

Indeed I am not sure whether, circumstanced as you are at present, the living of Almonbury would be of any material service to you. But of this you are the best and indeed the only judge.

The purport however of this, besides a wish to draw from you another letter and to learn that you are in good health and spirits, is earnestly to request that, if you are elected to Almonbury, the present curate, Mr. Walter Smith, may be continued in his situation. I have known him for more than ten years; he is a very worthy man, and has discharged the duties of the Church and parish in a most exemplary manner. He has a family, and resides in the vicarage-house, from which it is his earnest request that he may not be removed but by a resident incumbent. To make assurance doubly sure, I have preferred the same petition to Mr. Parker.

Everything remains in *statu quo* at Whalley. I fear little will be wrung from Mr. N. R. Baldwin, excepting insolence and illiberality, which I am required to accept instead of dilapidations, without a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court. Indeed I must say the gentleman is wise in attempting to satisfy my demands with such [coin], as he seems to possess a very [exchequer] of it, and a mint within himself for the production of it, which works with great facility.

[1] John Fleming Parker, third son of John Parker of Browsholme Esq. M.P., was born in 1782, educated by Mr. Wilson, afterwards of Brasenose College, Oxford, B.A. 1804, M.A. 1807, married in 1817 his cousin Catherine, daughter of Thomas first Baron Ribblesdale, and succeeded Mr. Smith in the vicarage of Almondbury and also in the perpetual curacy of Waddington.

I have every reason to be satisfied with the reception I have met with at Whalley from Lady Gardiner and all the respectable part of the parishioners, but it is now evident that the Greens and their dependants, a set of wretched and filthy cottagers under my eye and nose at the vicarage, will do everything in their power to make my residence there uncomfortable.

I am, dear Sir,

Ever yours most sincerely,

Rev. Mr. Wilson, Clitheroe, near Blackburn. T. D. Whitaker.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, February 4th, 1810.

Dear Sir: Here I am again, sitting by the penurious twilight formed by the twinkling glimmer of an ill-formed mould candle made by Tommy Hyde, and appearing to have as much *Hyde* as *tallow* in its composition. This is a *wicked* fraud, though I bear it with tolerable patience; but had it been practised upon some choleric persons of my acquaintance, there would have been such a *blaze* of indignation that all the *fat* would have been in the *fire* in a moment. Yet, faint and feeble as the light is, it will enable me to inform you that the mail coach conveyed me in perfect safety to Preston, where I slept soundly at the Red Lion, though the Black Bull looked very sulky on the occasion. On Tuesday morning I called upon the Gorsts, and found them all in good plight. I then chatted half an hour with the St. Clares. My next visit was to Mrs. Mary Assheton, from whom I bespoke an early dinner, and ordered a porcupine. This order was punctually obeyed, and a pint of port was dispatched in due time. At half-past five in the evening I embarked in the Blackburn mail, where I met with two conversible fellow travellers — one of whom, I suspect, was an Evangelical preacher. He was however a well-read sensible man, not puffed up with Pharisaical pride, nor exhibiting Methodistical stiffness, nor sectarian cant. When we came to explain our ideas, we found there was a *verbal* but very little *real*

difference in our theological sentiments. The carriage ran upon the nail, and so did conversation; and we found ourselves at Blackburn before we were aware. I went immediately to the Vicar's, with whom I took up my abode till Saturday morning, January 27th; from thence I travelled post to Clitheroe, where I found all things as I left them.

Have the goodness to inform Mrs. Staniforth that I experienced great and immediate benefit from the lozenges. I took the lozenges, and they took my hoarseness. Which had the better bargain? . . . . . .

I saw Mr. Bolton yesterday, who is very well, and found the bed at Bolton Hall so comfortable that he had slept soundly the whole night after his arrival. He said you intended to have sent me a note or memorandum by him. As he brought none, I began to conjecture that you might possibly wish me to give you Mr. Hall's address, in order to send him Whitaker's *Craven*. His address is — The Rev. Mr. Hall, Risley, near Derby.

I forgot to tell you that as the broom was out in Winckley Street, on account of our friend Cross's absence, Mrs. Mary Assheton and Miss Dale were busy making preparations for a ball, which they intended to give on Monday the 29th of January, before his return. But my candle is so dim and my fire so nearly out that I can gossip no more; so,

God bless you all. Amen.

Samuel Staniforth Esq., THOS. WILSON.
Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, July 25th, 1810.

My dear Sir: Mr. Cross and myself had the pleasure of receiving a favourable account of you, first from Mr. Whalley Master, who had seen you on the Sunday after my departure, and secondly from Mr. Robert Greaves's letter addressed to our friend at Red-Scar. . . . . .

I have the satisfaction to inform you that I have got fairly rid

of the gout, both on the *right* and *left*, and that the *rebels* who stirred up an intestine tumult have been reduced to order by the timely interposition of General Forshaw, who made them *evacuate* their strong position; but I am sorry and ashamed that I forgot to remunerate that able officer, or even reimburse him the expenses of his *ammunition*. I treated *him* as Peter Pindar says the King treated Whitbread, I *remembered* to *forget* him. I also forgot to take with me my gout stockings, as the serpent, who has stripped off his old skin, carelessly leaves the *slough* behind him. The stockings, however, may continue where they are, as a pledge for my return when the cold of winter has set in and rendered them serviceable. I attended Preston races two days,[1] and dined once at the ordinary: we had good sport at the races, but very indifferent speeches at the dinner. Dr. St. Clare furnished me with bed and board on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; on Saturday I went with Mr. Cross to his rural mansion, and found an excellent pasture till Friday morning following, when Mr. Tempest took me in his barouche to dinner at Stonyhurst, and to my own home in the evening. . . . . .

With compliments and best wishes to you all, I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Samuel Staniforth Esq. THOS. WILSON.

Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, March 30th, 1811.

Dear Sir: . . . . . .

This part of the country has sustained a considerable shock from the stagnation of trade and the failures which have, of late,

[1] Not, it may be hoped, so much for the sake of the races, as to meet society; for, writing to his friend on the 28th July, 1807, he said, "I met with our worthy friend Will X. in his usual good spirits, and finished the week under his hospitable roof with more true enjoyment than the idle fellows who entered into all the dissipations of the sod and the turf." It appeared that Mr. Wilson had preferred the company of his old pupil and ever valued friend of Redscar to that of Colonel and Mrs. Bolton, who had urged him to accompany them to Buxton.

been so frequent. The families of weavers, from want of economy in better times, and from want of employment, or from being employed at reduced wages, impose upon the parishes an overwhelming load of taxes for their relief; and what increases the evil is, that the persons who have been employed as weavers are incapable of other business; they cannot handle a spade or a pick-axe, and become a dead weight upon the townships to which they belong. The cloud that hangs over this country receives every day a darker tinge, and I cannot consider what the final result may be without alarm. Peace is impossible, and a protracted war will be ruinous. In case of an invasion, what a scene of slaughter, devastation, and conflagration must ensue! Nor do I think it unlikely that the tyrant will make the attempt, either here or in Ireland; in the latter island things seem working in his favour as he could wish. But this is an unpleasant anticipation, and I shall drop the subject.

Clitheroe is in the same state it was in when I was with you. We have few deaths, few marriages, and few christenings. The lime trade is the only one that flourishes, and our only commerce is betwixt the white rock and the black rock.[1]

I wish to be informed how the lady of your house, the lady of Broad Green, and the bairns are. Write soon.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

THOS. WILSON.

Samuel Staniforth Esq.
Rodney Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Thomas Lister Parker Esq.

Clitheroe, April 13th, 1811.

My dear Sir: As Lent is the season of confession, I therefore confess to you that I have been guilty of the sin of omission, in not writing to you as I was in duty bound to have done, first by promise, and secondly as a debt due to you, in consequence of

[1] i.e. lime and coal.

your having written to me last; by which means it appears that "I owe you one." This confession, I hope, will be followed by forgiveness on your part and by amendment on mine. But how very differently are we circumstanced with respect to the facilities for maintaining a correspondence? You are in the *world,* and, like the mocking bird, have only to repeat a few of the various things which you hear to make out an entertaining and interesting epistle; I am in the *desert,* and, like the poor spider in a lonely house, must spin from my own bowels all that I produce for the amusement of my friends; or the comparison might be more proper if I should say that I am in the same predicament as the poor Israelites in Egypt, and obliged to make bricks without straw. But that I may not draw upon the low fund of my own invention, I shall endeavour to state to you the *tiny* circumstances of a *tiny* town. To begin, then, Mrs. Brocklehurst and Mrs. Craven have taken their departure from hence, like birds of passage, and migrated to a deserted nest at Redivales near Bury. I should have thought it more suitable for the *former* to have gone to *marry* than to have gone to *Bury*; but she seems to have adopted the maxim of Solomon, who had tried almost all things that came in his way: "Better is the house of mourning than the house of feasting." I am sorry, however, for their departure. We have lately had here a lecturer in philosophy and chemistry, a very intelligent, modest, and scientific man. He has proved to us that action and reaction are equal, showed that friction produces fire, that two cold substances, by their operation upon each other, may generate heat; he exhibited to us the different *gases,* instructed us in the art of giving ourselves *new airs,* and pointed out a chemical method of *producing water.* He likewise taught us how to live without eating, to get merrily and triumphantly drunk without drinking, and how to die in ecstasy of pleasure, as if we "died of a rose in aromatic bliss." Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and Mr. Peel and his son the Oxonian, were part of the audience. Let us hear, then, no more of Dr. Davy and the Royal Institution; we rival

them at least in having a Mr. *Nield* and the Clitheroe School Room. I found much benefit from my visit to Liverpool, and came home with renovated strength, like a giant refreshed with wine. My constitutional strength is improved and continues in a state of improvement; but, to keep the old earthly tabernacle in tolerable repair, and prevent dilapidations, costs me two bottles of madeira per week: madeira is my *eau medicinale,* and is certainly more valuable and less violent in its operation than the *eau medicinale d'Husson,* though it has had the recommendation of so many noblemen and gentlemen of the first character. Our friend Major Hulton meant to have tried the *nostrum* in his last fit of the gout, but his wife and sister remonstrated against it; and he himself informed me that his good opinion of the medicine has abated ever since he heard that it rescued *Dr. Collins* from the jaws of death. I found our friend Sam at Liverpool very much recovered, and this recovery he attributed to wearing woollen stockings; I told him it was no great wonder, if, by wearing *wool,* his complaint, on the principle of *assimilation,* should become *worsted.* Dr. Whitaker is now at Whalley, for the first time since his resurrection, giving *ghostly* lectures to his flock, and preparing them for that state from which he so recently and so *easily* returned; for according to the poet — *Facilis est descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum, hic labor, hoc opus est.* . . . . . .

Mr. Assheton I suppose you have seen; he left *us* some time ago. He is an Idler, a Rambler, a Spectator, an Adventurer, a Connoisseur, and a Vagrant. He strayed out of my *fold,* and I shall give a handsome reward to any person who will *impound* him, or send him to me, as one of my *lost sheep.*[1] Miss Leach, I doubt not, you have seen, and Miss Harriet Shawe. I beg you will pre-

[1] "Mr. Assheton has just returned from a long ramble. Mr. Parker sent me a little *squib,* which Mr. Assheton let off at *me,* in reply to the abuse I had lavished upon *him* in the enclosed letter, which Mr. Parker sends to you. Why you are to have the perusal of it he does not say. It is a mere bagatelle. It has, however, entertained two or three lords; but if such things can amuse them, Lord help them!"—*Letter to Mr. Staniforth,* June 23rd 1811.

sent my respectful compliments to Col. and Mrs. Wright and the strangers within their gates, and am, dear, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Lister Parker Esq. THOS. WILSON.

No. 3, Bolton Row, London.

Miss Currer, I understand, listens not to the solicitations of Mr. Heber, on account of the disparity of age; Horace may be quoted upon him as a reason, viz.: —

Læta quòd *Currer* hederâ virenti
Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto,
Aridas frondes hyemis sodali
Dedicet *Hebro*.[1]

Mr. *Tempest's* family, I suppose, are at Bath, which may account for the *calm* weather we have had this spring. Mr. Stephen Tempest is at Edinburgh, upon a visit to his relation BOREAS, where he may learn an useful lesson, how to *raise the wind*. The mention of Boreas reminds me to inquire after Mr. *North*, whether or no he is in the *south*!

Thomas Starkie[2] *Esq. to Rev. Thomas Wilson.*

Inner Temple, November 20th, 1811.

Dear Sir: I had intended to confer with you, when in the country, on the propriety of erecting some memorial of your late pupil and our common friend Greene.

[1] Læta quòd pubes hederâ virenti
Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto,
Aridas frondes hyemis sodali
Dedicet Hebro. — *Ode* 25, *to Lydia*.

Heber is a river of Thrace, which the ancients considered the habitation of winter. Richard Heber Esq. M.P. was the last male representative of the ancient houses of Marton in Craven and of Hodnet in Shropshire. He died unmarried in 1833, when his library, one of the most extensive and rare collections of books in Europe, was sold. When the Hon. Colonel Robert Clive returned from India, it was reported that he admired Miss ——— and on Mr. Wilson being asked what the lady would say, replied, "NAY-BOB, I cannot refuse!" Like Mr. Heber, Colonel Clive died unmarried.

[2] Thomas Starkie, elder son of the Rev. Thomas Starkie M.A. Vicar of Blackburn, a man, like Gay, "of manners gentle and affections mild," (see p. 195, ante) was born

Backhouse and Cowburn unite with me in wishing to pay some tribute of this nature to the memory of a friend and schoolfellow whose affection we shared for many years and whose loss we deeply lament. It is our wish to commemorate the premature

April 12th 1782, and was placed with Mr. Wilson in 1796. His father, on the 18th of August in that year, writing to Mr. Wilson, observed, "A few weeks ago I sent him to Macclesfield School, where he was so much disgusted by the conversation and manners of his class fellows, and so ill treated by them because he would not join them in their bad practices, that I have been under the necessity of removing him. His health too has suffered from too many of them being crowded into the same sleeping room. I wish him to be in your own house and under your own eye, and to have a private room for the purpose of writing his exercises and getting his tasks."

"The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them," —

and the remedy being promptly applied in this instance, the result was as satisfactory to the parent as it proved in the end to be salutary to the son. And on the 3rd of August Mr. Starkie again writes — "Thomas desires me to tell you that his memory is not a very good one. I suppose he is afraid of your setting him too much to get by heart at a time. My opinion is that his memory is a pretty good one, and that it has not hitherto been sufficiently exercised. I therefore wish you to improve and strengthen it by degrees, setting him something to be got by heart every night. As he still thinks of trade, I would have him devote an hour *at least* every day to writing and accounts. I have allowed him to receive 6d. a week from you for pocket money, if you would not think it too much trouble to be his bursar. Not doubting but you will, from time to time, give him good advice, and attend to his morals as well as his literary attainments, I commend him to your care." The pupil distinguished himself by his close application to study, and Mr. Wilson delighted to cultivate talents of no ordinary description. The shy, quiet, and highly sensitive boy found his "private room" at Mr. Edleston's (for Mr. Wilson's house was full of scholars and he could not at first accommodate him) all that he desired, and the bad memory, by judicious treatment, was soon strengthened. He became a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1803, and, by a singular coincidence, was, like his father, Senior Wrangler and Senior Smith's Prizeman. He had as his opponents, Hoare, the Second Wrangler, afterwards Chancellor's Medallist, Junior Smith's Prizeman, and Archdeacon of Winchester; Parke, afterwards Baron of the Exchequer, and lately created Lord Wensleydale; Davys, Bishop of Peterborough, the preceptor of the Queen; and other eminent scholars. In 1806 Mr. Starkie proceeded M.A. and was elected Foundation Fellow and Tutor of St. Catharine Hall. He was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1823 was appointed Downing Professor of the Laws of England. He was afterwards Q.C. and University Counsel. He married at

death of this truly amiable person by a marble tablet and inscription; and since our intimacy with him was formed at Clitheroe, it would be particularly gratifying to have this little mark of our regard erected in the church of that place. We trust to your kindness for your opinion as to the propriety of this measure; and should it appear unobjectionable, shall petition you to suggest a Latin inscription suitable to the occasion.[1] You are already in such complete possession of all the circumstances of the case, so well acquainted with the merits of the deceased and the feelings of his friends, that it would be superfluous to make any additional remark.

Whalley, September 30th 1812, Lucy, daughter of the Rev. T. D. Whitaker LL.D. Vicar of Whalley, by whom he had issue two daughters, living at his death in 1849. Notwithstanding his taste for light literature, especially works of fiction, he published a treatise on the Law of Slander, Libel, &c., 8vo, 1813; a treatise on Criminal Pleadings, &c., 2 vols. 8vo, 1814; and other learned works connected with his profession.

[1] Hoc Marmor
servet memoriam viri reverendi Antonii Tristram Greene,
qui Liverpoliæ, in agro Lancastriensi, natus,
animam ibi, phthisi confectus, efflavit,
ibique sepultus est A.D. MDCCCXI.
et ætatis suæ XXVIII.
Scholæ Clitheroensis nuper alumnus fuerat,
et studiis literarum deditus,
non summis tantùm labris fontem pierium attigit,
sed affatìm hausit:
inde Cantabrigiam, in Collegium Sti. Johannis, se conferens,
liberali eruditione excultus evasit.
Ingenuo pudore, animo candidissimo atque mitissimo,
pietate erga parentes, caritate erga sorores,
et benevolentiâ erga omnes, illustris erat.
Condiscipuli ejus, mortem, heu! præmaturam, lugentes,
et memores temporis sub eodem præceptore feliciter acti,
hoc monumentum, quasi cenotaphium,
impensis suis extrui curaverunt.
Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam chari capitis!
Requiescat in pace, lætusque resurgat.

I hope at your convenience to be favoured with your sentiments on this subject, and with earnest wishes for your health and happiness, remain, dear Sir,

Yours most respectfully and affectionately,

Rev. Mr. Wilson, THOS. STARKIE.
Clitheroe, Lancashire.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Samuel Staniforth Esq.

Clitheroe, April 17th 1812.

My dear Sir: I received your packet of politics, and communicated the contents to the worshipful In-Bailiff, who concurs in the proposal of forwarding a petition to the Honourable House of Commons. The consequence we possess, as a corporation, is not much; but we can boast of antiquity; and though our petition may not add to the weight, it will add to the number of applications, and show that we have imbibed the prevailing sentiment, respecting the monopoly of the trade to the East Indies. It will also give us an opportunity of communicating with our representatives, and making them of *some use* to us. I do not expect much assistance from them, on the subject, as they are generally found to *side* and coin*cide* with the minister; yet, on this occasion, they might claim the liberty of acting on their own judgment, as the question is not a party question, but one that has for its object the prosperity of our commerce, which is the *source* from which our *resources* flow, and furnishes the very sinews of our national consequence and strength in war. . . . . .

I deferred sending Bishop Taylor on account of the weather; but have despatched him this morning by a *lime cart*, and he will make his primary visitation at Blackburn, in the simple style of a primitive prelate. At Blackburn he will be accommodated with a *royal* coach and four, for Preston; from whence he will proceed to Colquit-street with similar state, and pay a long visit to Isaac Littledale Esq.[1]; who I doubt not will treat him with all that deference and attention which are due to the episcopal character.

[1] Brother of Mrs. Staniforth.

I am glad to hear you are *all* well, and beg you will make my compliments and present my best wishes to every individual of your family. My health and spirits remain in excellent order and repair.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
THOS. WILSON.

Samuel Staniforth, Esq.
Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to Mrs. Staniforth.

Clitheroe, January 19th, 1813.

Dear Madam: I thank you for the information which your letter conveyed with respect to Mr. Staniforth's detention in London, as it enables me to lay out my time and shape my course for the remaining part of my holidays, in such a manner as may best contribute both to amusement, pleasure, and health; but of this be assured, that in no place do I find myself more comfortable, or more at home, than in Ranelagh Street. My rheumatism relaxes a good deal, and affects me only when I put myself in motion on rising from my chair; so that I am by no means crippled, but in a state similar to that of a spavined horse, which recovers its speed by a little exercise. . . . . .

I hope to discharge my arrears at Midsummer. With compliments and good wishes to Mrs. Staniforth, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Miss Littledale, and the *younglings*,

I am, dear Madam,
Yours truly,
THOS. WILSON.

Mrs. Staniforth,
Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

Rev. Thomas Wilson to John Aspinall Esq.[1]

Clitheroe, February 2nd, 1813.

My dear Sir: I waited upon Mrs. Haworth and endeavoured to quiet her apprehensions with respect to that *important* deed which

[1] Nephew and heir at law of Mr. Sergeant Aspinall of Standen Hall near Clitheroe,

she thought she had rashly parted with. The idea of her folly and imprudence haunted, like a troubled spirit, her daily thoughts and her nightly dreams. Mr. Shuttleworth and Mr. Carr endeavoured, but in vain, to administer comfort and to remove her fears, and Mrs. Bawdwen was frequently sent for and consulted upon the *melancholy* subject; but her mind was so *possessed* by the *foul fiend*, that nothing could dissipate her anxiety, which, when in solitude, returned with increased force. Thus little minds, which have no *real* grievances to annoy them, conjure up imaginary evils to destroy their peace and render the sum of misery which *fancy* creates equal to that of real distress; so that the balances between the different classes of the human race are nearly in equipoise. I believe, however, that Mrs. H.'s tranquillity is in a great measure restored, though she supposes that to deal with an *attorney* is full as bad and dangerous as to deal with the *Devil*.

I am glad to find in your welcome letter so good an account of

who died March 1st 1784, æt. 68, and on whose monument in Clitheroe Church is the following inscription by Mr. Wilson: —

Mildness and candour dwelt within his mind,
He lov'd the good and felt for all mankind;
Tho' Vice still found him a determin'd foe,
Yet Pity wept ere Justice gave the blow;
When Poverty complain'd, by Pride opprest,
Her cries he heard, her injuries redrest;
'Mongst other cares Religion found a part,
And claim'd a secret interest in his heart;
He own'd its solemn truths, and fill'd with awe,
Let Christian Meekness smooth the front of Law,
And 'midst the clamours of forensic war,
His mind would muse on Heaven's impartial bar:
At Heaven's last judgment may his actions plead,
And meet that mercy which the best will need;
Nor wealth nor art can there evade the laws,
Where God is Judge, and Truth shall plead the cause.
Mortal attend! and let this friendly stone
Record his death and warn thee of thy own;
Let not his virtues with his ashes rest,
Transplant them hence and wear them in thy breast.

yourself, of Mrs. Aspinall, of your children, and of the comforts of your present residence. Your mind will experience many rational amusements and much interesting variety, which the country cannot afford. The House of Commons would be to me a perpetual lounge at this particular time, when matters of such vital importance will be the subjects of debate, and when every heart must be awfully penetrated and exhilarated by the wonderful succession of events which have so lately taken place in the North of Europe—events of such a nature as to change the political hemisphere from a scene of darkness and dismay to the cheering sunshine of hope and the joyful expectation of returning peace. All the vassal powers of the Continent, who have felt the degrading influence and the galling yoke of the Corsican tyrant, will surely avail themselves of the opportunity *now* afforded them and vindicate themselves into liberty. The sun of France appears to be going down and setting in a dark cloud tinged with blood, and disaffection and rebellion *seem* to be rising to close the horrid scene. Yet, such are the vicissitudes of war, that to be sanguine in the prediction and anticipation of consequences would be presumption after all that we have seen in our times — I will therefore quit the subject.

You would to a certainty hear of the death of Mr. Hargreaves.[1] He is said to have died *very rich*, beyond expectation, and his nephew *James*,[2] I am informed, is considered as the elder, but what difference is made I have not learned. James, I understand, is to live with his aunt, and is now in the commission of the peace. I

[1] The Rev. John Hargreaves of Brasenose College Oxon., B.A. 1765, M.A. 1768, in Deacon's orders only, acquired Bank Hall by his first marriage, when very young, with Mrs. Blacktune, a rich widow; and after her death he married secondly Mary, daughter of Mr. —— Lord of Broadclough in Rossendale. He was an impartial and useful magistrate; and dying at Bank Hall (which he had rebuilt) December 23rd 1812, s.p., was buried at Burnley. His widow died in 1818.

[2] James Hargreaves of Bank Hall Esq., Major of the local militia, married Ann, daughter of Thomas Hippon Vavasour of Rochdale Esq. and died about 1831, s.p., when the estate passed to his younger brother John.

met the Colonel[1] last week at Colonel Clayton's,[2] along with Mr. T. Parker[3] and his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Wiglesworth.[4]

I assure myself that you would rejoice to hear that Mr. Bootle[5] was returned for our borough, a man well qualified to represent any borough, any city, or any county in the kingdom. His constituents and the neighbouring gentlemen were highly pleased with him, and we spent a pleasant day on the occasion. As he has declared himself a candidate for the county at any ensuing election, I doubt not but his present situation will contribute to his success, as he will become known in his true character to a great many freeholders who otherwise would have had no acquaintance with him.

I did not in Christmas pay my usual visit to my friend Mr Staniforth, now mayor of Liverpool; for at the time fixed he was unexpectedly called away to London. Mr. Horrox[6] and your humble servant had the mortification to be *confined for three long days in the house of correction at Preston* at the last quarter sessions, which was owing to no offence that we had been guilty of, but to the number of appeals which had been respited from the

[1] John Hargreaves of Ormerod House Esq. a Deputy Lieutenant and in the commission of the peace for the county of Lancaster, and Lieutenant Colonel of the local militia, born in 1775, and married in 1802 Charlotte Ann, sole daughter and heiress of Laurence Ormerod of Ormerod Esq. He was High Sheriff of the county in 1825, and dying April 5th 1834, æt. 59, was buried at Holme, leaving two daughters his coheiresses, his only son having died at Oxford in 1824, æt. 20. Colonel Hargreaves's portrait was engraved from a painting by Lonsdale — *Lanc. MSS.* vol. ix. p. 258.

[2] Thomas Clayton of Carr Hall Esq. was born May 16th 1755, married 11th December 1788 Susan, daughter of Robert Nuttall of Bury Esq. She died 23rd December 1789, and he on the 12th February 1835. He was Sheriff of Lancashire in 1808, and succeeding the Earl of Wilton as Colonel of the Royal Lancashire Volunteers, continued to command the regiment until it was disbanded in 1802. He was a Deputy Lieutenant of the County and fifty-eight years in the commission of the peace. His portrait was engraved. — *Lanc. MSS.* vol. ix. p. 259.

[3] Of Alkincoats near Colne.

[4] Rector of Slaidburn. See p. 174, *Note* 1 ante.

[5] Edward Bootle Esq. who in 1814 assumed the surname of Wilbraham, and was created Baron Skelmersdale in 1828. He died in 1853, æt. 82.

[6] Samuel Horrocks Esq. M.P. for the borough of Preston.

prior sessions on account of the absence of counsel, who were *all* at that time engaged at the different elections, which occasioned us to work double tides to get quit of the accumulation of business which had been reserved for us.

All our neighbours are well except myself; my complaint is a slight return of jaundice from the *want of gout*. Please to present my respectful compliments to the Colonel and Mrs. Wright, and accept the same with every good wish to *you* and *yours*, from,

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

John Aspinall Esq. THOS. WILSON.

No. 2, East Place, Lambeth.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

TAILOR versus SMITH.[1]

Gentlemen! — A difference has unfortunately taken place betwixt the tailor and the smith, concerning the antiquity and importance of their respective trades; which, if not speedily settled, may have fatal consequences. The matter is, therefore, by the advice of friends, and with the consent of the parties, now brought to issue, and referred to your decision. I am of counsel for the tailor; and as it is a point of honour and of high concernment, I must beg your most serious attention to the arguments I shall produce on behalf of my client.

As to the tailor's antiquity, I conceive it is indisputable, for it may be traced back to the commencement of the world itself, since we are told that our first parents sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves clothing. On this point, therefore, I shall no longer insist; for *every* trade must give him the precedency.

The importance of the trade, I conceive, may be proved with equal ease; for no man is ignorant that the tailor makes our clothes; and one of the seven wise men has issued this as an aphorism — *ειματα ανηρ*, that is, *dress makes the man*. To confirm the truth of this assertion, I ask you if you would not *startle* at the sight of a naked savage, and *bow* with respect at the presence of a well dressed man? There are, indeed, numbers of beings

[1] These trivial pieces are selected from a bundle of school-boy opponencies and recitations in English and Latin prose, and are printed, not because they are the best, but because they are the shortest specimens.

who have no other *identical existence* than what the tailor bestows upon them; strip them of this distinction, and you have quite unmade them; they have no more relation to their dressed selves, than they have to the great Mogul, and are as insignificant in society as Punch when deprived of his *moving* wires and hung upon a peg; they are, in short, like the cinnamon tree, their bark is of more value than their trunks; or like spectres, and their clothes are the shape they take to appear and walk in. This makes some philosophers imagine that the Prometheus so famed in heathen mythology was really a tailor, who so metamorphosed mankind by his art, that they appeared a new species of beings. Let not the tailor, then, be considered as a despicable animal, but as an useful and important member of society. Though it is vulgarly asserted that nine tailors make but one man, yet you may pick up nine men out of ten who would not make a complete tailor.

But to annihilate this reflection upon the tailor's manhood, let me inform you that the proverb took its origin from this — that nine tailors are required *to make*, that is, to *dress one man*, the dress consisting of nine distinct parts, which, were it necessary, I could easily enumerate.

Let us now consider the qualifications which are requisite for this profession. The tailor must be a perfect Proteus, he must change shapes as often as the moon and still find something new; he must have a quick eye to steal, at one glance, the cut of a sleeve, the pattern of a flap, or the form of a trimming; he must be able not only to cut for the handsome and well shaped, but to bestow a good shape where nature has denied it. The hump back, the wry shoulder, must be buried in flannel and wadding, and the coat must hang *dégagé* though put upon a post.

As a further proof of the respectability of the tailor, I may add that he is constantly furnished with a goose ready for roasting, and has a better supply of cabbage than any of his neighbours; that no person is so frequently allowed to put his hands into the pockets of his customers; that when he takes home his work he

seldom goes a sleeveless errand; that he lives by faith as well as works, for no man is more in the habit of trusting; and that he has the power not only to cut off, but to cast into hell. That my client is a peaceable man is clear from his healing the breeches of the neighbourhood and making up suits; yet his power is very great, for he can set on foot as *hot a press* as the minister; his vigilance is clear from this, that he has as many eyes about him as Argus; and to judge of his courage, you need only be told that his chief business and delight is in cutting and slashing, and basting and pinking on all proper occasions; and there is no man whose jacket he would not undertake to trim and lace genteelly; in short, he guards the front and covers the rear; and his industry is indisputable, for I defy any man to say that he is listless. I have now made out my case, and whatever the defendant may say, I hope will be cautiously received, because he is addicted to many *vices*, has been guilty of *forgery*, and is very much given to *puffing*; but my client cares not a button for the defendant; and in this as in every other *suit* he takes in hand, is determined to go thorough stitch, and entertains no doubt, Gentlemen, of your favourable verdict.

Gentlemen! — I am, in this important cause, of counsel for the smith, who is defendant, and cannot but wish that a matter of so much moment had been committed to some person of more skill and experience; yet, as the merits are with us, I despair not of success. My learned friend, indeed, has displayed much ingenuity in urging his client's claims to higher antiquity and greater respectability; but what is ingenuity, before a well informed jury, when put in competition with stubborn facts and solid arguments? — facts and arguments, which, without further preface, I shall now proceed to state.

The antiquity of tailors has been traced to the Fall, because our first parents sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons.

All this I grant; but I shall ask in my turn, could they sew without needles? It is absurd to suppose it. My client's trade, therefore, was necessary to enable them to take a single stitch. The smith's precedency is then fully established. But we can go still higher for our origin. The first human pair were placed in Paradise before the Fall, and their business was to cultivate their garden and to dress it; but what sorry gardeners they must have been without hoes, spades, and pruning knives! The occupation of my client was therefore necessary, and must have been practised before the Fall. Here, then, his priority is demonstrated. Sin and death and tailors came into the world together; and if Adam had not fallen, the cross-legged race had never existed.

Much has been said of the tailor's importance from the general love of dress. I grant all men love and admire clothes; but at the same time they scorn and despise him that makes them, just as some princes love the treason but hate the traitor. The Jews and most other nations in all great calamities used to rend their garments; and why did they do this? It was to testify that they defied the tailor and all his works. My learned friend has taken some pains to prove the manhood of his client against an ancient and universal proverb; but observe now how one simple syllogism shall put him to the rout; for it is said that "no man putteth a piece of new cloth upon an old garment." The argument, therefore, will run thus: — "He that putteth a piece of new cloth upon an old garment is *no man*; but the tailor does put a piece of new cloth upon an old garment; *ergo*, the tailor is NO MAN." If the tailor then be no man, you will ask me *what* he *is*? This question is soon answered when you are told that he has a hell of his own over which he presides. In honour of the tailor it has been said that Prometheus was of that profession; though it is well known that he was a smith, that he invented fire, and taught the use of metals to mankind. My friend has boasted of his client's faith and works; but after all we are assured from ocular demonstration that he is but a *seam*ing saint; his vigilance is inferred from the number of eyes he has about him, but of all the number it is

certain that he has but two that can see; and as to his wisdom, you may judge of *that* when you consider that he has a goose for his emblem. The goose also suits his character from the size of her bill, and because tailors, like the goose, are best when sitting or when placed upon the table. As to the hero of the shears making free with the pockets of his neighbours, it is very true, for he seldom makes a pocket without picking it first. His courage has also been extolled, but we all know him to be a turncoat; indeed I admit that he sheds much human blood at second hand, and slays his thousands and tens of thousands of heavy, phlegmatic, and unresisting enemies, and indeed he might assume for his motto, "They had lice in all their quarters," if he were not better suited with this, "A remnant shall be saved."

The character of my client, you would observe, has been most grossly attacked; but the aspersions are soon wiped off. He is charged with forgery, but his forgeries are of the most beneficial kind; and as to bills, his forgery never exceeded that of a hedge bill. As to my client's vices, they are public benefits, and the more he is addicted to them, the more he serves himself and the community; besides, they are of that tenacious nature, that if they had once taken possession even of the tailor, he could not easily have got rid of them. As to the puffing with which the defendant is charged, it is necessary for the support of his business, and he always puffs as well as blows for the service of his friends. I might now observe in favour of my client, that his trade is the main support of the arts, the manufactures, the agriculture, and the commerce of this land; that his influence amongst the ladies is very considerable, for Venus married one of the trade, and chose him perhaps because he was sparkish; and no man is more courageous in meddling with cold iron or even hot, nor does any person deal heavier blows. As to his circumstances, I can truly say that few can vie with him in weight of metal; his absolute power is shown by his ruling with a rod of iron; and his learning is proved by the ready use which he makes of a great variety of tongs.

IGNORANCE versus INTELLECT.

The greatest philosophers and the most learned men have always been the first to own their ignorance, and confess the narrowness of the human understanding. And indeed it is a truth that obtrudes itself upon our minds with a greater or less degree of force, according to the extent of our enquiries. For what is there in the whole round of nature that we fully comprehend? If the earth on which we live is the object of our study, how little do we know of its internal substance! Many strata can never be examined at all, and as to those which we can have access to, they abound with substances which the ablest naturalists have never fully comprehended. What do we know of the formation of mines and minerals? or who can account for the production of earths and rocks? If we pass to the vegetable world and those parts of nature which are most obvious to the human eye, we are surrounded with wonders and bewildered in mysterious labyrinths. If I throw a seed into the ground, tell me why it rises again to shoot into a stem, why it unfolds itself into branches, why it puts forth leaves peculiar to its species, and why this tree produces a plum and that a pear? Tell me how the roots convey nourishment from the earth, how they make choice of what is proper, and by what power they exclude what would be injurious to health? All silent? How ignorant is man! So far are we from having a perfect knowledge of plants, that we have not yet a complete catalogue of them, nor have the ablest botanists been able to enumerate all the distinct species. The animal world is full of miracles. The nature, structure, and uses of the parts of animals have never been clearly understood. The best philosophers and the ablest chemists have never told us by what principle the blood circulates, nor by what curious process vegetables and food are changed to flesh and blood and bones. If we ask the cause why their soft juices harden into

cartilage, and cartilage into bones of muscular motion, or if we investigate the nature of the animal spirits, silence is the best reply. Physic itself is but the science of conjecture; the disciples of Æsculapius know few specifics; their best success is in doing no harm: and if once they assist nature, they retard her motions. Water has not yet been perfectly analysed; we know not whether it is naturally a fluid or a solid, or on what its fluidity depends; and the saltness of the sea has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. The very air we breathe, the element in which we live, is equally unknown; we know some of its common effects, but its nature is a mystery. Late enquiries have discovered in it properties, principles, and affinities which it had never before been suspected to contain. As to light, we are perfectly in the dark concerning it, and the boldest philosopher will not decisively declare whether it is diffused through nature or proceeds immediately from the sun; whether it be an element or a modification of other bodies. Of electricity and magnetism we know little except their effects; the causes of the phenomena are not yet discovered. And whether fire is an element or only a quality of bodies is yet a dispute. If we pass on to the heavenly bodies we are lost and bewildered. Of the planets, when we have said how large they are and how far distant from us, we have told all we know, and more than we know with certainty; and as to the fixed stars, whose distances are immense, the most illiterate person is as wise as the astronomer. The little that we have of history is full of uncertainty, and even that of our own country not to be implicitly relied upon. The dead languages are with difficulty learned, and at best but imperfectly known; and as to the living languages, few can be perfectly acquired, and fewer still will be of real advantage. Even our own souls, and the connection of soul and body, are difficulties that have never yet been solved. How then should we explain the nature of God? Both nature and the God of nature are incomprehensible. Thus all that we learn by the different sciences is to know how little can be known on different subjects and that man's intellectual powers are of limited extent.

But our duty to God and our duty to man are plain and distinct. They are suggested by the mind itself, and, what is more important and satisfactory, they are clearly laid down in divine revelation, and the performance of them is easy to all, whether they are versed in the sciences or not.

It would ill become us to suffer such a humiliating account of the human intellect to pass in this place without reply. And I must say it but ill becomes the person from whom it came, for he depreciates what he *affects* at least to admire, and he vilifies what he professes himself ardently in pursuit of. My sentiments I confess are widely different from his; for I cannot contemplate the extent of the human understanding without astonishment; I cannot consider how much of the ample field of science has been cultivated without feeling a secret pride and enjoying an inward triumph. That an animal whose most perfect dimensions exceed not six feet should penetrate the depths of the earth, explore the properties of mines and minerals, examine their several affinities and relations to other substances, and analyse them into their constituent parts, is truly astonishing. But his knowledge is no less wonderful in the vegetable world. He can give names to most of the plants which adorn the surface of the earth, from the tall cedars of Libanus down to the hyssop upon the wall. He knows not only the plants of his own country, but his botanical researches have even traversed the world. He can not only discriminate one from another, but can state almost their minutest differences, and give a detail of their various qualities and virtues. As to the animal world in general, he can describe the different kinds and species, their particular habits, external forms, and even their internal structure and conformation. Of the air he breathes he knows the qualities, properties and effects; and applies this knowledge in various ways to contribute to his advantage, and excite admiration. The nature of water he so far understands as to be able to produce from it the

most astonishing effects. He can convert it to a strongly elastic steam, and in this form apply it to a variety of useful purposes, besides the benefits resulting from hydraulic engines and the application of hydrostatic principles. The experiments on the nature of light, the separation of its primitive and distinct colours, with the useful discovery of the laws of optics, and the invention of optical instruments need only be mentioned to be admired. The useful purposes to which fire is applied show that though its essence is not understood, we are not unacquainted with its properties and effects. The salutary purposes for which electricity has been subservient will prove our knowledge concerning its nature to be very considerable. The important uses of the magnet in navigation are sufficient evidence that we are not strangers to its most valuable properties. If we contemplate the sublime discovery of the cause of the flux and reflux of the sea, we need no stronger argument of the strength of the human intellect. But if we quit the earth and ascend to the skies, the knowledge of what passes there, acquired by man, is astonishing indeed. He can predict the eclipses of the sun and moon, the transits and occultations of the planets, with the minutest exactness. He knows when to expect their different phases, knows their relations to one another, and their combined influences. He knows the laws of their motions, measures their densities, diameters and distances, and is so well acquainted with their courses that he can determine their places for any moment. The invention of the globe, the orrery, and planetariums is a convincing proof of his wonderful knowledge on these subjects. His skill in mechanics is displayed from the common crane to the most complex pieces of machinery, and in the works applied in trading countries to shorten and ameliorate labour. His knowledge of history embraces not only recent transactions, but all the principal events from the creation to the present time. And our numerous systems of Divinity and Morality will convince any man that on these subjects the human comprehension is unbounded, although truth is one and indivisible. His knowledge of language is various and extensive, as the variety of books with which our

libraries are filled bear ample testimony. But to crown all, I shall beg leave to mention the arts of writing and printing as wonderful efforts of ingenuity, and to which the gentleman who spoke last might with propriety have confessed his obligations. Dixi.

The Rev. Thomas Wilson to his Wife, whilst on a visit at Marshfield, near Settle.

October 29th, 1778.

The departure, this day, of the pretty *Miss Hall*,
Affords me occasion for sending this scrawl;
For believe me, dear rib, I am made of such mettle,
That though absent in *body*, my *mind* is at Settle.
With *you* too I know very well how it fares,
How you give me a part of your thoughts and your cares;
I know that, though happy in seeing Miss Lister,[1]
Whilst you cut and contrive and desire to assist her,
Amidst all your bustle your mind has an itching
To steal in amongst us and look o'er your kitchen;
But your daughter's return'd, and now darts a keen eye
O'er the cellars below and the chambers on high;
And this I must tell you in favour of *Jenny*,
She yet makes her markets with part of your guinea.
This too you must know, that, myself to regale,
I've broach'd the first barrel of Preston-brew'd ale,
Which pleases me much, for the liquor, by *Jingo*,
Is finer than amber, right *orthodox stingo*;
'Tis excellent stuff, nay, in short, it is nectar,
And would not discredit a tithe-taking Rector;
I mean to ask *Howarth* to help me to rack it,
To see how he'll chew it, and mumble, and smack it!

[1] Miss Lister, who was on the point of being married to John Parker Esq. See p. 16, *Note*.

The maltster has called and has brought in his bill,
Which I honestly paid, and have money left still.
The draft of John Taylor, the nabob Esquire,
Is reserved to be paid as occasions require.
The ladies at Bashall yet make their abode;
My Lord's not arrived, but is *still* on the road;
So that still they rely on the care of Squire *Ramage*
To free them from insult and screen them from damage.
'Mongst the servants, he acts as the squire of Lord Bellamont;[1]
When he sees aught amiss, 'tis his duty to *tell 'em on't.*
The Sergeant's[2] laid up in a fit of the gout,
And so hamper'd with pain that he fairly *screams* out;
It began with strong symptoms of cholic and gravel,
Which so much unhing'd him he scarcely could travel;
But, racked with keen twinges, his torment now such is,
That he shrieks whilst he walks, though supported on crutches.
Yestere'en went Miss Nowell,[3] dressed out like an heiress,
To meet a large party at Madam's the Mayoress.
She mimics at home still, as well as she's able,
The importance and state of Mamma at the table!
We all live in clover, have very nice picking
Of beef and of mutton, roast geese and boiled chicken.
Miles now from before us the china has ta'en,
And spits on the table to rub out a stain!
Your son and your daughter, and mare at the manger,
Your man servant, maid servants, cattle and stranger,
Are all in good plight, though quite tir'd of my reign,
And they secretly wish for their mistress again.
Miss Hall, we're inform'd, and the news flies about,
Is tir'd of the siege, and resolv'd to give out;
The garrison mutinies, nor will defend her,
But drives her *forthwith* to a formal surrender,

[1] Mr. Beaumont?
[2] Mr. Sergeant Aspinall of Standen Hall.
[3] Mrs. Wilson's daughter.

Compels her to yield to the conqueror's arms
Her person, her fortune, her name and her charms.
May kind heaven shield them from squabbles and bickerings,
And bless the sweet pair with a brood of young Pickerings!
Present my respects to the lovely Cleora,[1]
Whose blushes, I warrant, would rival Aurora;
My compliments, too, to the gentle young Damon,
With a wish that his ardour for ever may flame on;
I hope that my presage will not be mistaken,
Which sends them to Dunmow next year for the *bacon*.
In return for this favour from me and the Muse,
I hope you'll transmit us a packet of news.
No more I've to add, so no further will trouble you,
Concluding in rhyme, Ma'am, your faithful

T. W.

[1] Mr. Wilson's poetical name for Miss Lister.

FINIS.

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